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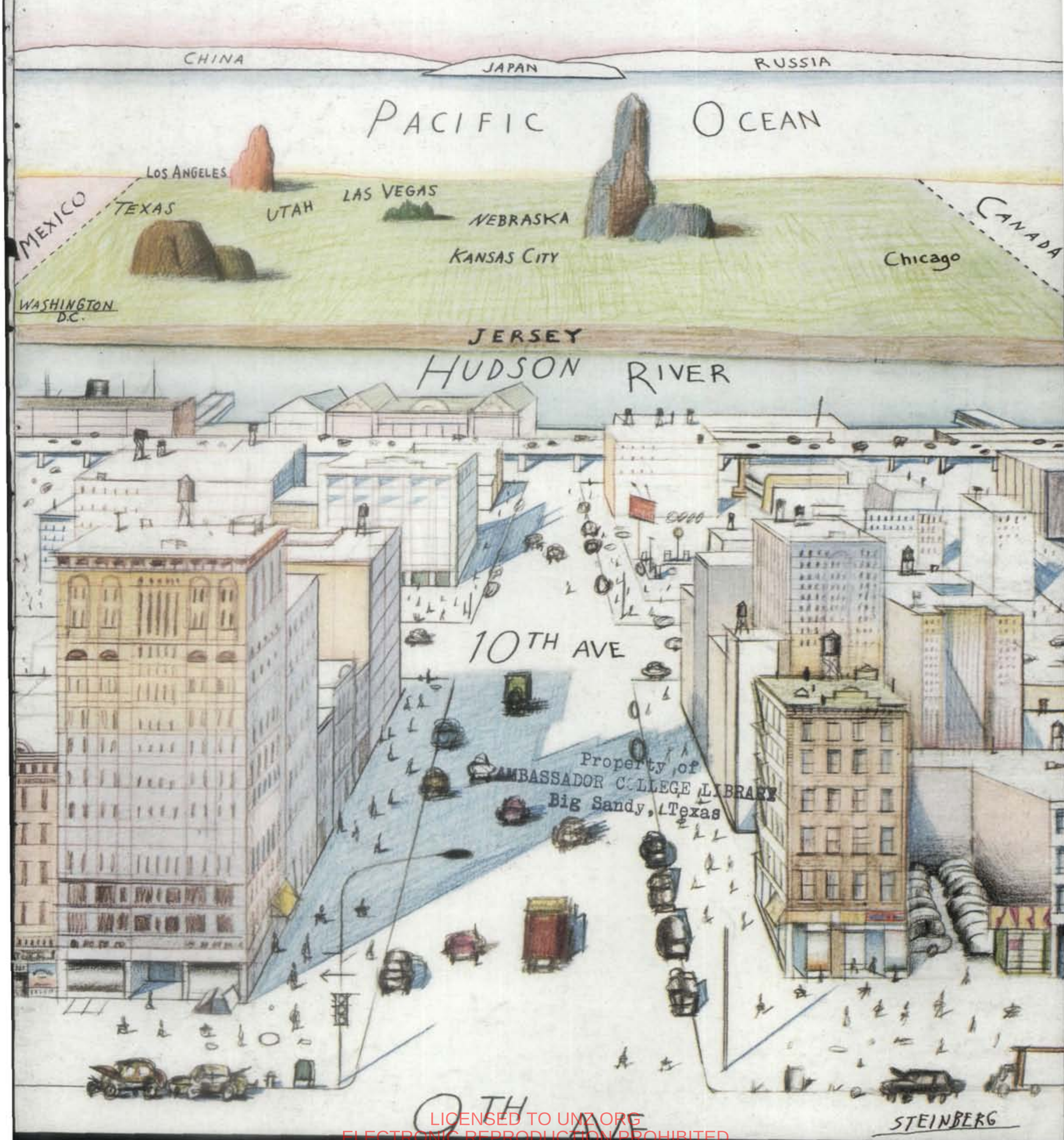
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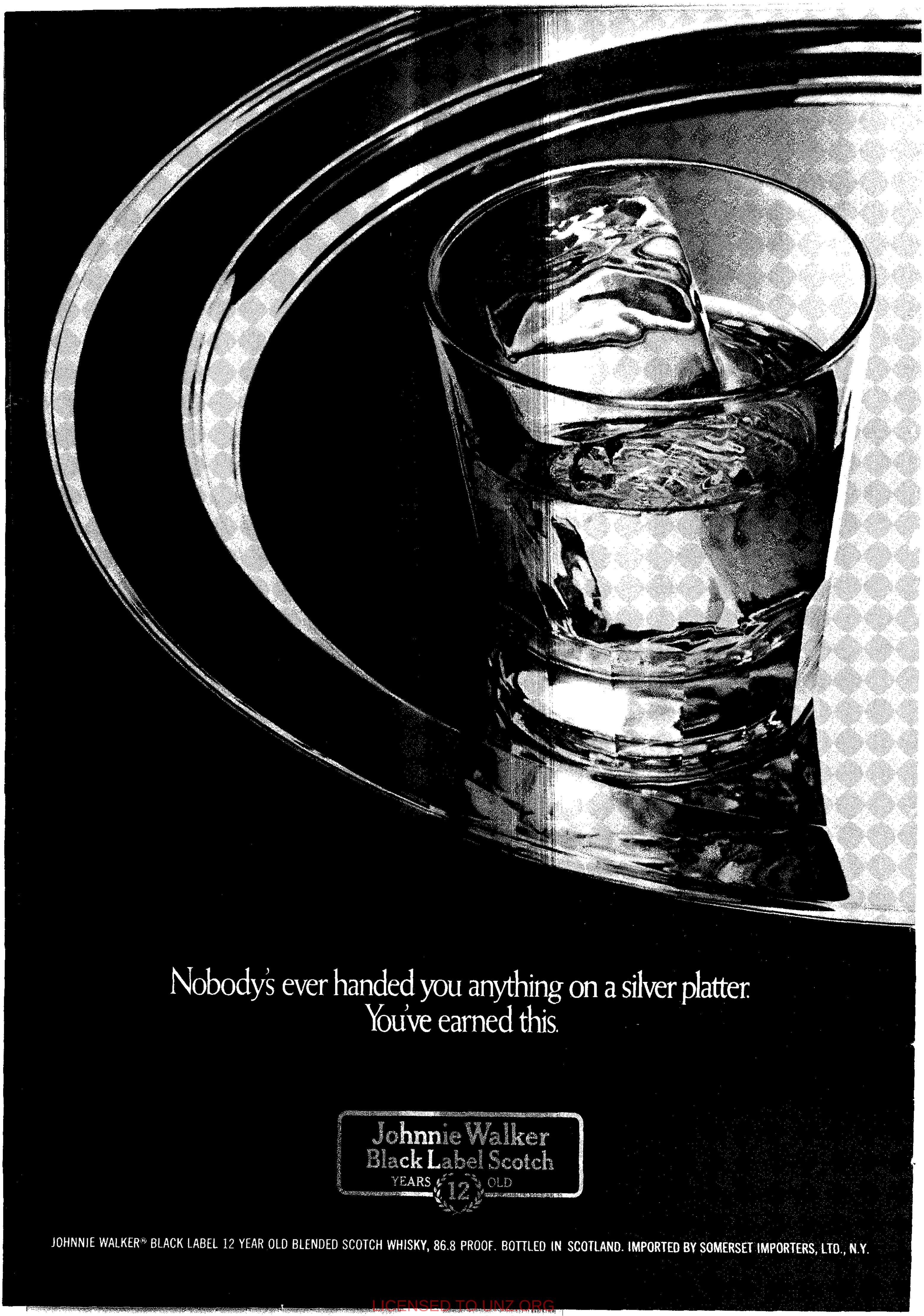
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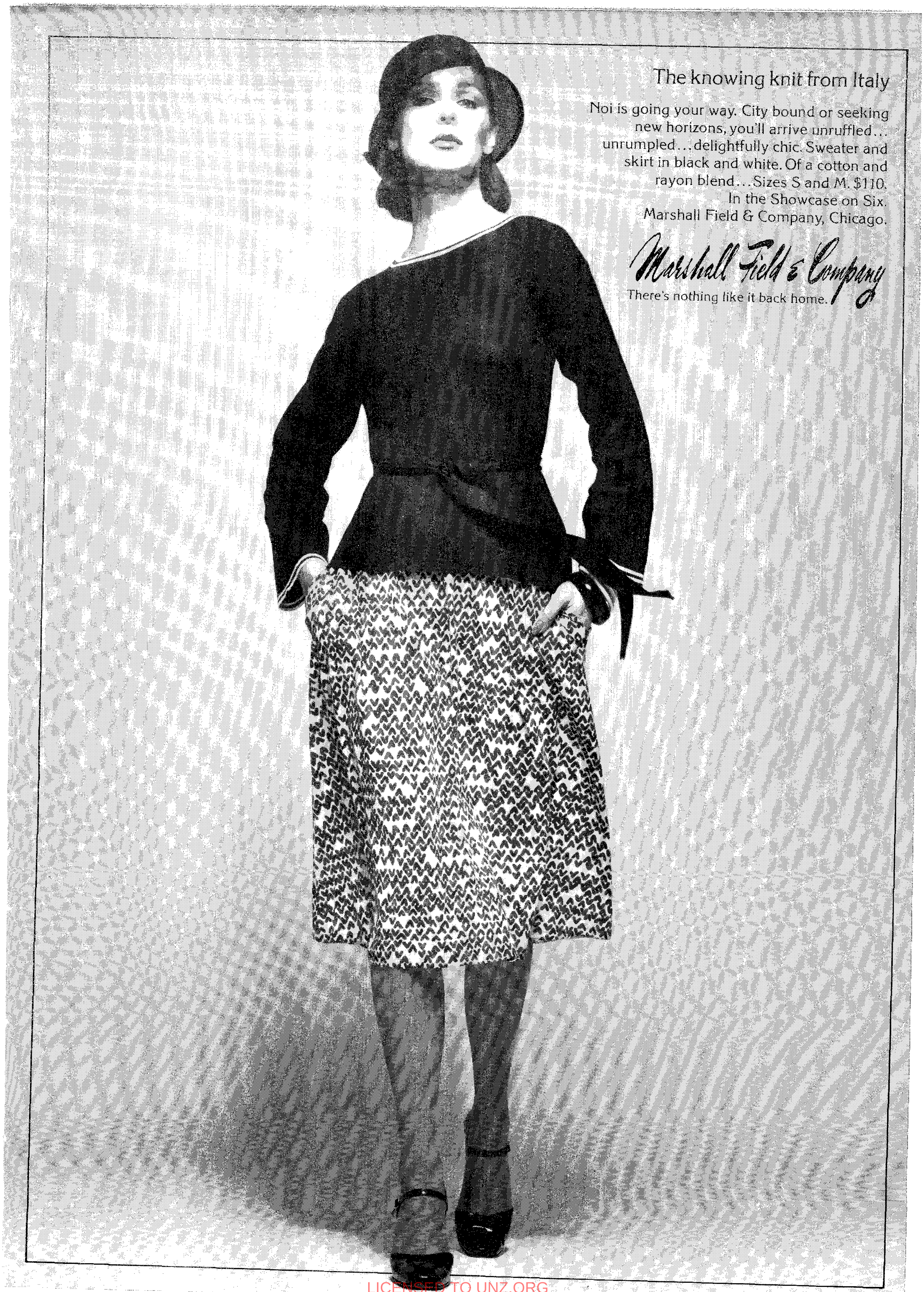

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—The fourth production of the season is **WHO KILLED RICHARD CORY?**, a dramatization, by A. R. Gurney, Jr., of the Edwin Arlington Robinson poem. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Eden—A play by Steve Carter, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—A brilliant production of the rarely seen Ibsen play, directed by Tony Richardson and starring Vanessa Redgrave as the loveliest and loneliest of undines. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn in joyous eruption as an elderly English widow with a splendid country house, a rather dim Oxford grandson, and the prospect of a half-black granddaughter-in-law eager to become "county." The play is by Enid Bagnold. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 10.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Worth seeing for its glimpses of a still comparatively boyish Shaw and for a stunning performance by Lynn Redgrave. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

My Fair Lady—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical, with Ian Richardson, Christine Andreas, George Rose, and Robert Coote in the leading roles. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews Wednesday, March 24. Opens officially on Thursday, March 25. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, March 24, at 2; Friday, March 26, as well as Monday, March 29, and Wednesday, March 31, at 8; and Saturday, April 3, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, March 24, at 8; Saturday, March 27, at 2; and Tuesday, March 30, as well as Thursday, April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Thursday, March 25, and Saturday, March 27, at 8; Wednesday, March 31, at 2; and Friday, April 2, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Primary English Class—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rich and Famous—John Guare's imaginative

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"A VERY SPECIAL FATE" . . . . *R. Prawer Jhabvala* 27

"INDIGO, WHO DEPARTED OUR SPECTRUM" (POEM) . . . . . . *John Hollander* 30

"KIMBERLEY SOLZHENITSYN'S CALENDAR" . . . . *Ian Frazier* 35

PROFILES (SHERRILL MILNES) . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 36

"UNDER PRESSURE" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Kaven* 38

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 62

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (MONTY PYTHON LITIGATION) . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 69

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 88

DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 92

"CRAYOLA BEAR" (POEM) . . . . *Stephen Jamison* 95

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 96

U.S. JOURNAL: ATLANTA . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 102

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 109

BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 110

BRIEFLY NOTED 112

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS: *George Booth, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Mischa Richter, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Charles Barsotti, James Stevenson, Anthony Tabar, Chon Day, Burt Silverman, Mort Gerberg, Edward Frascino, Lee Lorenz, Niculae Asciu, Frank Modell, Stan Hunt, James Mulligan, Donald Reilly, Joseph Mirachi, Jack Ziegler, Ed Arno*

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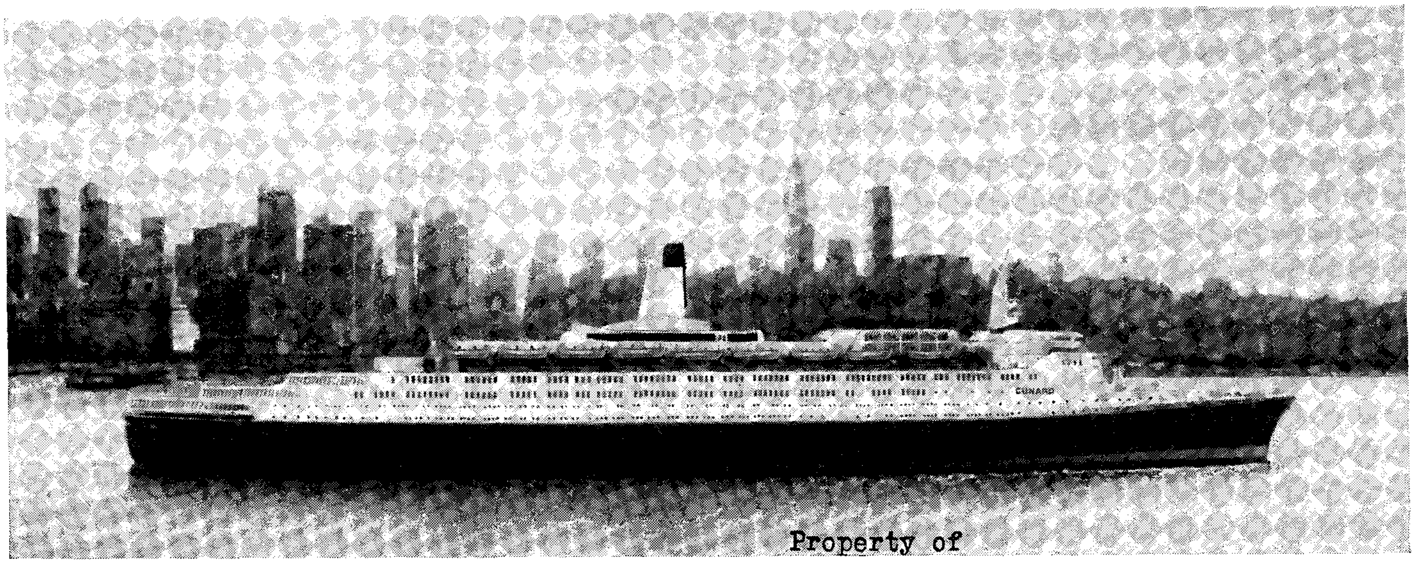

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Starting Wednesday, March 31, Ted Pritchard will succeed Mr. Gochman. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Vanities—A play by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Colleen Dewhurst, Ben Gazzara, Maureen Anderman, and Richard Kelton in a revival of the Edward Albee play. Mr. Albee also directed. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30-31. Opens officially on Thursday, April 1. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woyzeck—A revival of Georg Büchner's tragedy, translated by Mira Rafalowicz, with Joseph Chaikin in the title role. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yentl—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zalmen; or, The Madness of God—A time of testing in a village synagogue somewhere in Eastern Europe. Well acted by Joseph Wiseman and Richard Bauer. The director is Alan Schneider. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**chicago:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,625 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **pippin:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **same time, next year:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **shenandoah:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Tots in Tinseltown," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 581-8456. Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, March 30, at 8 [preview]; Wednesday, March 31, at 8 [opening]; Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 2 and 7:30. For tickets, call 744-7730, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 5.)

The Circus—Opening performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. Through Monday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 1, at 1 and 7:30; Friday, April 2, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

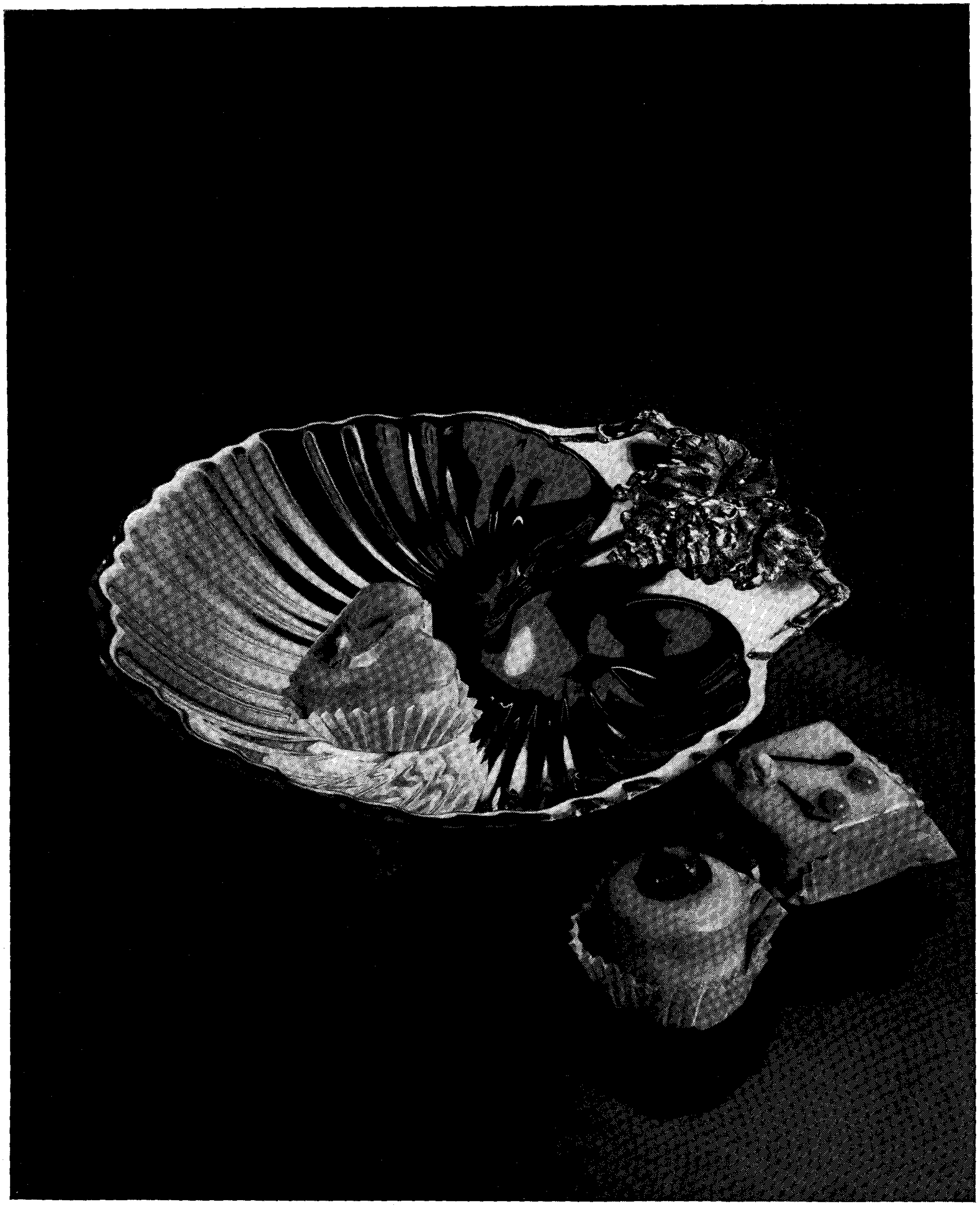
DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Interplay," "Monotones," "Parade," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Interplay," "Five Dances," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Monotones," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 2: "Deuce Coupe II," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 30, at 8: "Face Dancers," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Weewis," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Interplay," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "Parade," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, April 11.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 24, and Saturday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 2: "Holberg Suite," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Every Now and Then," "Biosfera," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8, and Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Fête Noire," "The Combat," "Manifestations," and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 7:30: "Allegro Brillante," "Bugaku," "Manifestations," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Dougla." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Twyla Tharp and Dancers—Thursday, March 25, at 7:30; Friday, March 26, and Saturday, April 3, at 8; and Sunday, April 4, at 2 and 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Splitting the Difference" (première). . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28; Wednesday, March 31; and Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, all at 8: "Sue's Leg," "The Bach Duet," "The Rags Suite," and "Splitting the Difference." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

José Limón Dance Company—Opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through Monday, April 5—Tuesday, March 30, at 7: "The Unsung," an unnamed work (première), "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," and "The Shakers." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Concerto Grosso," "Dances for Isadora," "Solaris" (New York première), "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," and "The Shakers." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Night Spell," and the new work. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 1: "Concerto Grosso," "Dances for Isadora," "Night Spell," and "Solaris." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "La Malinche," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Air for the G String," "Solaris," and "The Unsung." (Kaufmann Concert



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

SITARA—In a recital of Kathak, the classical dance of North India. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

DANIEL NAGRIN—In a benefit dance recital. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, April 1, at 8. For tickets, call 598-3459, Mondays through Fridays between 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN** had one of the good Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, and it is remembered not so much for itself or for its leader's piano, which is Southwest in style—light, rolling, blue, swinging—but for the solos of the odd, supersonic duck who sat in the saxophone section off and on during those years: Charlie Parker. McShann doesn't have a big band now, but he still goes out from K.C., sometimes with the violinist **CLAUDE WILLIAMS**; indeed, the two will be at Michael's Pub through Saturday, April 3, along with **MILT HINTON** and **PANAMA FRANCIS**. McShann is a substantial man, and when he plays, his head rocks and bumps, and his face, eyes tight shut, masks a lot of inner explosions. Williams, who is a rarity in New York, is small and bespectacled, and he puts a nice body English on many of his phrases. A homemade and quite marvellous violinist, he has a quiet, husky tone, reminiscent of the late Ray Nance but minus Nance's rhapsodic edge, and he likes to flash his arpeggios, insert leaping double-time phrases, and make his double-stops bite. He plays in tune and he often rests, unlike most fiddle players, who tend to be garrulous. Hinton and Francis, neither of the Kansas City persuasion, pretend that they are, and do it well enough. A typical set will contain a slow blues, a medium-slow blues, a medium blues, a medium-fast blues, a fast blues, and a very fast blues, as well as "Indiana," "The Girl from Ipanema," and a couple of ballads, or what McShann calls "sweet music." He sings on a lot of his blues, and he has a pleasant, light-boned voice. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . **HUBBELL PIERCE**, the singer and pianist, is here in the attractive Bird Cage after a long, long absence from the New York night scene. He has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Matt Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

●

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. **CHARLES MCPHERSON**, a mainstream altoist, heads up a quartet through Saturday, March 27. Saxophonist Dave Liebman will bring in a quartet on Monday and Tuesday, March 29-30. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

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BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, March 24, Elliott Murphy fronts his latest rock band. Thursday through Saturday, March 25-27, Bill Withers, a sugarcoated R. & B. singer, will work opposite a very funny and original young comedian named Ron Douglas. On Sunday, March 28, **JOHN MCLAUGHLIN**, who has turned his attention to the acoustic guitar and, presumably, has cast his double-necked, eighteen-stringed electric wonder by the wayside, will spend an evening here with his band, Shakti. Monday through Wednesday, March 29-31, will see more rock, as Nils Lofgren and the Cate Brothers share the stage. And, on Friday, April 2, Eric Carmen, a middle-of-the-road rock singer, will come in along with Ron Douglas. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform barely—if at all—amplified duets in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is here through Saturday, March 27; the Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, currently (through Saturday, March 27) in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. On Monday, March 29, **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** will take over. Weeknights from nine-thirty.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DOLLY DAWN**, who at the age of thirteen used to sing with George Hall and his orchestra at the Hotel Taft Grill, is back, and in splendid form. She has become a first-rate singer—a jazz singer, really. Marty Napoleon is on piano, and Bucky Calabrese on bass. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, March 30, trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, March 28, will be turned over to the singing, smiling duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss. They will begin smiling at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-four knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is well worth your time, and so is a trio headed by **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists. The Haig trio—guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** round it out—works on Mondays and Tuesdays, beginning at nine-thirty. From five to nine on Sunday, March 28, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with bassist Little and pianist Albert Dailey.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** finishes up three weeks' work with bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** on Saturday, March 27. On Monday, March 29, guitarist **JOE PASS**, who first attracted attention on an early sixties recording, "Sounds of Synanon," which featured Pass and other Synanon inmates, will begin a week of unaccompanied performances. Two or three sets beginning at ten. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Sundays through Thursdays, Phyllis Hyman, a promising, smoky-voiced jazz and rhythm-and-blues singer, works with a backing quartet led by pianist Onaje Alan Gumbs. On Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will take his quintet through some familiar and still moving material. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folksinger Artie Traum and a singer-pianist named Biff Rose alternate through Sunday, March 28. On Wednesday, March 31, Chris Rush, an urban comic, will trade sets with

Soap and water:
Should you use it after 25?

When you were little, you washed your face with soap and water, and that was that. Except for the times you got a little unwanted help from your overly enthusiastic mother, your face felt pretty good afterwards. Clean. Fresh. Remember?

But once those first dry patches and little wrinkles appear after 25, it's natural to start wondering whether soap isn't a little too drying. Well, is it?

It is true that your skin's own oil production processes diminish as you get older. The important thing is not to deplete them even further.

Yet, even when you're grown up, many dermatologists believe there is no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. Certainly no combination of creams and fresheners ever leaves your skin *feeling* as clean and fresh.

However, certain soaps can be villainous robbers of your skin's own natural resources.

What soap do doctors recommend? Many dermatologists, allergists and even plastic surgeons recommend Neutrogena® Soap, because it is uniquely suited to the care of sensitive skin.

Why? Because clear, amber Neutrogena never will do anything to your skin but *clean* it. It is not a so-called "deep-pore cleanser." So it won't de-fat, deterge, or denature the skin. Its mild "heavy-molecular" triethanolamine-base formulation is chemically balanced to remove surface dirt and makeup without penetrating and robbing the sub-layers of the skin.

Neutrogena dissolves easily — on purpose — so that there's never a soap "film" residue left on your skin after rinsing to alter your skin's pH balance and keep it from returning to normal. This solubility is your guarantee that your face won't have that tight, dry feeling you sometimes get from some other soaps, which leave potentially irritating soap film.

Tested as carefully as a prescription drug, Neutrogena Soap meets standards of quality and purity far beyond the usual cosmetic. Its quality ingredients meet USDA Food Grade requirements, which means they're safe enough to eat. NASA used Neutrogena Soap for Skylab experiments because of its mild, non-irritating qualities. (Imagine an astronaut in outer space with a skin rash and you'll see how important a soap can be.)

And in numbers of medical tests, Neutrogena Soap has been used for cleansing where other soaps could not be tolerated.

You can safely enjoy true soap-and-water skin care again. That wonderful clean feeling you remember can still be yours, even if you have very sensitive skin. Just choose the right soap. Neutrogena Soap. Scented or unscented. Made by the people who've specialized in sensitive skin care since you were a child. At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. **Neutrogena® Soap**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jud Strunk, a rural humorist. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—HANK JONES, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. Novella Nelson, who has a substantial following in these parts, is a striking-looking young woman and a heavily dramatic singer. Usually seated on a stool, she forcefully, and often gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs a variety of songs. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sunday, March 28, her last night, Miss Nelson's nine-o'clock show will feature poetry, song, and some of her friends. On Tuesday, March 30, things get folksy: Peter (minus Paul and Mary) Yarrow will alternate with singer and guitarist Raun MacKinnon, who has been on the Village folk-music scene for the past few years. BLOSSOM DEARIE, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians, who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner—mostly guitarists. (The management is presenting what it calls the Great New York City Guitar Festival for the next several weeks.) ATTILA ZOLLER and TED DUNBAR play duets on Wednesday, March 24. Thursday through Sunday, March 25-28, BUCKY PIZZARELLI will do some solo guitar work. The Brad Catron trio will come in for a Monday-through-Thursday (March 29-April 1) run. And beginning Friday, April 2, John Tropea will be the featured guitarist. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9566)—Many different jazz groups in a loose, unconfining, and hassle-free bar. Some of the musicians who will be performing here are tenor saxophonist PAUL JEFFREY, who'll head his vigorous, rousing octet on Thursday, March 25, and Sunday, March 28; bebop singer EDDIE JEFFERSON, who works with a young backup combo, will perform Friday and Saturday, March 26-27; and trumpeter TED CURSON, who recently began performing in this country again after several years spent in Europe, will bring in his fine and exciting septet on Friday and Saturday, April 2-3. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. ELVIN JONES and CHICO HAMILTON and their respective bands share the stage on March 26-27. On April 2-3, organist Charles Earland and his jazz-funk sextet will be present. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Intense, vertiginous MC COY TYNER, perhaps the most respected of contemporary pianists, winds up a week here with his quartet on Sunday, March 28. On Tuesday, March 30, pianist Barry Miles and his group, Silverlight, will descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS, and fifteen or so other of New York's finer studio men blast forth. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boite* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. On Wednesdays, the Warren Court, an outfit headed by ex-Basie alto saxophonist Earle Warren, moves in. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A non-bustling room that has been touched by the piano-bass fad. Pianist Albert Dailey and his bassist, Dennis Irwin, collaborate through Saturday, March 27. On Sundays, JAKI BYARD works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 24, at 5:45: CONSTANCE TOWERS, songs.... ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 5:45: DOROTHY STICKNEY, in her program adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Robin Trower and **Wishbone Ash**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.

Patti Smith Group—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, March 24, and Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30.

David Bowie—Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 26, at 8.

Thelonious Monk—Solo piano and with his group. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—With Eubie Blake. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

Emmylou Harris and the Hot Band and **the Earl Scruggs Revue**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, March 27, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with the Brecker Brothers. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Laura Nyro—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8 and 11:30.

Eddie Palmieri—With Charlie Palmieri and others. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, April 2, at 8 and at midnight.)

Peter Lemongello—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.

Kingfish and **Pure Prairie League**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 3, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Johnny Winter and **Thee Image**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 3, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—The passing of time is the subject of a series of thirty watercolors by an early member of the Cobra group. Also four brush drawings on rice paper. Through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals and flowers, like tigers romping in anemone beds, done in a primitive manner. Through Saturday, March 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Willard Boepple—Abstract steel floor pieces, some of them resembling fat curled ribbons. Through April 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Gretna Campbell—Paintings of Maine tidal coves in summer and snow-covered New Jersey woods. Through Saturday, March 27. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Ronaldo de Juan—Abstract works on paper in acrylic and charcoal. Through April 10. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Duff—Sculptures of wood, glass, and metal, and combinations thereof, in shapes that are variations of the spiral. Through April 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics. Through Saturday, April 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

John Griefen—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Deitcher, 35 E. 67th St.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract paintings that occasionally incorporate a detail from nature—a leaf, a flower, bark. Through Saturday, April 3. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Philip Guston—Recent paintings, basically autobiographical (as his works generally are), by this sharp commentator on our times. Most of his familiar symbols are present and accounted for—the shoe soles, the bald heads, and so on. Through April 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Craig Kauffman—Eight painted canvas-and-wood constructions. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Carla Lavatelli—Seven semi-abstract sculptures, all but one of them carved marble. Through April 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oil paintings that span his career. Through April 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Levine—Figure studies in watercolor, plus caricatures of literary and political personalities. Through April 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harry McCormick—Interiors, generally of Victorian design, and Central Park scenes, by a realist. Through Saturday, April 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, still redolent with the smell of freshly turned earth. Through April 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of the female nude and still-lifes, as well as drawings in casein and conté crayon. Through April 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum constructions, some combined with wood, evocative of contemporary machinery. Through April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Jules Olitski—Recent abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

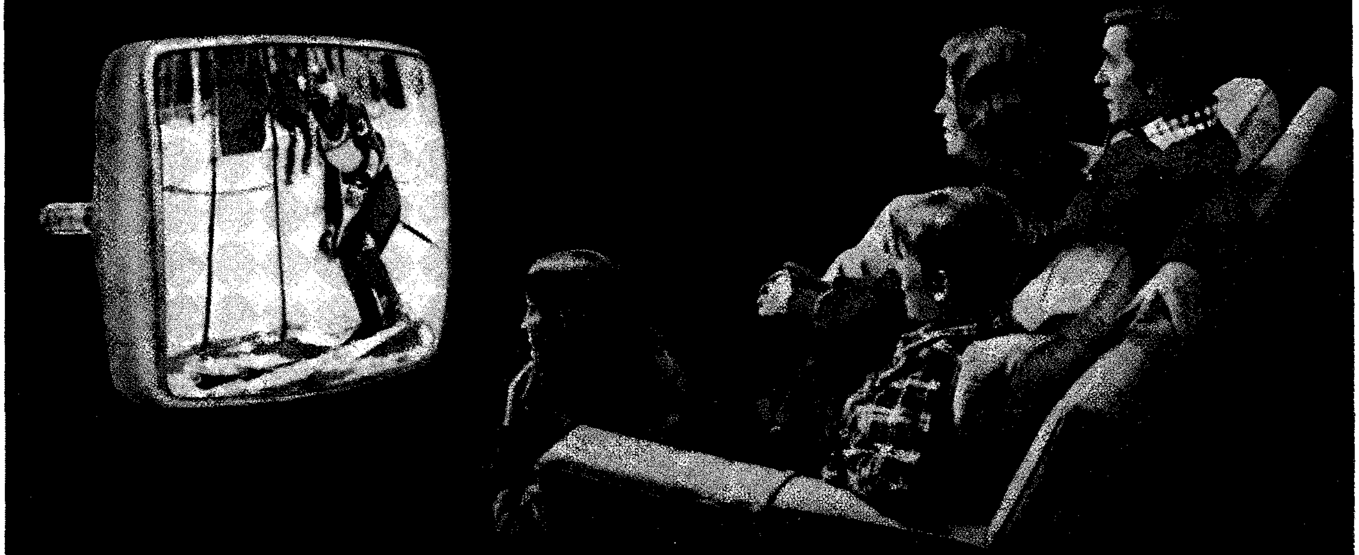
David Pease—Semi-abstract paintings with a totally realistic miniature painting located in the center of each. Through April 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Donald Perlis—Large realist paintings of the artist's family and friends in everyday situations. Through Saturday, March 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Four series of semi-abstract paintings that take their themes from nature as well as from urban life. Through Saturday, April 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lil Picard—Three exhibits of the work of a

What's on the Quintrix™ tonight?

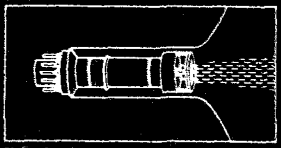


Nothing dull. Because Quintrix is the only color picture tube with an extra prefocus lens for extra sharpness.

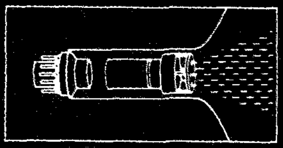
Whatever show you're watching, you'll see a crisp, sharp picture with the Quintrix picture tube. The diagrams show how the unique Quintrix extra prefocus lens concentrates and focuses the electron beam to bring you our sharpest picture ever.

And our extra-powerful chassis helps make the picture brighter. So Panasonic gives you both sharpness and brightness together.

But let your eyes draw their own conclusion. At your nearest Panasonic dealer. We think once you do, you'll want to see what's on the Quintrix tonight…in your own living room.



The Quintrix beam: notice the sharpness of the simulated electron beam current in Quintrix.



Notice the diffusion of the simulated beam current in our conventional tube.

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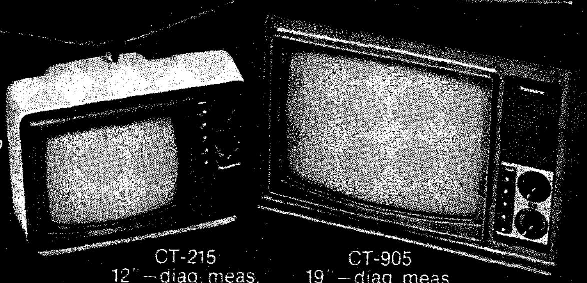


CT-215
12" – diag. meas.

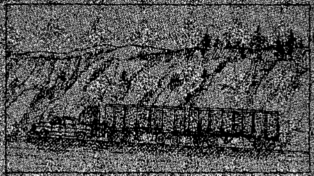
CT-905
19" – diag. meas.

TV picture simulated

A LUXURY SEDAN BASED ON THE BELIEF THAT ALL OF THE RICH ARE NOT IDLE.

Since the time of the Caesars, the inspiration for the carriages of the gentry has been the blatant, unbridled, unabashed pursuit of opulence.

Opulence often to the exclusion of all else: performance, efficiency, engineering intelligence.



"50-70 mph; 5.9 seconds... high-speed passing acceleration borders on the brilliant," the editors of Motor Trend magazine.

Even today one sees occasional evidence of this misguided sense of priorities—this basic misunderstanding of what it is that constitutes true luxury.

Opera windows that obscure vision. Mammoth engines pulling mammoth cars. Interiors fashioned more along the lines of a Persian Pleasure Palace than a serious driving machine. Cars made primarily for sitting.

At the Bavarian Motor Works it has always been our contention that a car ought to be made primarily for driving. That when all is said and done, extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

And, in this age of automotive enlightenment, we believe our time has come.

POWER TO SATISFY EVEN THE MOST POWER HUNGRY.

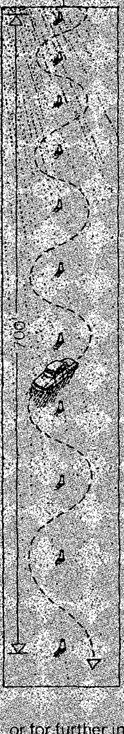
Beneath the hood of the BMW 530i is a singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine that has been called by no less an authority than Road & Track magazine "... the most refined in-line six in the world."

Patented triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers develop remarkable power from relatively small displacement.

And seven main bearings and twelve crankshaft counter-balance weights give the whole operation a turbine-like smoothness that never ceases to astound even the experts.

THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

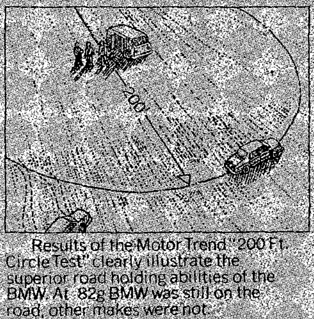
If you're accustomed to the leaning and swaying one experiences in the conventional luxury sedan, you will thoroughly appreciate the uncanny road holding capabilities of the BMW 530i.



The 700 Ft. Slalom Test, designed by Road & Track magazine to measure lane changing capabilities. BMW ran the course at a remarkable 51.6 mph.

Road holding—driver control—is largely a function of a car's suspension system.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW suspension is fully independent on all four wheels.

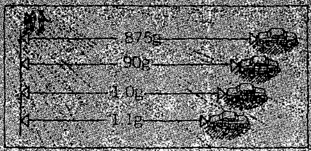


Results of the Motor Trend "200 Ft. Circle Test" clearly illustrate the superior road holding abilities of the BMW. At .82g BMW was still on the road; other makes were not.

And this, combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition—with a smoothness and precision that will spoil you for any other car.

A DECIDED LACK OF OPERA WINDOW OPULENCE.

While inside, the BMW 530i features as long a list of luxury items as *one* could sanely require of an automobile, its luxury is purposefully engineered to perform a very significant function: help prevent driver fatigue.



"... no detectable sign of (brake) fade. The more and harder they're used, the stronger they seem to get." The editors of Motor Trend sum up the results of their rigorous multiple-stop brake test.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape. Individual seats are adjustable forward and back—with variable-angle seat back and cushion supports.

All instruments are clearly visible; all controls are readily accessible.

For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 530i has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of brocade and chrome.

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seventy-six-year-old self-taught artist: First, a retrospective that contains nearly sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Friday, April 2. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.)... ¶ Secondly, photographs and Xeroxed photographs of the principals in the Watergate hearings, taken from the television screen. Through Saturday, April 3. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30.)... ¶ Finally, collage and pen-and-ink portraits, these of artists and writers, done on paper napkins. Through Saturday, April 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Michael Price—Sculptures of life-size, variously posed female figures, cast in bronze, plus smaller pieces. Through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George Rickey / Ulfert Wilke—Abstract kinetic sculptures made of a combination of brass, copper, and stainless steel. / Large paintings based on calligraphy, plus drawings. Through April 24. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Sally Winston Robinson / Nachum Miller—Color and black-and-white abstract works made by a photo-chemical *technique*. / Abstract drawings—pencil and mixed mediums—on cut and folded paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

Ronald Searle—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through April 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist paintings of figures, including some portraits, and a few landscapes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Small sculptures. Through April 7. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Tony Smith—Small sculptures in steel and models for outdoor pieces in cast bronze, by a Minimalist. Through April 17. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66) / **William Scott**—Paintings and works on paper. / Gouaches in which simple kitchen objects, food, and geometric shapes are grouped on a solid field. Through Saturday, April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Edward Whiteman—Acrylic paints applied to textured-paper surfaces. Through Saturday, March 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William T. Williams—Large abstract paintings in mixed mediums on a heavyweight paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Still-lifes, figures in interiors, and street scenes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscape paintings by, among others, Marsden Hartley and E. Ambrose Webster. Through Wednesday, March 31.... **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Kandinsky, Schiele, and others. Through April 10.... **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings from five centuries. Two are a black-and-red chalk drawing by Rubens and a blue-gray brush drawing by Franz Kline. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American Impressionist paintings by Childe Hassam, Maurice Prendergast, John H. Twachtman, and others. Through Saturday, March 27.... **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of paintings by six American Impressionists: Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, John H. Twachtman, and Julian Alden Weir. Through Saturday, April 3. (Open Mondays.) ... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through May 1

Quick List—Other uptown artists currently being shown include: **MILET ANDREJEVIC** at Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5); **BRUNO CIVITICO** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **ROGER HILTON** (1911-75) at Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6); **SAUL OSTROW** at Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **HELEN QUAT** at Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6); **LEON SHTAINMETS** at Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, *11 to 5:30*).

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GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Enrico Baj—Assemblages, drawings, and graphics. Through April 17. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Betts—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning—Several paintings of passengers peering out of graffiti-covered subway cars, a self-portrait in nine panels, and other work by an artist who's been exhibiting in New York for nearly twenty years. Through Saturday, April 3. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Color-field paintings. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Oyvind Fahlstrom—Large sheets of metal onto which the artist has attached movable plastic cutouts by means of magnets. The cutouts themselves are painted with images inspired by the poetry of Plath, Lorca, and others. Through April 17. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Micheline Gingras—Works that combine painting and photography; first solo show in New York. Through April 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

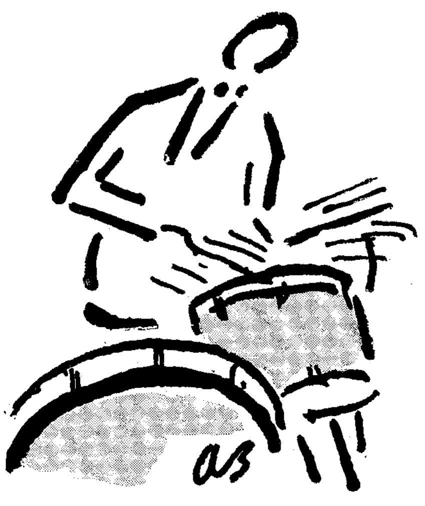
Les Levine—Video and audio programs, as well as clothing for men and women designed by the artist. Somehow it all fits together. Through Wednesday, March 31. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—This abstract painter, who works in subdued tones, is a Japanese-born American, and lately he has been visiting more and more in his homeland, with the result that the Oriental flavor in his work has been sharpened, and he now indulges in frank representational elements—to wit, cherry blossoms. Through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970)—A memorial exhibition honoring this old-time American realist, who, as his friend Raphael Soyer wrote, belongs to the tradition of Copley, Eakins, and Hopper. Through April 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Stephen Porter—Steel and carved-wood sculptures that combine basic geometric forms—the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere—in totem-pole-type structures. Through April 10. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michael Vessa—A construction of thigh-high Fibreglas-and-polyester room dividers, some of them seemingly connected by pencil drawings of arches. Through Saturday, April 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)



Claude Viallat—Canvas and linen wall hangings stained with pigment; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American printmakers, among them Paul Revere, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through April 17. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Glass Flowers—A benefit exhibition of twenty-five pieces of Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka's glass models of flowers and plants, made in Germany between 1887 and 1936, on loan from Harvard University's Botanical Museum. Through Saturday, April 3. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jean Cohen—Paintings of bold geometric shapes. Through Thursday, April 1. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Bruce Conner / Manuel Neri—Photograms of the artist, applied to Masonite. / Freestanding carved-plaster sculptures of the human figure, plus wall pieces in the same material. Through April 10. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist paintings of silver objects (trays, pitchers, candlesticks, and the like) in store windows and display cases. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Four hundred and twenty-one sheets of the exceptional paper made by the artist himself. Twenty-eight inches square and stacked up like pancakes, they are the center of this exhibit, together with long vertical strips and smaller pieces of the same material displayed on a wall. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings of New York City taxicabs, sanitation trucks, and gleaming fire engines. Through April 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Stephen Mueller—Recent works in which this abstract artist sets forth two or three detailed forms on a field of solid color, instead of painting everything on the same plane, as he used to do. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

Peter Passuntino—Paintings of fantastic subjects. Through April 17. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Jonathan Price / Tom Halsall—A single large handmade poster, along with photographs of other posters. / Color-field paintings. Through Thursday, April 1. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Paintings of primary shapes in subdued colors, to which beads and thread have been hand stitched. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Swain—Large checkerboards of color, graduating in warmth and intensity from one side of the canvas to the other. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner / Ulrich Niemeyer—Abstract paintings that employ masking tape, glue, and Liquitex paint on canvas, plus drawings. / Geometric sculptures and wall reliefs made of plaster, eventually to be cast in bronze and aluminum. Through Wednesday, March 31. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **HELAINE BLUMENFELD** at Bonino, 98 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5); **GILBERT AND GEORGE** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Henry Moore—An exhibit of sixteen sculptures spanning the last forty years. Through April 24. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Nelson—This California artist assembles photographs—family snapshots, studio nudes, shots of the Union Station in Los Angeles—into an arrangement that suits him and then enlarges (or reduces) it on a single photographic sheet, which he goes to work on with various mediums. Through Saturday, March 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Marjorie Strider—Works that combine painting and sculpture. One is a large painting of a bright-red bunch of radishes, onto which the artist has mounted three bulbous Styrofoam radishes. Through Saturday, April 3. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Fredrich Cantor—The last New York show of this thirty-one-year-old photographer, at the Exposure Gallery in 1970, featured bizarre tableaux staged, as Gene Thornton reported in the *Times*, "in such unlikely settings as the men's room of the Elgin Cinema." To Thornton, these appeared as "scenes from hell in the style of 'Marat/Sade,' " and to his excitable colleague at the *Voice*, A. D. Coleman, they seemed "grim and ferocious" visions of "a nether world inhabited by feral, dispassionately cruel beings—along with their helpless victims—who have yet to transcend their brutishness and emerge from darkness and the ooze." The quiet, decorous views of Rome that hang in the present show at the Schoelkopf Gallery would hardly seem to be the work of the same photographer. At first sight, they look like examples of the boring nineteenth-century landscape and architectural photography that this gallery inexplicably favors, but further study reveals that the photographs' anachronistic appearance—their delicately sharp precision of detail and mellow sepia tone—is attributable to the British Kodalith paper on which they are printed, and that a modern (though hardly grim and ferocious) sensibility has been at work here, excerpting, abstracting, shaping, adumbrating, and revivifying the by now tired subject matter of Roman architecture, statuary, garden ornaments, reliefs, walls, and streets, and creating works of rigorous contemporaneity, whose allusiveness is the service of the present rather than of the past. In addition to the Roman pictures, there is a group of American landscapes and interiors that have a more contemporary surface quality and are remarkable for the way they avoid photographic cliché while adhering to conventional photographic subjects, such as the contrast between a new car and an old frame house, the pattern of shadows on downtown loft buildings, the paradoxical beauty of an ugly wallpaper pattern. As for a group of gum-bichromate prints, they are chiefly interesting for their non-photographic appearance (they look like lithographs), which is to say they are not interesting. Belonging to no category, and one of the best works in the show, is a photograph of the painter Philip Pearlstein (with whom Cantor studied) at work on one of his extremely angled and cropped nudes, using a model whom the photographer portrays from the same extreme vantage point. Through Tuesday, March 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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Robbert Flick—The bleakness, bareness, and flatness of the Midwestern American landscape ("a landscape that most of us, if driving across it, would anxiously await its conclusion," according to the gallery's press-release writer, who sounds as if he knows whereof he speaks of) are unflinchingly observed in these bleak, bare, flat images, only a few of which, however, could be called proper photographs; rather, they are to photographs what sketches are to paintings and notebook entries are to novels. As such, they offer a valuable collective impression of the terrain under inspection—one in which a tree or a pole or a tombstone will assume the drama and majesty almost of the mountains and waterfalls that figure in conventionally dramatic and majestic scenery, whose vast fields and waste spaces diminish people and houses but whose slightest seasonal change is a matter of moment. The incompleteness of these *aperçus* is brought into sharp relief by the exceptional finished works in the show, among them a view of a cluster of gravestones and monuments arising from what appears to be the desert of eternity (and actually is a layer of light, dry snow), and a spare composition of two empty wire-mesh corncribs, also in the snow, that achieves a dazzling meld of metaphor and abstraction. Through Saturday, April 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Wynn Bullock (1902-75)—Landscapes and figure studies. Through May 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Eileen Cowin—Abstraction based on, for instance, cactus forms, and imprinted on vinyl and hand colored. Through Saturday, April 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

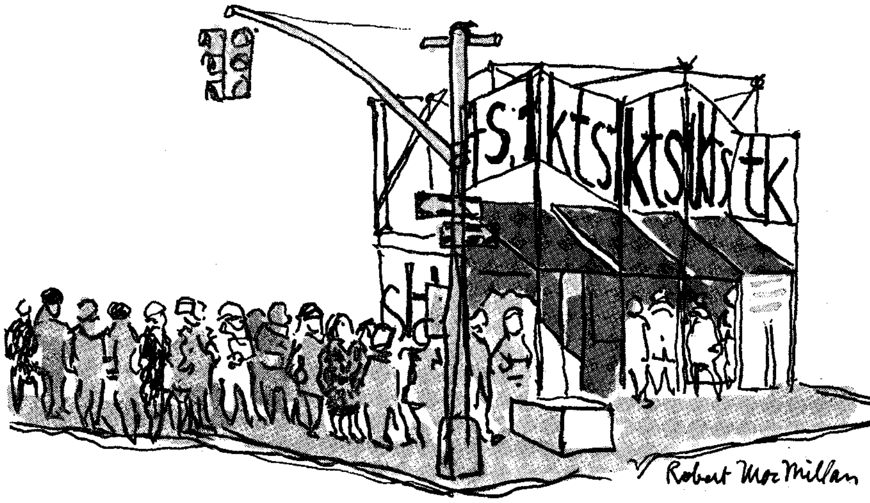
Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Early photogravures (still-lifes, fashion subjects, and society people), many of them originally published in Stieglitz's *Camera Work*. Through May 1. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Marjorie Neikrug—Snapshots taken in China in the past few months. Through Tuesday, March 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Bernard Pierre Wolff—Photographs of urban scenes in the United States and Mexico. Through April 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

George Zarin—Semi-abstract photographs of New York City scenes. Through April 19. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs of mainland China by René Burri, Audrey Topping, and Chinese photographers. Through May 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibit of work taken from Alfred Stieglitz's quarterly *Camera Work*, including photogravures made by Steichen, Strand, and others, as well as drawings by such artists as Rodin and Matisse. Also on view are twelve issues of the magazine *291*. Through May 1. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. . . . ¶ An assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities from the collection of Norbert Schimmel. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Photographs by Wynn Bullock. Through May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings by exponents of Fauvism, among them Matisse, Derain, Braque, and van Dongen. Starts Friday, March 26. . . . ¶ Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Paintings by Morgan Russell drawn from his Synchromist period, along with related drawings, studies, and notebooks. Through May 25. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp, which starts with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe, and moves on up through the century. Through Sunday, March 28. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. Two hundred years is a long time—long enough to fill every crevice of the museum's galleries. A really big show, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Early Modernists," an exhibit, taken from the permanent collection, of paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Marin, O'Keeffe, Zorach, and others. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by Thomas Hart Benton, George L. K. Morris, and Michael Rapuano. . . . ¶ A show of the paintings and sculptures of artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both exhibitions through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japanese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2. . . . ¶ The first volume of Adèle Hugo's journal, on which the Truffaut movie is based. Through Tuesday, March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through Friday, March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through April 10. . . . ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelis Opthof, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Otto Edelmann, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Paul Plishka. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 29, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelis Opthof, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 30, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Montserrat Caballé, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, William Dooley, and Alan Titus; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Otto Edelmann, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Fidelio," with Rose Wagemann, Christine Weidinger, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Paul Plishka, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, John Macurdy, Günther Leib, Kenneth Riegel, and Theodor Uppman; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, Charles Roe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," with Frederica von Stade, Hilda Harris, Diane Curry, Kathleen Hegierski, Richard Stilwell, and Ara Berberian; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Clamma Dale, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 1: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 7: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Glenys Fowles, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, and Adib Fazah; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: The American première of Josef Tal's "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Paul Ukena, and John Lankston; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Samuel Ramey, and Herman Malamood; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Clamma Dale, Tullio Pané, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Puli Toro, Henry Price, and James Billings; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2; and Saturday, March 27, and Tuesday, March 30, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; Friday, April 2, at 2; and Saturday, April 3, at 8:30 (all with Piotr Janowski, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Zubin Mehta directing a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Joanna Simon, contralto; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8:15.)

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Thursday, April 1: Rafael Kubelik conducting an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3: Claudio Abbado conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program. . . . ¶ Monday, April 5: Claudio Abbado conducting a Webern-Strauss-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Richard Kapp conducting. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 26, and Friday, April 2, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Charles Treger, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman

BONWIT TELLER

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And our roses, wildflowers and fresh green ferns. You'll find them all popping up on Judith Luscher's spring fresh two-piece dress, that comes complete with matching scarf. Multi-colored flowers on navy blue cotton for 6 to 16 sizes by Schrader Sport, 44.00 (In Beverly Hills, 46.00) Sport Dresses Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable. Fifth Ave. at 56th, and all stores

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First of all, you save here on our superlative Scottish sweatering. Colours: tempting! Cardigan: long on style as witness our favourite rib. The cashmere is the finest; fully fashioned and hand-finished. And shopping is only part of the pleasure. There's all of Bermuda to enjoy. Do visit us soon.

Trimingham's BERMUDA

The flattering, gilt button ribbed cardigan is compatible with pants or skirt. Buttermilk beige, true pink, pastel paradise blue, white, navy. 34-42. $75.00 plus $2.25 airmail postage. State second colour choice. U.S. duty applicable on delivery. Write Trimingham's Dept. N-96, Hamilton 5, Bermuda. We'll send you our preview "Treasures-by-mail" catalogue on request. The correct airmail postage to Bermuda is 25¢

conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 27, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Bach program, with Jaime Laredo, also violin; Rudolph Vrbsky, oboe; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Renée Siebert, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

I Musici—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts of Bach cantatas, this one with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Hamilton-Kirkland Choir—Lee S. Spear directing, with the Hamilton Brass Choir and the Buffers, a male octet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of music by New York composers, 1786-1976. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra and Chorus—Daniel Paget directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Branko Krsmanovich Chorus of Yugoslavia—Bogdan Babich directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Martina Arroyo and Sherrill Milnes—Soprano and baritone, in a program of opera highlights. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Paige Brook—Flute, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Irma Rogell—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Rolf Schulte and David Levine—Violin and piano, in an all-Stravinsky recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 26, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.)

Coffee Concert—Simca Heled, cello, will play the fifth in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at noon.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

Agustin Anievas and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin, in a benefit recital. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

Theodor Uppman—Baritone. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

Frederick Renz—Harpsichord and positive organ. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 28, at 4:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Gerard Schwarz, conductor; Jaime Laredo and Yoshijo Nakura, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 5, and Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30.)

Luigi Tagliavini—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano, presenting the first performance here of Bartók's complete "Mikrokosmos," in two recitals. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 29, and Monday, April 5, at 8.)

Harvey Sollberger—Flute, in a program of contemporary music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe and Kenneth Cooper—Harpsichords. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

David Levine—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8, an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 2, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bergson Trio—A program of American music, with Robert Sherman, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

Galimir Quartet—With Nancy Allen, harp; Paul Dunkel, flute; and Frank Cohen, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Milton Babbitt Sixtieth-Birthday Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Bethany Beardslee and Sheila Schonbrun, sopranos; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; the Composers String Quartet; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 27, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, March 24. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 26, and Friday, April 2.

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 27, at 2, and Sunday, March 28, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Kansas City Scouts, Sunday, March 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 31, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, March 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Thursday, April 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, April 3.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 27, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 3. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10.

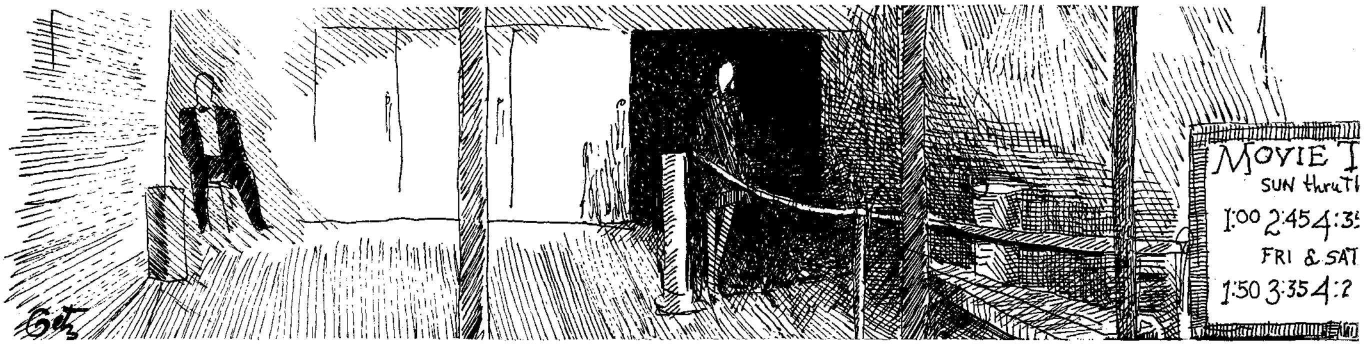
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.). . . ¶ Donald Justice and Lawrence Raab reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5600. Friday, April 2, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 25, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 27.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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28	29	30	31	1		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 30: "Marat/Sade" and "Midnight Cowboy."
From March 31: "Barry Lyndon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 30: "The Black Bird" and "The Fortune."
From March 31: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Freebie and the Bean."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 30: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From March 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 30: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From March 31: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through March 30: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
From March 31: "Barry Lyndon."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 30 (tentative): "All Screwed Up" and "Women in Love."
From March 31: "W. C. Fields and Me."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Image" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 30: "Immoral Tales" (X-rated).
From March 31: "Salut l'Artiste."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 30: "Salut l'Artiste."
From March 31: "W. C. Fields and Me."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Funny Lady."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 30: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From March 31: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 30: "The Black Bird."
From March 31: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Magic Flute."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 30: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings."
From March 31: "Barry Lyndon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Tommy."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Black Starlet."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through March 25: "Killer Force."
From March 26: "Sky Riders."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Magic Flute."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 30: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"
From March 31: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
Theatre 2: "All Screwed Up" and "Wedding in Blood."
Theatre 3: "French Provincial" and "Confrontation."
Theatre 4: Through March 25: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile." March 26-30: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy." From March 31: "Sensations" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 25: "Challenge to Be Free."
From March 26: "Barry Lyndon."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 25: "Barry Lyndon."
From March 26: "Moses."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"My Michael."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 30: "The Black Bird" and "Breakout."
From March 31: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "The Girl from Petrovka."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 30: "The Sunshine Boys."
From March 31: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Magic Flute."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "Old Dracula" and "The House That Dripped Blood."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 30: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "Pursuit to Algiers."
From March 31: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" and "The Pearl of Death."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 30: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters."
From March 31: "Barry Lyndon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 30: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."
From March 31: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Freebie and the Bean."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 24: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.
March 25: "Medium Cool" (1969), directed by Haskell Wexler, with Robert Forster; and "Hearts and Minds" (1975), directed by Peter Davis, a documentary film about United States involvement in Vietnam.
March 26: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
March 27: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Heat." (†)
March 28: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.
March 29: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Elusive Corporal." (†)
March 30: "Black God, White Devil" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha; and "Antonio das Mortes." (†)
March 31: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†) and "Klute." (†)
April 1: "Lancelot of the Lake" (†) and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 24: "Stray Dog" (1949), in Japanese,

directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Scandal" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

March 25: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé; and "Adieu Philippine" (1961), in French, directed by Jacques Rozier.

March 26: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour.

March 27: "Darling" (†); and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

March 28: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

March 29: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966), in French, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Philippe Erlanger; and "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach." (†)

March 30: "Ariane" (†) and "Love in the Afternoon." (†)

March 31: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Idiot." (†)

April 1: "The Great Dictator" (†) and "To Be or Not to Be." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

March 24: "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

March 25: "Rollerball" (1975), directed by Norman Jewison, with James Caan and John Houseman; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

March 26: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Heat." (†)

March 27: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

March 28: "Women in Love" (†); and "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

March 29: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Zorba the Greek" (1964), directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates.

March 30: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.

March 31: "Big Fella" (1937), an English musical, set in Marseilles and directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

April 1: "Point Blank" (†) and "Cool Hand Luke." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 27: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson; and "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.

March 28-30: "Rose Marie" (†) and "I Married an Angel." (†)

From March 31: "Blackmail" (†) and "Sabotage." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 25 at 2: "La Maternelle" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Benoit-Lévy and Marie Epstein, with Madeleine Renaud and Mady Berri; English subtitles.... ¶ March 25 at 5:30: A program of short films by Humphrey Jennings.... ¶ March 25 at 8: "Les Lolos de Lola" (1975), in French, directed by Bernard Dubois, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Zouzou; English subtitles.... ¶ March 26 at 2: "Strike" (1974), in Norwegian, directed by Oddvar Bull Tuhus; English subtitles.... ¶ March 26 at 5:30: "La Maternelle."... ¶ March 27 at noon: "Chandu the Magician" (1932), directed by Marcel Varnel and William Cameron Menzies, with Edmund Lowe, Irene Ware, and Bela Lugosi.... ¶ March 27 at 3 and 5:30: Two different programs of French short films.... ¶ March 28 at noon: "Chandu the Magician."... ¶ March 28 at 3: "Strike."... ¶ March 28 at 5:30: "Black God, White Devil" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha; English subtitles.... ¶ March 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Amulet of Ogum" (1975), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos; English subtitles.... ¶ March 30 at 2: "The Proud Valley" (1940), directed by Pen Tennyson, with Paul Robeson.... ¶ April 1 at 2: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (1964), in French, directed by André Cayette, with Marie-José Nat and Jacques Charrier; English subtitles.... ¶ April 1 at 5:30: "The Silent Enemy" (1930), directed by H. P. Carver, with members of the Ojibwa Indian tribe of Canada.... ¶ April 1 at 8: "Hail the Woman" (1921), directed by John Griffith Wray, with Florence Vidor and Theodore Roberts. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 30: "Broken Strings" (1940), directed by Bernard Ray, written by and with Clarence Muse. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening).... ¶ Starting March 31: "Not a Pretty Picture," directed by Martha Coolidge. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Broughton, Brakhage, Bresson, Cavalcanti, Haxton, Buñuel, Dreyer, and others. Showings March 24-25 at 7 and 9; March 26 at 6 and 9; March 27 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; March 28 at 8; and March 30-April 1 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Juvenile Liaison," a British film, directed by Joan Churchill and Nicholas Broomfield. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Kips Bay, U. A. East, and New Yorker; through March 30.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ 34th St. East; through March 30, tentative.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Olympia; through March 30.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

Ariane (1934)—The most extraordinarily charming waif the screen has known, Elisabeth Bergner had techniques that must have made other actresses rend their flesh in envy. Her little sharp face is so acutely, magically sensitive that it's practically a deprivation when the camera moves to someone else—which, however, doesn't happen very often in a film directed, as this one is, by her husband, Paul Czinner. The story, from the Claude Anet novel, is about a schoolgirl in Paris who falls in love with a man-about-town who simply wants a casual interlude. It's slight but flavorfully so. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 30.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld; through March 25.... ¶ Guild; starting March 26.... ¶ Art, Kips Bay, U. A. East, and Symphony; starting March 31.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through March 30.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed so that it became a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, played the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 31.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Sutton.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Playboy; through March 30.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild; through March 25.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Cinema Village, and Gramercy; through March 30.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29.)

Confrontation—With Peter Bollag, directed by Rolf Lyssy. In German. (Quad Cinema.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Elgin; April 1.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Olympia; through March 30.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 31.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Robert Bresson's film was defended at the time of its release by Jacques Becker, to his credit; not by many others. It is highly stylized, artificial on purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès makes the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 31.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Paramount. . . . ¶ Beekman; through March 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 31.)

The Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison-camp setting of "Grand Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. The sad-eyed young hero (Jean-Pierre Cassel) has an infectious grin; he knows only that he wants to escape from the camp and live. With Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (9/2/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 30.)

Freebie and the Bean (1974)—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. The heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as a transvestite. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 31.)

French Provincial—A gifted young romantic wit, André Téchiné, has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The story spans several decades, contrasting the lives of two brides—Jeanne Moreau, as Berthe the no-nonsense seamstress, and Marie-France Pisier, as Régina the rapacious bourgeois dreamer—who are both too much for their husbands. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences, but this rich impasto is essentially new. It's a marvellous film, even though in ordinary terms (such as telling a coherent story) it isn't very good. In French. (3/1/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Columbia I.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews Ciné.)

The Girl from Petrovka (1974)—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Playboy; starting March 31.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 30.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Elgin; March 26. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 27.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1.)

The House That Dripped Blood (1971)—Five shorts directed by Peter Duffel. The title says all. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 31.)

I Married an Angel (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without the energy of operetta. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-30.)

Killer Force—With Telly Savalas and Peter Fonda, directed by Val Guest. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through March 25.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent

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of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

Lancelot of the Lake—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (6/9/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—Wide-eyed Audrey Hepburn as the Parisian schoolgirl whom Elisabeth Bergner played in "Ariane." A student of the cello, this Ariane falls in love with an aging American roué ensconced in the Paris Ritz—Gary Cooper, looking as if he knows how unappealing he is in the role. The director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, have made her the daughter of a detective (Maurice Chevalier), who is then hired by Cooper to investigate her. It's all meant to be airy and bubbly, but it's obvious, overextended (two hours plus), and overproduced. It was shot in France, and much of it is location work, but the art director, Alexander Trauner, built the first floor of the Paris Conservatoire in a studio, as well as the second floor of the Ritz full-scale, with actual, operating elevators. For the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," Wilder engaged nine hundred and sixty extras in full evening dress. At the end, there's a fine view of a smoking, chugging locomotive in a splendid, vaulted railroad station—and for a moment one wonders if this, too, is a set. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 30.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Art; through March 30.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Art; through March 30.)

Moses—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld; starting March 26.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Cinema Village, and Gramercy; through March 30.)

My Michael—With Oded Kotler, directed by Dan Wolman. In Hebrew. (Festival.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

Old Dracula—With David Niven as the Count. Directed by Clive Donner. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

The Pearl of Death (1944)—The ninth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Dennis Hoey, Evelyn Ankers and Miles Mander. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; starting March 31.)

Point Blank (1967)—Showoffy, brutal, somewhat inexplicable account of a crook (Lee Marvin) who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. But it's director John Boorman's virtuosity that is the star. Intermittently dazzling, the film has more energy and invention than Boorman seems to know what to do with. He appears to take the title literally; one comes out exhilarated but bewildered. With Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, Keenan Wynn, Michael Strong, and John Vernon. The West Coast settings include the actual (though no longer in use) prison on Alcatraz. (Elgin; April 1.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970)—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (New Yorker; starting March 31.)

Pursuit to Algiers (1945)—The twelfth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Marjorie Riordan, Rosalind Ivan, and Martin Kosleck. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; through March 30.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Symphony; through March 30.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitschfests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-30.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are the married pair, the Verlocses, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verlocs' younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verlocs, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 31.)

Salut l'Artiste—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Baronet; through March 30. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; starting March 31.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting March 31.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Sisters (1973)—An erratically witty horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin; the audience gets scared enough to scream. With Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Symphony; through March 30.)

Sky Riders—With James Coburn, Susannah York, Robert Culp, and Charles Aznavour; directed by Douglas Hickox. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting March 26.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; through March 25.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Quad Cinema; through March 25. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through March 30.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Beekman; starting March 31.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (86th St. East.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in a story about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Yet it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view of middle-class resilience; Sautet seems to have put his craft on the screen and left himself out. In French. (3/15/76) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

W. C. Fields and Me—With Rod Steiger as Fields and Valerie Perrine as Carlotta Monti. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (34th St. East, and Baronet; starting March 31.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (34th St. East; through March 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Elgin; March 28.)

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (U. A. East; through March 30.)

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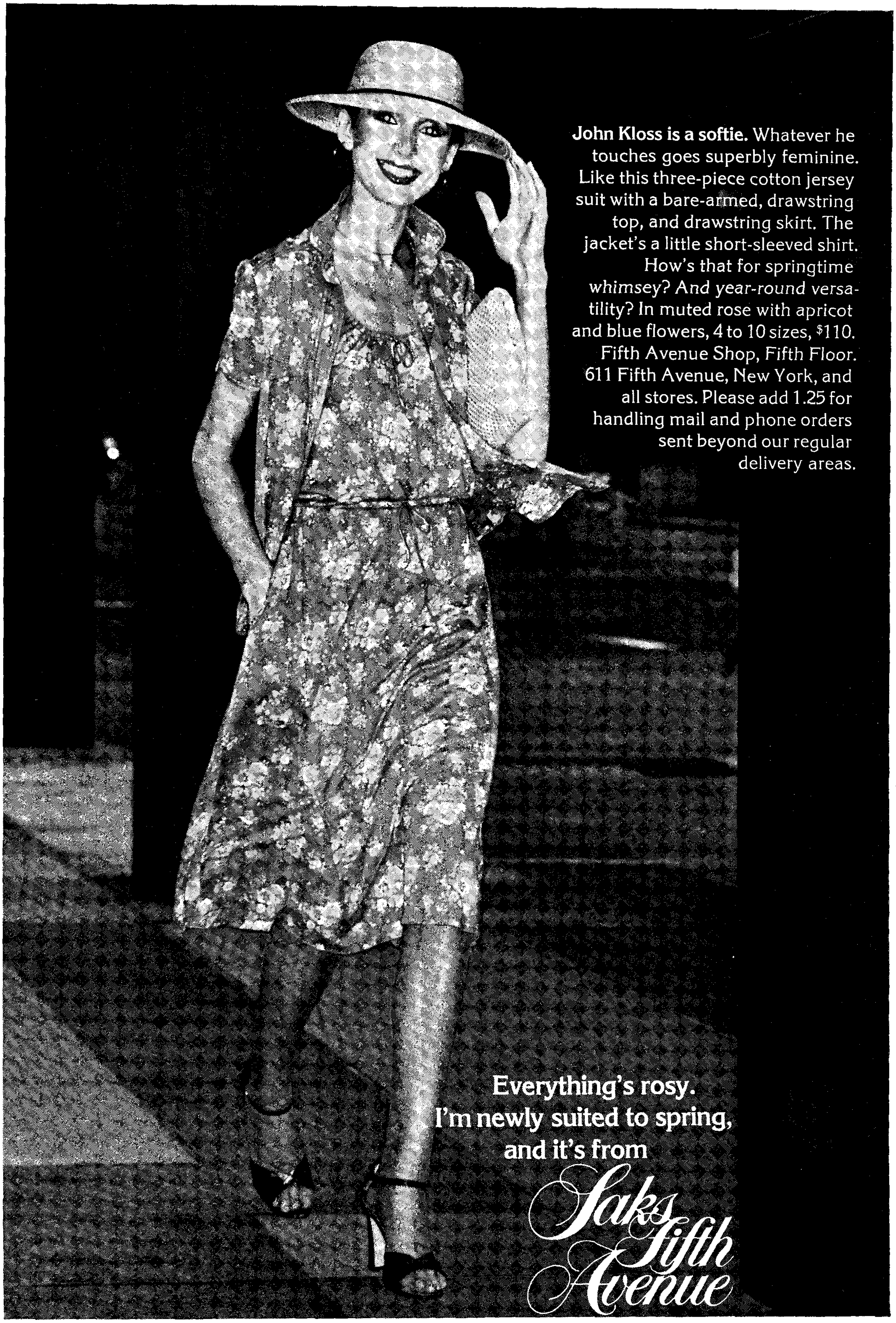

John Kloss is a softie. Whatever he touches goes superbly feminine. Like this three-piece cotton jersey suit with a bare-armed, drawstring top, and drawstring skirt. The jacket's a little short-sleeved shirt. How's that for springtime whimsey? And year-round versatility? In muted rose with apricot and blue flowers, 4 to 10 sizes, $110. Fifth Avenue Shop, Fifth Floor. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A NEW salutation has made its appearance hereabouts in recent years. The salutation is "It's nice to see you." This phrase, a close relative of the parting remark "It was nice seeing you," has gone far toward replacing two traditional greetings—"It's nice to meet you" and "It's nice to see you again." "It's nice to meet you," of course, implies that you are meeting the person for the first time, whereas "It's nice to see you again" implies a prior meeting. The great success of "It's nice to see you" lies, we believe, in its ambiguity concerning former meetings. It is something that people can say in the instant when they are racing through their mental files for some recollection of the person before them. In this situation, if one risks "It's nice to see you again," one may soon learn that this meeting is the first, and if one risks "It's nice to meet you," one may hear, "But we spent a week together in Vermont in 1967." In earlier times, blurriness on this point would surely have been considered a social disgrace, for introductions used to be socially crucial occasions. A gentleman was not supposed to speak to a lady until they had been introduced. Before two people could meet, the way had to be prepared by others, and once they had met, a bond was thought to exist between them. Today, people can't seem to remember whether they've met or not, and so they say "It's nice to see you."

* * *

Broke

THIS year's Inner Circle show—titled "That'$ the $pirit, or Red, White, and Broke"—was a trifle soberer than usual, reflecting, perhaps, the financial gloom that pervades our municipal government. The Inner Circle, as you may recall, consists of a hundred past and present local political reporters, who once a year produce an evening of political satire for the edification and occasional embarrassment of an audience of officials in city and state government. (Since just being mentioned in the show is a status symbol, very few politicians object to the wisecracks. One who once did was Bella Abzug; she stayed away for several years after a joke about her weight. Bella was back this year, holding court at Table 65 and looking very handsome in a long black dress and a broad-brimmed red hat.) The 1976 show, which opened and closed on a recent Saturday night at the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, zeroed in on a variety of targets, ranging from Mayor Beame and Governor Carey (who were presented as teaming up to sing "Look What They've Done to Our Town, Ma") to Felix Rohatyn ("Big Mac the Knife") and Jacob Javits ("Carrying Marion Home"). The chorus looked better than ever, because it contained a lot of pretty girls (the Inner Circle began admitting women in 1972), and there was a nifty tap dance, organized by Ellen Fleysher, a bubbly blond news correspondent for WCBS-TV. The stars of the show were WNBC-TV's Jimmy Ryan, a slender, bespectacled Irish tenor, who played Governor Carey and Senator Humphrey; Owen Fitzgerald, a diminutive *News* reporter, who brought down the house with Mayor Beame's plaintive solo "Brother Can You Buy a Bond;" Joe Bragg, of WHN, who appeared in eighteenth-century dress as Thomas Jefferson and sang a serious and lovely lyric about the Declaration of Independence ("I Wrote the Words"); and the ubiquitous Tom Poster, of the *News*, who closed Act I with a maniacal version of "Schnitzelbank" ("Ist das nicht ein city note? Ja, das ist ein city note. Ram it down the people's throat"), opened Act II as Jacob Javits ("Marion, you almost ran me out of the Senate. If I lose that job, what could I do?" Marion Javits: "With your voting record, you could start a fast-food chain and call it the Waffle King"), and in Act III, wearing a short, tight dress and an enormous Abzug hat, galloped around the stage trying to squelch rival senatorial candidates (Bella to Ramsey Clark: "I'm out in front already." Clark: "Bella, we've got one senator from Connecticut. Why shouldn't we have one from Texas?"). There was a glimpse of Governor Carey and Mayor Beame as boys together in Brooklyn (Beame: "When I grow up, I want to be a fiscal giant." Carey: "When *I* grow up, I want to be an oil tycoon, so I can buy Albany for my brother"). There was also a touch of high finance (Felix Rohatyn to William Ellinghaus: "We'll save the city by lending them a billion and making them pay back five billion." Ellinghaus: "Felix, isn't that loansharking?" Rohatyn: "If you take six for five on a Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, you're a loan shark. If you take five billion for one billion on Wall Street, you're a financier").

Judith Shahn

At the end of the evening, the real Mayor Beame, who could probably make a living as a stand-up comic after he retires from city government, peered out at the audience with the cold, unblinking gaze that has unnerved many a civil servant, and said, "I suppose everybody expected me to talk about the fiscal crisis. But tonight's a fun night, and why should I remind Hugh Carey of *his* troubles?" The entire ballroom exploded with laughter.

Learning

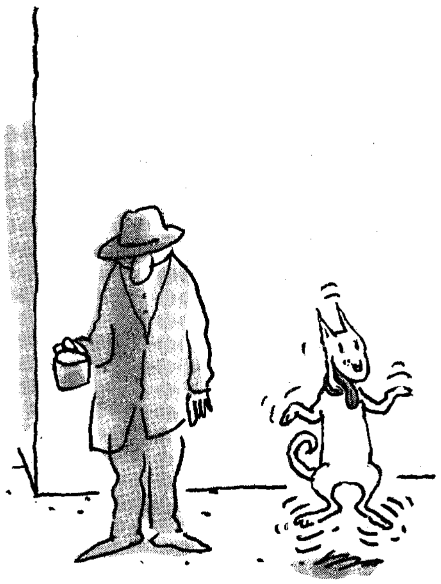
"THE difference between a private collector and a museum," a private collector named Norbert Schimmel observed the other day, "is that I am my own acquisition committee. If an object speaks to me directly, I buy it on the spot." We were talking to Mr. Schimmel—one of the most mysterious and reticent of major private collectors—in a second-floor gallery of the Metropolitan Museum. Around us in fifty Plexiglas cases was the Schimmel Collection of Ancient Art, an extraordinary group of some two hundred and eighty Greek, Roman, Etruscan, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities, which will be on loan at the Metropolitan for the next four months. Mr. Schimmel himself is a tall, courtly, gray-haired chairman-of-the-board type, who dresses conservatively (dark-gray suit with vest; black-rimmed glasses), radiates well-organized authority (he owns a firm that manufactures engraving machinery), and speaks soft, precise English with a faint German accent (he came here from Berlin in 1937). His private museum, which has taken shape over a period of twenty-eight years, is a stunning example of what one man of moderate wealth can accomplish with taste, persistence, and good advice. Scholars have used it and museums have borrowed from it for years, but this is the first time that the entire Schimmel Collection has been shown in public. With the help of a handsome catalogue, we learned that Mr. Schimmel owns twenty-five of the famous Amarna incised reliefs (Egyptian stone carvings from the Akhenaten period), six pieces of archaic Cretan bronze armor, seven silver and gold objects found in a Royal Hittite tomb, four silver and electrum vessels from a site near Troy, a gold stalk of wheat from third-century Sicily, two Cycladic idols, some magnificent Roman portraits in marble and bronze, and a vast array of domestic and religious objects: statues, protomes (the forepart of an animal used decoratively), toilet articles, jewelry, plates, ladles, and drinking cups. The scope of the collection is so enormous that we felt we needed a guide. Who better than Mr. Schimmel himself, who happened to be in the gallery that day to rearrange some of the Amarna lighting?

We asked Mr. Schimmel to make a few general observations about the collection.

"Because no serious collector can go in a great many directions at once, I concentrate on the Mediterranean area," he said. "Geographically, I range from Iberia, on the west, to Persia, on the east, and from northern Italy to upper Egypt. For scholarly purposes, there are four main divisions: Greece, Rome (including the Etruscans), Egypt, and Asia Minor—the last of which includes the Sumerians, the Mesopotamians, the Phoenicians, the Hittites, the Urartaeans, the Lydians, the Achaemenians, and the Sassanians. My oldest piece is a little Neolithic stone female figure from Anatolia. The latest is a Sassanian silver bowl decorated with a motif of running tigresses—seventh century A.D., Persia. Most of the objects are relatively small, and nearly all of them were used for religious or domestic purposes. I prefer the archaic in Greek art and in Egyptian material, and I buy lots of fragments, because I like to imagine what a complete piece of sculpture looked like. A German scholar once said that a major work of art can sustain the greatest damage but not the smallest restoration. Sometimes I buy objects that have to be unrestored."

"Give us an example," we said.

"These Amarna reliefs," replied Mr. Schimmel, looking around the room at two series of delicate, biscuit-colored fragments. "When I saw them in the basement of a dealer's home, several had been crudely repainted by scavengers who thought that color would increase their value. We cleaned off the modern paint and found some of the original colors underneath. And what a remarkable period of art it was!" He showed us several favorites—an extremely beautiful long-fingered hand, a serene profile of the heretical pharaoh Akhenaten, a pair of nervous horses awaiting their chariots, a field of waving wheat, and a group of dancing women in diaphanous costumes—and explained that most of the Amarna fragments had been found inside a pair of pylons built by a later pharaoh, Ramses II. "When Akhenaten was deposed or disappeared, in 1362 B.C.," Mr. Schimmel said, "his palaces and temples were abandoned. Sixty years later, the walls were dismantled and the ornamental slabs were used for construction work on the other side of the Nile. These magnificent sculptures reflect a brief period when Egyptian art was intimate and naturalistic. They survived because the builders were thrifty."



We looked at other Egyptian objects: a tiny blue glass lion swallowing a Nubian captive; a glowing Theban tomb painting; an aloof bronze cat; a comical blue faience hedgehog; an amethyst monkey; a bronze-and-gold falcon. Then we followed Mr. Schimmel into the Near Eastern Room, which was dominated by three magnificent silver rhyta, or drinking horns. "This one is Achaemenian, from fifth-century-B.C. Persia," said Mr. Schimmel, showing us a kneeling ram whose body ended in a horn-shaped drinking cup. "The others"—he indicated a kneeling stag and a kneeling bull—"are Hittite grave objects that were made around the fourteenth century B.C. Although we have found similar Hittite rhyta in terra-cotta, these are the only metal rhyta that have turned up so far. Scholars have suggested that the stag rhyton was the personal property of the stag god—a frieze around the body of the animal shows some kind of offering ceremony—and that the bull rhyton belonged to the storm god. Both cups were offered to the Metropolitan Museum, along with several other objects, found in the same tomb. When the Metropolitan turned them down—the trustees decided to spend their money on two enormous Tiepolos that year—I bought them immediately." Mr. Schimmel showed us the rest of the group: a silver ingot, a gold

bracelet, two gold pins with grooved heads, and a tiny seated golden goddess. "There are quite a few Tiepolos still around," he said, "but there's only one Royal Hittite Find."

We moved on to Classical Antiquity, where Mr. Schimmel pointed out a red-and-black Greek wine cooler with a frieze of hoplites riding dolphins running around the center ("When it's placed in a tub of water, the dolphins seem to be swimming"), a tiny clay actor in a bird costume, an archaic Greek goddess with a Mona Lisa smile, a red amber lion, an attenuated Etruscan lady who could have been made by Giacometti, a striking bronze portrait of the Emperor Caracalla, and two blank-faced Cycladic idols. When we reached the last room, he led us directly to a case that contained four shimmering metal vessels—a fluted cup with a double handle and an electrum rim, a simple flared cup, an omphalos bowl ("The navel in the center helps you pick it up"), and an odd, elongated container that resembled a Verdicchio bottle. "These pieces were all found together near the site of ancient Troy," he said. "The experts date them around 2200 B.C., because three of the vessels resemble shapes that Schliemann found at Troy II, a thousand years before the city of the 'Iliad.' When I first saw them, in the late nineteen-sixties, and realized what they were, I couldn't believe my eyes. Since all of Schliemann's gold, silver, and electrum disappeared from Berlin during the Second World War, these are the only examples of Trojan metalwork that we have."

"Why *do* you collect?" we asked as Mr. Schimmel walked with us to the exit.

"It's a process of continuous learning," he said. "You want to find out everything you can about each object you buy. Also, the acquisition itself is often dramatic. You hear of something, you run after it, you cannot sleep if you don't get it, and you usually spend more than you can afford. You are a possessor, but you are also the possessed."

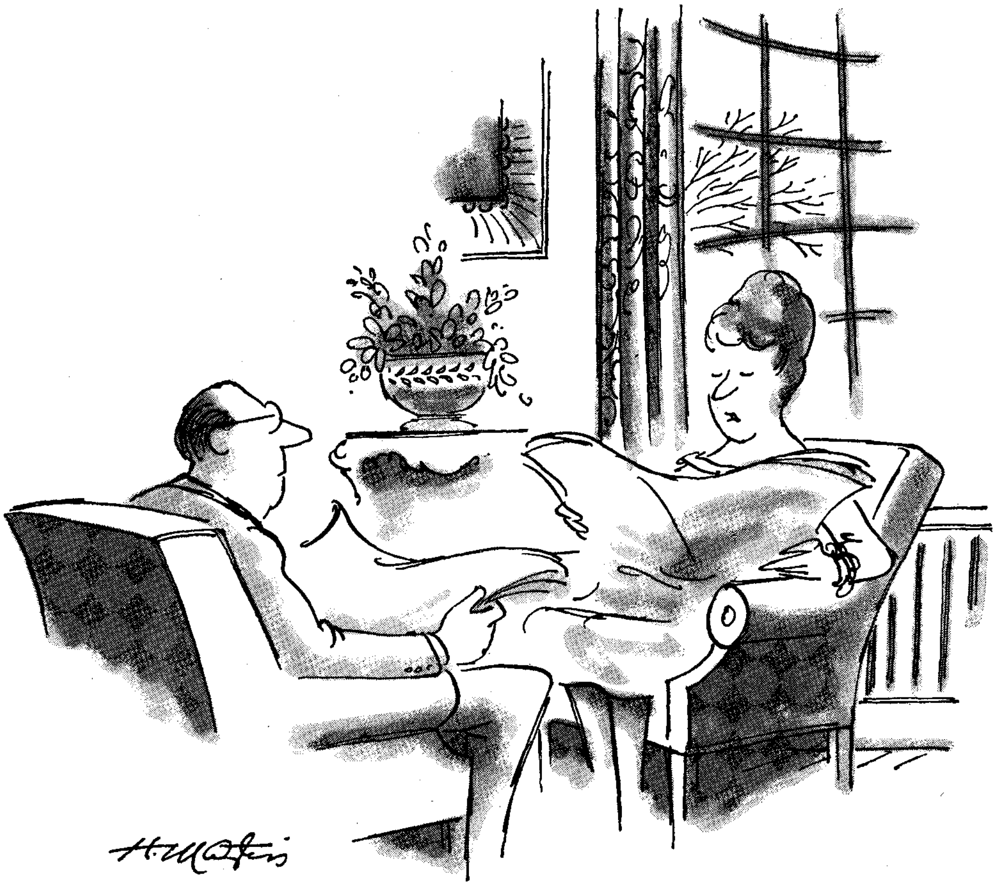
Off Season

A COUPLE we know took a middle-of-the-week jaunt to Atlantic City during one of the recent almost-warm spells. They've been back for a week, but the last of their bulletins just arrived. We've been saving them up, and here they are:

WHAT do Clara Barton, John Fenwick, Walt Whitman, James Fenimore Cooper, Richard Stockton, Woodrow Wilson, Vince Lombardi, Molly Pitcher, Joyce Kilmer, Grover Cleveland, Thomas Edison, William F. Halsey, and Alexander Hamilton have in common? Are they characters in "Ragtime"? No. Each has a Service Area on the New Jersey Turnpike named after him, or her. It's the Garden State Parkway, not the Turnpike, that goes to Atlantic City, but we didn't learn that until just now, when we stopped for coffee here at the Walt Whitman Service Area, outside Philadelphia. The Bicentennial placemats inform us that New York (along with Philadelphia) was one of "the wartime centers of resistance" during the Revolution—a fact that should probably have been brought to the attention of the thousands of British troops who were comfortably billeted in our town between 1776 and 1783. The waitress informs us (more reliably, we trust) that the next turnoff will put us on the Atlantic City Expressway.

IT was quiet, drizzly, and dark when we reached Atlantic City, and it still is—only more so. Most of the restaurants were closed by the time we got hungry, but we were steered to an acceptable meal at a restaurant called Orsatti's, at the south end of town. It's a supper-club sort of place—kidney-shaped bar, undulating walls, and cozy little tables with lamps in bowls of cheery plastic flowers. It was the band's night off, thank God, and we were the only customers in the place apart from two or three at the bar. Orsatti himself took our dessert orders, and we invited him to join us for coffee. Arnold Orsatti, his name is, and he is a man of many parts. His conversational style is expansive intimacy; he takes an innocent delight in boasting, and likes to hold your elbow when he talks to you. Gray hair, dark eyebrows. In the lapel of his suit coat was a small pin with a star motif—the Star of Solidarity, from the Italian government, he told us proudly. He's had his place in Atlantic City for ten years. Before that, he ran a restaurant in Philadelphia; earlier still, he had a summer night club in Somers Point, New Jersey, called Orsatti's Casino. "I had all the big bands—Ellington, Basie, you name it," he said. "I had Rosemary Clooney with Tony Pastor in 1946, and Keely Smith with Louis Prima. I loved all the big bands." Orsatti is also something of an ethnic wheeler-dealer. He is active in all sorts of Italian-American good works, and edits and publishes his own bilingual monthly paper, *Il Popolo Italiano*. His daughter is managing editor and his wife travel editor. The Italian-language section is edited by a ninety-six-year-old man named Giulio De Moro and is full of *scandali*, banner headlines, seaside cheesecake, and other evidences of spryness. The English-language section is more restrained, but it contains rather more plugs for Transcendental Meditation than one usually encounters in small ethnic publications. Orsatti is an enthusiastic meditator. He's also enthusiastic about casino gambling, the deus ex slot machina that a lot of people here seem to think will drop out of the sky and save them. "Last time, we were too complacent," Orsatti said, referring to the 1974 referendum in which New Jersey voters rejected a proposal to turn Atlantic City into Reno-by-the-Sea. "Early in the year, Jimmy the Greek said that the odds were three to one we'd get it, so we didn't try hard enough. Next time, it'll be different. Everybody here is behind it one thousand per cent." (Does that phrase ring a bell?) On the way out, we looked at several hundred square feet of wall space that Orsatti has covered with framed photographs. They are of two kinds—Orsatti-at and Orsatti-with. Orsatti at the Temple University alumni dinner, at the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce dinner, at the White House. Orsatti with Joe Di Maggio, with the Pope, with Tony Martin, with Hubert Humphrey. "I've been all over the world, and our Jersey shore is the best resort on earth," Orsatti said as he opened the door for us.

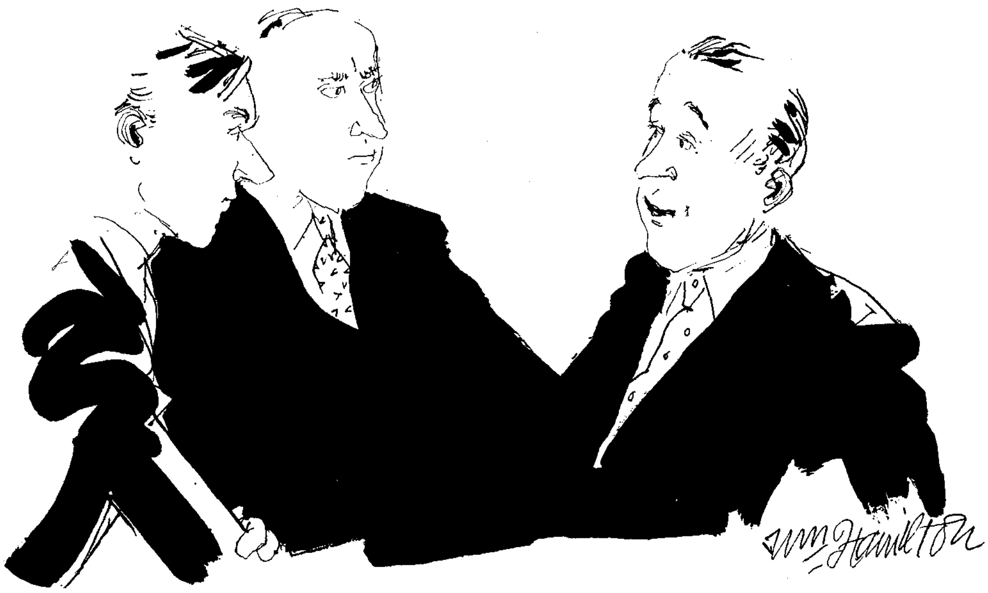
THE Babbittry down here is first-rate. We just got out of a noontime gathering in the Guadalupe Room of Howard Johnson's Regency Motor Hotel, where Al Owen, Director of Public Relations for Atlantic City, kicked off the proceedings with this zinger: "Not in the spirit of brevity, not with the thought of levity—but God bless this bunch as they munch their lunch." Owen and many other local worthies were celebrating the fact that the Steel Pier will reopen on Memorial Day—the glorious culmination of an expensive capital-improvement program. "Atlantic City is built on ocean, emotion, and promotion," said Owen—a reassuringly familiar slogan, to judge from the warm chuckles around the room. Coffee was served during the meal—a sure sign that one is well out of the New York metropolitan area. We sat next to Ed Davis, who is operations manager of WFPG, a local radio station with studios on the Steel Pier. He has bright eyes, gray hair, a little Adolphe Menjou mustache, and the kind of bounce that comes from a lifetime of nattiness. In 1942, he was pressing records in an RCA plant in Camden when he decided to go for broke. He quit his job, went to radio school, and came to Atlantic City. "I wanted to announce the big bands on the radio, and my dream came true," he said. "I worked with the bands for twenty years. Five shows a week on a coast-to-coast hookup. Ellington, Basie—it was really the end. It was a glamorous thing to be doing in those days. The last network broadcast of ours was in '67 or '68. I don't think we'll ever have another. The stations won't clear for it any more. But we still play the bands on records at the station. Yesterday, we had twenty-four hours of Glenn Miller. It was his birthday." Davis told us he loves Atlantic City, because he remembers how great it used to be. "Of course, people who go back farther than me say, 'You should have been here when it was *really* great,' " he said. "Memories, that's what keeps me going. And hoping—a lot of hoping." After lunch, dignitaries. Assemblyman Steven Perskie—one of the new-style tribunes of the people, with brown mustache and hair-over-ears—said, "We'll not only get the gambling but it'll be on top of an already thriving economy." Ralph Alswang, a theatrical consultant, who has redesigned the Steel Pier's façade, lobby, and theatre, said that the Steel Pier would be a first in today's leisure market—a Theme Pier. " 'The New Steel Pier Presents Ocean Discovery'—that, to a degree, is an intellectual idea," he said. "People today are interested in ideas—in ecology, in historical preservation. But if you look at the Disney theme parks, which are not exactly intellectual, you can see that a Theme Pier is also a pretty bright idea in terms of America today." More speeches, after which we circulated and talked with Jimmy Hamid and Lawrence Alper. Hamid is the thirty-year-old scion of the family that operated the Steel Pier from 1945, the year Jimmy was born, until 1973. His paternal grandfather, a Lebanese named George A. Hamid, who died in 1971, was the patriarch. Old Hamid was an acrobat who came to America in 1907 as a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Annie Oakley taught him to read and write English. The Hamids still run the New Jersey State Fair and the Trenton International Speedway, both near Trenton, and the Hamid-Morton Circus. Jimmy spends most of his time with the last. "We play for Shrine temples, that sort of thing," he said. "We'll be in Topeka Sunday. We have the only performing



"The bride wore an antique Belgian lace shawl over a neon-green Nathan's Famous T-shirt."

white tiger in the world." Lawrence Alper, thirty-nine years old, heads the new Steel Pier syndicate. He loves rides and games. He told us that the new Steel Pier will have an electronic shooting gallery—sort of a giant, walk-in pinball machine, with animated bad guys. Sounds like fun.

A WALK on the Boardwalk this afternoon. It's overcast and threatening, and almost nothing was open, but we didn't care. The childish joy of walking around this giant Monopoly board was enough for us. We kept saying things like "There's St. James Place—that's one of the Oranges, isn't it?" to each other. For one-shot atmospherics, this town is unsurpassed. We did some wistful hanging around in the Marlborough-Blenheim, at Boardwalk and Park Place. This magnificent hotel, which is just about all that remains of the glory that was Atlantic City in the pre-automobile age, is spotlessly maintained. The exterior of the Marlborough, which was built in 1902, is in the Queen Anne style; that of the Blenheim, built four years later, is a Turkish fantasy, reminiscent of St. Sophia's in Istanbul. Covered bridges over Ohio Avenue connect the two. The public rooms and hallways of the Marlborough-Blenheim are vast and airy. There are plenty of stuffed chairs and sofas, pianos, music stands, and enormous fireplaces. The pool tables in the billiard room have pockets of leather webbing. The little library is full of genteel novels. Such walls as are not made of windowpanes have murals of English rural life on them, or moldings of sea creatures. All is leisurely curves; there's hardly a straight line in the place. The Marlborough-Blenheim has been run by the same Quaker family, the Whites, from the beginning. The prevailing Quaker-Edwardian style of the interior is broken only in the bar, which has whorehouse-red wallpaper and nasty black tables, and is known, perversely, as the Edwardian Room. The garishness of the bar and its contrast to the rest of the hotel suggest that it is meant as an object lesson in the perils of strong drink. We peeked into a large room across the hall, where the Atlantic City Women's Club was having a luncheon. The ladies sat at their tables, absolutely unmoving, while a man with a microphone stood in front and sang "Home on the Range." It was as eerily still in that room as it was on the empty Boardwalk when we resumed our walk. At one of the piers, the Central Pier, we heard little bells and saw light. This proved to be an arcade full of pinball machines, open for business. We went in and spent most of a happy hour playing a machine called Gottlieb's El Dorado, which had ten drop targets with cacti on them, five drop targets with horses on them, four flippers on an asymmetrical playboard, and good action. We racked up ninety-two thousand points and won five replays. The arcade was closing, so we left in triumph with the little number "5" still showing in the replay window. Some lucky customer will play them off in the morning. We walked up as far as the Steel Pier, which as yet shows few signs of its promised splendor. Part of it is still in man-made ruins, and its sides are covered with peeling layers of billboard. Letters have fallen off the main signs at either end so that it now reads "EEL PIE." This enriched our hallucination that we were really in a crumbling seaside resort for British workers.



"Sometimes ballpark figures aren't in the ballpark."

• •

ONE last bulletin. Looking for a place, any place, to get something to eat before driving back to New York, we stumbled on a wonderful seafood restaurant called Devlin's. It's a real find, so we'll tell you exactly where it is: it's in a storefront at 2309 Atlantic Avenue, between Mississippi and Georgia Avenues, one block from Convention Hall. The food was ample and delicious, and one would have to be gluttonous indeed to spend much more than ten dollars for dinner for two. The walls are clean and white, and decorated with fishnets and with paintings by customers. The tables are made of heavy white glass; John Devlin told us that they came originally from an old Philadelphia oyster house. John Devlin, who is thirty-eight, runs the restaurant with his father, Jack Devlin, who was in the back, shucking oysters. In fact, the Devlins in Devlin's greatly outnumbered the customers; at that hour, we happened to be the only patrons. John's wife, Eileen, a fine-looking woman with waist-length braids, took our orders. Their oldest son, Terry, fifteen years old, was sitting at a table reading "Huckleberry Finn." Lisa, thirteen, and Timothy, eleven, and Dawn, three, hovered nearby. John Aloysius, one and a half, was sitting on the lap of his grandmother, Muriel Devlin. After dinner, John Devlin showed us through the kitchen. "We fillet all our own fish, shuck all our own oysters and clams, and get our scallops right off the boat," he said. "Our bread is made of flour, yeast, salt, water, and nothing else. We follow a French way of cooking. We cook only in peanut oil, and it's good peanut oil, too—Donna d'Italia. Good enough to put on your salad." We paused at the counter where Jack Devlin was opening oysters. Dawn was playing with two of the tiny crabs that the oyster fishermen scoop out of the ocean when they scoop out the oysters.

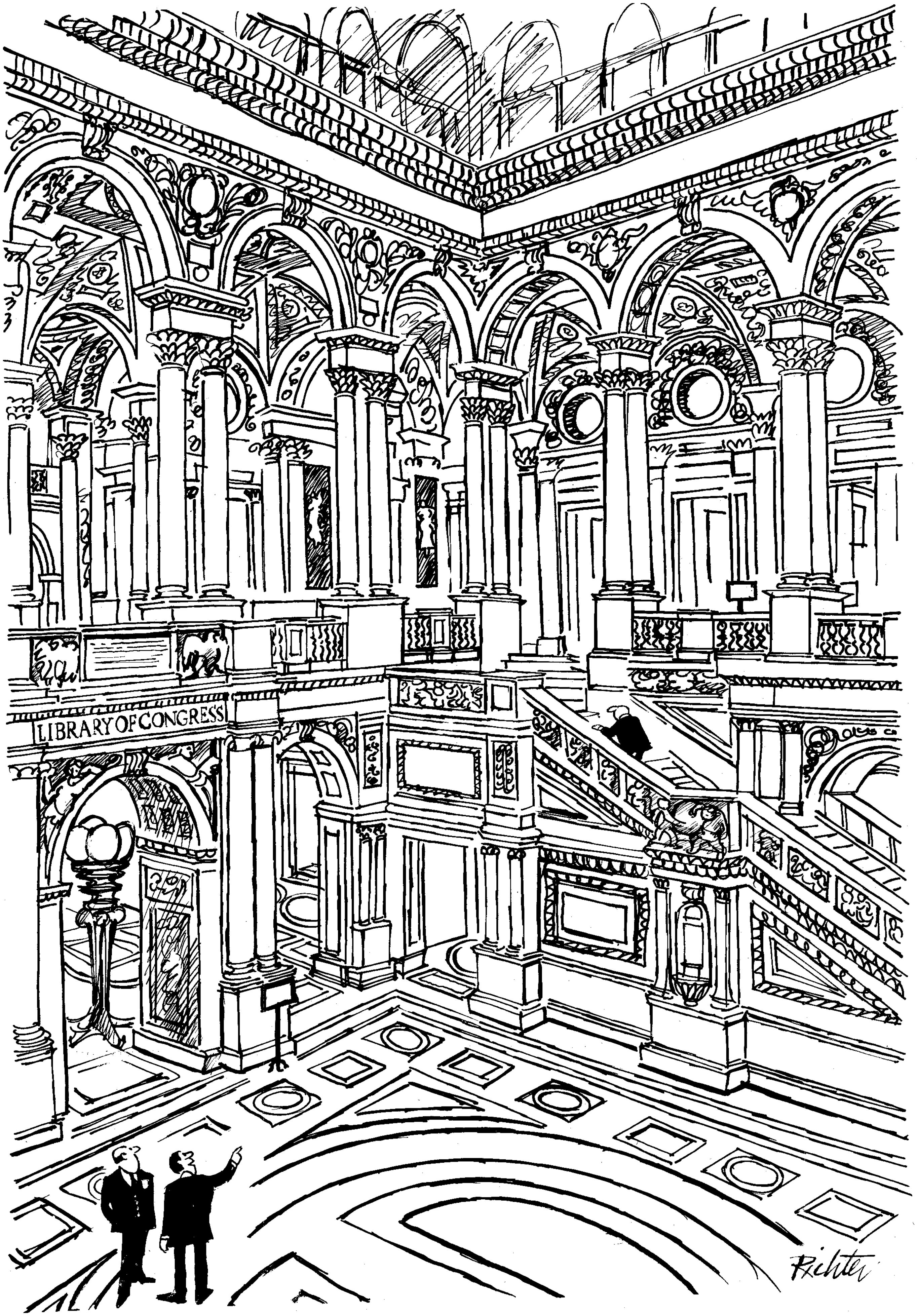
"Look, they're holding hands and starting to dance!" said Dawn.

"They're related to the spider," said her grandfather authoritatively.

"Ooh, now it's having a fight with that shell!" said Dawn.

"That's a house," said Jack Devlin. "It's trying to break in."

When we left Devlin's and Atlantic City, we were in very, very good spirits.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"Hey, look! A congressman!"

A VERY SPECIAL FATE

NO one now remembers Synthesis Unlimited or its founder, Dr. Mohanty, though in his time he had been quite a famous guru. Hardly anyone remembers Nancy Tennyson, either. She has one sister left in England—who is, like Nancy, in her seventies now—but they correspond only at Christmas. Nancy has never gone back to England; she has been living in Cooch-Nahin, in India, ever since Dr. Mohanty passed away nearly thirty years ago. He had sent her there to start a new center for Synthesis Unlimited. It was the fourteenth center he had established in India, besides several in Europe and one in California. But while she was getting the house ready in Cooch-Nahin, news reached her that he had died while on one of his voyages to Europe. Some said it was a heart attack, others that he had simply lain down and not got up again. This latter sounded right to her; he would have done it like that—just decided to go away, and gone. He was buried at sea, and that was right, too, for he had often spoken of the Ocean of the Absolute into which all men must be absorbed.

After his death, the various centers of his Movement closed down one by one, until Synthesis Unlimited remained only in Cooch-Nahin, with Nancy as its sole representative. She just went on living by herself in the house she had rented for the Movement. She did not often leave her room, and then only to provide herself with bare necessities from the stalls in Cooch-Nahin's impoverished bazaar. She was a strange sight there, with her bobbed white hair, her short skirt, her wrinkled stockings over her frail legs. But the people of the town seemed to have got used to her, and even the children no longer ran after her. I suppose in a way she had synthesized with the place, being as worn out and worn down as all the rotting houses and rubbled tombs of Cooch-Nahin.

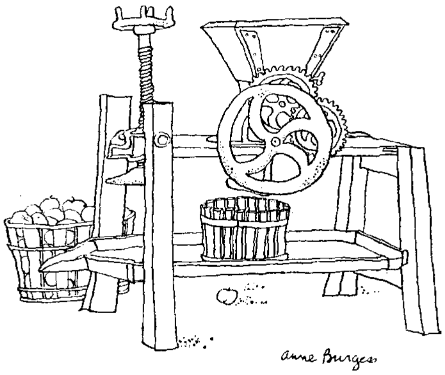
I heard rumors of her lonely existence out there on my travels around India. I had come on a quest of my own, and one or two people told me about this old Englishwoman who had come on another quest some fifty years earlier and had never gone away again. They said she was half starving, half crazed. No one I spoke to had ever met her; they had just vaguely heard about her. I began to be curious, and I manipulated my wanderings in the direction of Cooch-Nahin.

North India has many towns like Cooch-Nahin, which have grown for no particular reason out of the surrounding desert plain and seem on the point of crumbling back into it. They are like overnight shantytowns, except that they are very old, with fragments of fortified walls and unidentified tombs and dried-up wells. The inhabited parts of town—the houses, shops, and temples—look as old as the ruins, but they can't have stood for more than fifty years and they will not last much longer, because nothing lasts very long in India. Things are always reclaimed soon.

Like most towns, Cooch-Nahin has a main bazaar fronting the motor road and a tangle of alleys forming a hinterland behind it. The alleys are dense, narrow, and crowded. Nancy lived at the heart of them, and on the day when I looked her up at last I had to wind my way along some very dirty gutters to reach her house. Groping up a staircase, I found myself on an open gallery facing into a courtyard, and there, hanging up her underwear on a clothesline, I saw a very old, very white woman in a blouse and skirt.

She was neither starving nor crazed, though she was no doubt very lonely. I was the first English person she had met in a long time, and she seemed to enjoy talking to me. We had both been at Cambridge, it turned out, so we had something in common. She still spoke in a Girton accent. It was at Cambridge that she had met Dr. Mohanty, in the late nineteen-twenties, and had become interested in him and his ideas. He seems to have been a man of striking personality who fascinated many people. He fascinated Nancy so much that, after her graduation, she resolved to dedicate her life to him, and followed him to India. She was twenty-two years old.

I stayed with her for a while in Cooch-Nahin. She let me sleep on the sofa in her room—a room as unexpected there in the middle of Cooch-Nahin as Nancy herself. It had some quite comfortable pieces of European furniture, which had belonged to Dr. Mohanty—a desk, a sofa, a little round table with a tasselled cloth, on which stood his photograph. She had bookshelves reaching up to the ceiling, and stacks and stacks of dusty papers on the floor. These papers, which she was editing for posterity, were about Dr. Mohanty's lifework. As far as I could gather, he had attempted a synthesis of all that was highest and best in the Hindu, Buddhist, Judeo-Christian, and Muhammadan religions.



On most nights, I found it too hot to sleep inside her room, so I borrowed an old string bed and carried it up to the roof. The sky at night was very different from the heavy, dust-laden weight that smoldered over the town all day. I slept well, dreamlessly, and woke up refreshed. The days were hot and heavy. Nancy and I sat inside her room, making the most of her rattling black old table fan, which often stopped, whenever the electricity went off. It was hot in there! Nancy and I wound wet towels around our heads and kept our feet in a basin of water—in the same basin, for she had only one. It was during these hours that she told me about her life with Dr. Mohanty.

WHEN Nancy had first come out to India, she lived in a house that Dr. Mohanty rented in a suburb of Bombay. Or, rather, someone had rented it for him; there were always people to do these small practical things for him. A sign had been put up in the little patch of garden in front, reading "Synthesis Unlimited." Passersby had thought it was some kind of business, and once a municipal inspector had been sent to investigate, because the suburb was a residential area where no business activity was permitted. Dr. Mohanty had been much amused. He told the inspector, "Certainly it is a business, but on a cosmic scale, my friend." The inspector recognized Dr. Mohanty at once as a spiritual person, and bowed down and touched his feet with the respect due such a person.

Nancy had always seen him surrounded by many people. In Cambridge, it had been students and dons' wives; in London, society people and intellectuals. Some of them had followed him to India, and now all were living together in the house in Bombay. He always needed helpers—not just part-time ones but people to be at his beck and call by day and sometimes by night. He had arranged for Nancy to have a little room of her own, next to his, with a bed in it and some shelves where she could keep her things. Not that she had very much. She had brought the minimum of

SMOKING CAR
SINGLES CAR
NO SMOKING CAR
WEST
Whitney Darrow, Jr

clothes with her, and soon she cast them aside and bought herself a few saris to wear—quite cheap and ordinary ones. She also bought a pair of sandals, which she left outside on the threshold, along with everyone else's, and padded around the house on naked feet.

Her parents, dismayed by her departure to India, had appealed to some English people who lived in Bombay to look after her. But when Nancy received their invitations, she ignored them. That was not what she had come to India for! She was repelled by the very idea of this official colonial society—this was the end of the twenties, two decades before Indian independence—and she wanted no dealings with what she thought of as the alien oppressor. She considered herself entirely on the other side—on India's side, on Dr. Mohanty's.

"But what is my side?" he asked her once, when she stated her case to him in these words. "I thought that is what I am here for. Synthesis Unlimited," he reminded her.

"Not them," she assured him. "You can't synthesize them. No, not even you."

He laughed, but the fact was he rather wanted her to accept these invitations to the homes of British officials. "No stone must be left unturned," he told her. For it was as he said: he didn't belong to any side but wanted to embrace them all. He always said that he wasn't in the least political, in the ordinary sense of the word, and didn't care a tinker's curse—as he sometimes put it—who ruled India. Who ruled *here*, he said, tapping his heart, that was what mattered. She understood, and admired his point, but was still unwilling to accept the invitations. He didn't insist. He never insisted on anything, with her or with anyone. Each person had to be absolutely free in his or her choices. "My rule," he said, "is to have no rule, except from within."

That was all very well for his Indian followers, who were by nature meek and mild. But his Western followers tended to have strong, unruly temperaments that seemed to cry out for some sort of outer direction. Among them there was a divorced Italian countess—a woman in her forties, tall and still handsome, who looked elegant even in the simple saris she affected. She was an insomniac, and spent her nights walking around the house looking for someone to talk to. Whenever she found Nancy awake, she would tell her how she had first met Dr. Mohanty in Paris and had recognized him at once as the person she had been looking for all her life. She had not hesitated to give up everything and follow him. In him she had at last found what she craved with all her being—someone to whom she could submit herself completely, who would, as she put it, take her in hand and master her. Here she would throw a longing look toward his door, which he liked to keep closed at night—closed against her and some of the others who were apt to come in and engage him in their problems.

Several of the followers were on bad terms with each other. The Countess, for instance, was at daggers drawn with a lady from Holland. But their quarrels didn't disturb Nancy any more than the heat, or her attacks of dysentery, or the cramped conditions under which they were all living. At that time, she was far too caught up in the greatness of her adventure—what she thought of as her very special fate—which had taken her so far away from everything she had been born to and had immersed her in a movement with the highest ideals known to mankind and brought her to live in constant proximity to a man such as he, Dr. Mohanty.

I often studied the photograph of him in Nancy's room in Cooch-Nahin. I don't know how old he was when it was taken, and Nancy couldn't tell me. She said that he was always the same, that he never aged or changed in any way from the first day she knew him till the last. In the photograph, he was wearing a suit and tie and gold-rimmed spectacles. Behind these spectacles his eyes were somewhat slanting, giving him the tribal look peculiar to people from his native province of Orissa. His high forehead was slanting, too—it slanted back into his hair, which was long and black and very straight: more Chinese than Indian. He had the look of a wise Oriental, but at the same time—perhaps because of the gold-rimmed spectacles—he gave the impression of a Western intellectual, someone sharp and analytical. I could not really make out what he had been like—neither from the photograph nor from what she told me, though she told me so much. Sometimes he seemed one thing, sometimes another. When I told her that, she said, "That's the way he was." Apparently, he could not be described or pinned down with particular attributes.

After Nancy had been there about a year, they had left the house in Bombay and begun to travel all over India. They had rented other houses in other places and put up the sign of Synthesis Unlimited. There were many followers with them, but they were not always the same people. Some went away, some were sent away, and some were left behind in each new house to look after the progress of the Movement in that place. But he kept Nancy with him all the time. She was happy. She loved the long, long journeys across India, with nothing to see for miles except desert and ruins—sometimes a dried-up river looking like a dead animal, and sometimes real dead animals and dead stumps of trees. When they arrived at railway stations, there were people waiting with garlands, and they would all be piled into open horse carriages and driven, garlanded, through towns that were always the same—dusty, intricate, and rubbled. Only up in the Himalayas was it different. Then there was cool air like ambrosia, and grand vistas opening up of snow-clad mountains. But Dr. Mohanty would never let them stay there long. He said it was not yet time to come up here, that their work lay down below in the walled-in little towns simmering in the summer heat.

It was his habit suddenly to tell his followers that he had planned a journey, usually some hundreds of miles away, and that they must be ready to leave with him at four the next morning. For years Nancy was cheerfully ready, but then one day when he did that—she had been in India about ten years by then and was no longer so very young—she burst into tears. He was amazed. He sent everyone out of the room and questioned her. "Are you ill?" he asked. "What is it? No, Nancy, you must tell me." She kept shaking her head. He persisted. Was she mentally upset in any way? Had anyone been unkind to her—perhaps he himself unwittingly? She kept saying no. But then at last she said that she was tired, and when she said that, she wept more. She hadn't realized till that moment how exhausted she was—fatigued right into her bones and marrow. It was inconceivable that he could understand—he who was forever charged with new energy, so that his brown skin shone and glowed. But he seemed to understand perfectly. He nodded. He blamed himself. He had been inconsiderate, and for this he begged her pardon. He said, "Of course you will not travel with us tomorrow. You will stay here and take perfect rest. I insist," he said. "Perfect and absolute rest."

But when she appeared next morning at four, packed and ready along with everyone else, he said nothing. Perhaps he had forgotten their conversation—though this was unlikely, because he did not usually forget anything.

IT was shortly after this incident that he planned another trip to Europe and told Nancy he would take her with him. She was excited. To be going back after all these years and to see the places she had known—all probably unchanged, though she herself had changed so much and was really more Indian than English now! She intended to wear only saris there; everyone should understand where she stood. She bought a few new ones and packed them in her little trunk. But two days before they were to go to Bombay to board the P. & O. she fell ill. She woke up vomiting, with a headache and a high fever. The next day she was worse. Dr. Mohanty came into her room and stood over her bed (really a pallet spread on the floor) and called her name. She tried to answer but was unable to make the effort. He went away, and later a local doctor came. A bed was brought, and she was lifted onto it from her pallet. Then Dr. Mohanty was there again; he was dressed for travelling, in a canvas suit, with a leather flask slung across his chest and a solar topee. He gently pressed down her aching head as she tried to raise it. He said, "Poor Nancy." He told everyone standing around in the room, "I want the best possible care taken." He did not come again, and when she asked after him they said he had gone. The Italian countess, who had been

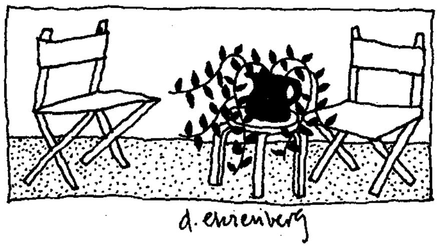
"I really mean it. I find you visually exciting!"

deputed to look after her, applied ice packs to Nancy's head when the fever rose. At first she did it with great care, but then she became slapdash, and after a time she, too, was not there anymore. When Nancy asked, they said she had gone away to Sikkim. More people went away, and now Nancy was mostly alone, except for the Goan cook and a few Indian followers who sometimes looked in on her.

When the fever abated—it had been typhoid—she was too weak to do more than just lie in her little dark room. She watched the patch of sky through a barred opening in the wall that served as a window. When there was moonlight, the sky shimmered like water. It was a good time; Nancy felt that she was recovering from the fatigue that had eaten so deeply into her. The house was silent and peaceful except for the cook clattering in the kitchen, and very early in the mornings an old man living in the house sang devotional songs. There were also temple bells several times a day (the house was in the holy city of Benares). Nancy thought she would just lie there and get better, and by the time he returned from Europe she would be fully recovered. Her looks would have improved, too, by that time. The fever had left her cheeks sunken and with a dreadful pallor, and her hair had been cut off, as was the custom in cases of typhoid. (The Countess had done it with her nail scissors, very jaggedly.) Nancy hoped it would have grown again by the time Dr. Mohanty came back. It did grow, but still he did not come back. As she became stronger, she also became rather impatient. The rains had begun, and everything in the house molded. Then she got another infection, and though it did not last very long her cheeks became sunken again.

When at last he came back, he looked wonderful after his stay in Europe and the sea voyage home. As always, he was full of energy and health. He had brought a new disciple back with him, an American girl called Mary-Ellen. She too was full of energy and health. She bought herself some cotton saris, and from then on she always wore those, and sandals. Mary-Ellen loved everything, and she went to see all the temples and took boat rides on the river and walked through all the streets—even the street where people had come to die. The sight of the dying lying in the dirt along the sidewalk did not seem to disturb her any more than the dead burning on their pyres on the bank of the river. Her eyes never ceased to shine with wonder and delight.

Now that Dr. Mohanty had returned, the house began to fill up again, and soon all the little rooms and passages were crowded with disciples, who settled down wherever they could find a corner for themselves. Dr. Mohanty moved Mary-Ellen into Nancy's room. It was the first time he had allowed anyone to share this room, which was next to his. Of course Nancy did not say anything—how could she, since it was his wish? But he must have known her feelings, because he said that Mary-Ellen would be useful to her, and that he wanted someone to take proper care of her after her serious illness. He even made a joke and said that this was the sole purpose for which Mary-Ellen had been brought from England. And Mary-Ellen said sure, she'd be glad to, and gladly she rolled up their two pallets every morning and scrubbed the room out with water and a broom. She even offered to wash Nancy's clothes—not only because Nancy was weak from her illness but also, she said in her earnest way, because she considered it a real privilege to serve someone who had herself so long served Dr. Mohanty.



The Italian countess also came back. She did not like Mary-Ellen. She said to Nancy, "Why is she here? What has she come for? She is quite the wrong type." The Countess considered every woman follower of Dr. Mohanty the wrong type. They were too young, too unintellectual or too overintellectual, or attracted to him for the wrong reasons. The Countess sincerely believed that only a mature woman with deep experience of life such as herself—"and you, Nancy," she added generously—could be considered a suitable follower. Nancy had to agree that Mary-Ellen was terribly

INDIGO, WHO DEPARTED OUR SPECTRUM

Was she Madame de Violet
Or good Frau Blau? We were not told.
But where she lay she joined all hands
About her—not like the heated
Gold mediations of Venus,
Fanning the leftward yellow flames
Of her limping smith, while sharing
In the abashed reddening of
Her netted warrior rightward—

Our far lady lay among her
Saturations on either side,
Reflecting an intensity
That both possessed—the blue of day
Sky, and the violet of night—
Filling the glass pitchers of their
Transparency with a common
Pool of dark dew, from which they drank
And which suffused them with themselves.

It was for the other side of
Sunset that we needed her dark,
Connecting tone, for the richness
Of aftermath, to represent
It even to ourselves. Some said
It was so that blue be followed
By something of blue, violet
Be preceded by something of
Violet, lest they both die out;

Others felt that her realm lay just
Beyond sufficiency, making
Unacknowledged legislations
Of the rainbow, crowding her zone
Among the belts of the body
Of light: they knew this to be the
Last part of the necessary.
(What is enough? There is only
Too much, or now, in the twilight

Of abandonment, too little.)
But later commentators, born
Under our poor hexarchy of
Tone, may wonder how defenders
Of design can have known of her
Superfluity of hue when
It still lay among the chambers
Of color, as one of the great
Hours of Day occupies his throne.

Now, in the regions of vision
Where she dwells—not like that first frail
Maiden who fled into starlight,
A mere novel constellation,
But between these touching points of
Light—the rich, hopeful darkness seems
Deepened by her presence, under
Which we live and, hushed, still breathe the
Night air's perfume of discernment.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

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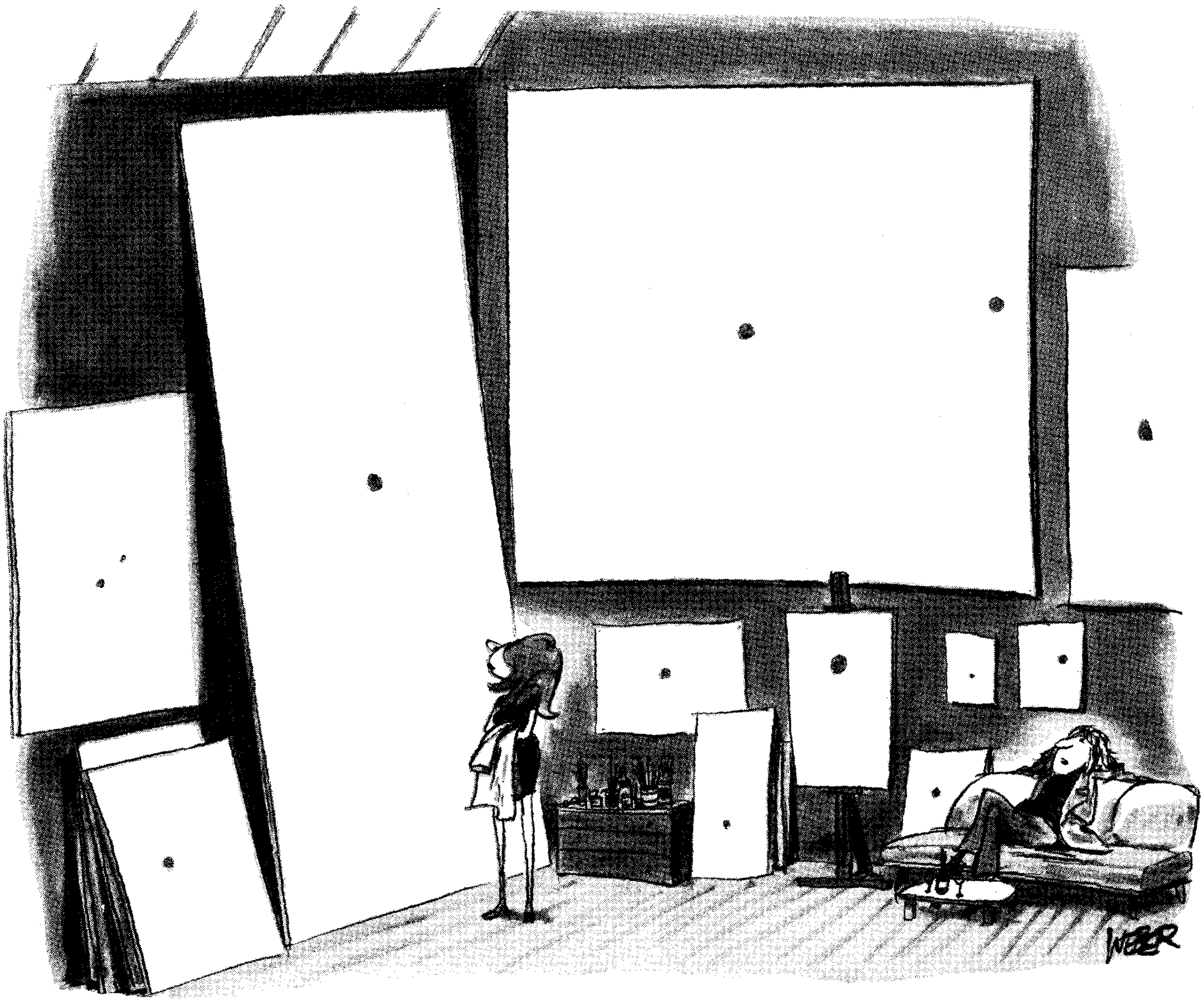

"I don't pretend to be great. I merely know myself to be very, very good."

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young. She threw herself into everything with such tremendous energy and did all the wrong things, like going out in the hottest part of the day and eating food from the bazaar, with no ill effects at all. She also sat up at night to do meditation, or joined the old man in his hymn-singing at dawn, and she was even learning Indian dance. This last took a tremendous amount of energy; she stamped up and down in ankle bells and contorted her limbs and leaped into the air. When Dr. Mohanty saw her dancing, he smiled and said, "Goodness gracious, Mary-Ellen," and then looked at the Countess and Nancy, inviting them to smile, too.

The Countess became more and more critical of Mary-Ellen. She would come into the little room Nancy shared with the girl and sniff the air and ask distastefully, "Has she been burning incense?"

"Yes, for her *puja* prayers," Nancy replied.

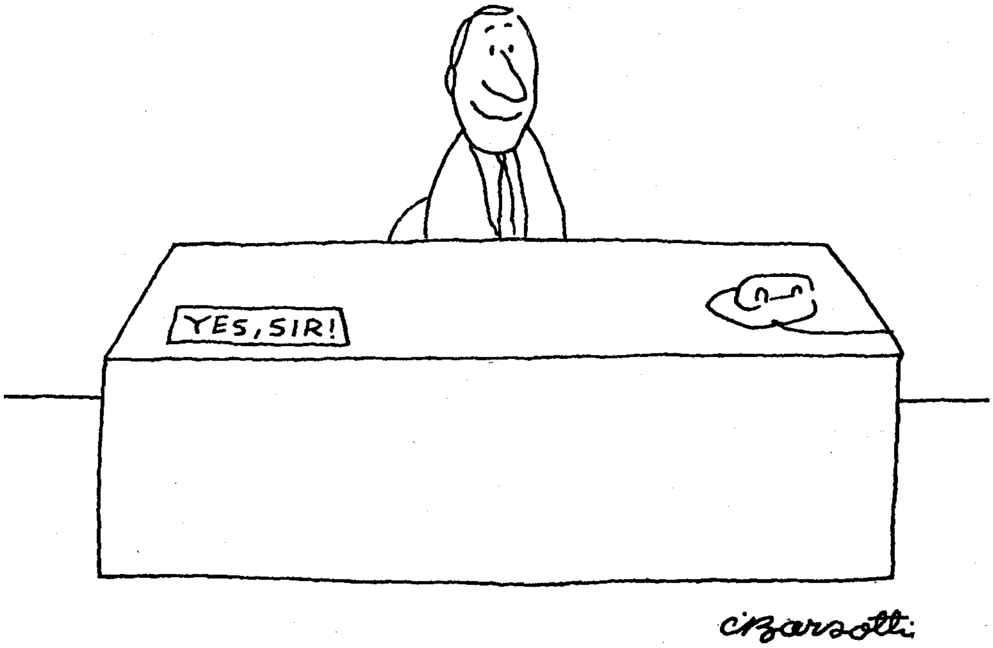
The Countess wrinkled her nose, both at the incense and at the Hindu prayers. Nancy really did not like either. Sometimes she woke up at night and saw Mary-Ellen sitting cross-legged on the floor before some little Hindu gods she had bought, with her lips moving, her eyes shut. Incense smoldered thickly.

"Doesn't she understand?" the Countess asked. "She must be made to understand. She's subverting the whole Movement." She closed her eyes and murmured, "Synthesis, Synthesis, Synthesis Unlimited," like a prayer.

The Countess also complained to Dr. Mohanty. "Master," she said—this was what she always called him—"isn't it true that if a person goes too far along one Way, it is a threat to the Synthesis of all the Ways?" She looked at him pleadingly. "Guide me," she said.

He did so without a moment's hesitation. "The farther you go," he said, "even if it is only along one Way, the sooner will you reach the crossing point where all the Ways meet." He regarded her testingly through his spectacles, and she was careful to look meek and say, "Thank you, Master." Whatever disharmony there may have been among his followers was always in his absence. In his presence, harmony prevailed—he saw to that.

Although Nancy woke up very early in the mornings, Mary-Ellen was always up and out before her. She had explained to Nancy that she was too excited to sleep much. Once, Nancy went to look for her. The house was on the river, and steps led down to the water. Dawn was just breaking. Ascetics in saffron robes and some destitute widows lay curled up on the steps along the waterfront and on the stone platforms intersecting them. The only moving thing as far as the eye could see was Mary-Ellen. She was on a platform some distance away from the



house, outlined against the gray dawn sky, with her arms raised. She was dancing. From this distance her solitary figure looked beautiful and religious. Nancy came nearer. Mary-Ellen was doing not strictly an Indian dance but some variations of her own invention. She had tucked her sari closely around herself, so that it looked more like a toga. Her feet—long, slim, and very white—flashed as she danced. Her thin arms were like branches waving against the sky and the water. An ascetic slept face upward behind her, with his beads and begging bowl beside him, and his saffron robe trailing along the steps.

When she had finished her dance, Mary-Ellen came and sat beside Nancy on the steps. She was out of breath. Her cheeks glowed and she was smiling. "I have to dance," she said. "To express myself. Otherwise, I don't know what would happen. I might just . . . go off with a bang!" She tucked a strand of short blond hair behind her ear, but it came loose again quite soon and lay against her cheek.

"I hope to be calm one day when I've been here as long as you and done all that discipline and meditation," she went on. "I love discipline and meditation. But just now, just yet, it's all too much. Too much." Her chest heaved as if it were all inside her and really was too much.

"Did you like my dance?" she said. "I made it up myself. It's different every day and I never know what it's going to be. But I always say the same words to myself." She clasped her hands and raised her face to heaven. " 'O thou lotus-eyed One, do not delay. Don't you see, my blue-throated lover, how I pine and fret,' " she intoned. "It's to Krishna—he's always called blue-throated, I don't know why." Nancy tried to explain, but Mary-Ellen was not too interested. "Oh, is that it?" she said. "Well, anyhow, even though it is Krishna, that's not who I think of." She paused and wrapped her arms around her knees and looked across the water. It was very gently rippled by a breeze, which also played through her hair.

"Sometimes I tell myself he's an incarnation," she said to Nancy. "It could be, couldn't it? Krishna is supposed to have incarnations, the same as Jesus Christ, and people see Him and recognize Him even when he looks"—she laughed—"well, sort of everyday, with those specs and all. You must think I'm just a silly billy. And if he heard me, I guess he'd be mad at me, except he never does get mad. He's terribly kind and patient with me. All of you are. You and the Countess and everyone. I love being here with you all."

She went on talking. Nancy could see her lips moving, but her words were drowned out by the bells that suddenly began to sound from many temples. Mary-Ellen raised her voice, but Nancy still couldn't hear her, because cymbals began to clash along with the bells. Now everyone was waking up. The ascetic behind them had sat up—his face was rather coarse, not ascetic at all—and he was yawning and scratching. Mary-Ellen unclasped her arms from her knees and put them around Nancy instead. "I never felt this way all my life long," she said. "I never knew people could feel like this." She spoke into Nancy's ear to make sure she was heard, and Nancy felt her sweet warm breath along with her words.

DR. MOHANTY was planning another extended tour of the various centers in India. Everyone was packing up, the house was in upheaval. Although Nancy did not particularly like the house, or her dark little room—or, for that matter, the holy city of Benares—she felt reluctant to leave. She had got used to being here, and she was tired. Also she could not bear the thought of the coming journey. But there was no choice; she packed her few things along with everyone else, and was ready.

But when Dr. Mohanty saw her, he said at once, "You are not well, Nancy." In the midst of all his preoccupations, he never missed a thing.

That evening, he asked her to go for a walk with him. No one else was allowed to accompany them. He liked to stroll along the riverbank at this time of day, when the steps leading down to the water were crowded with worshippers. He had many friends among the priests and holy men, and often stopped to chat. He looked very different from everyone else in his suit and collar and tie. He made Nancy lean on his arm.

"I would like you to stay here," he said. "No, Nancy, listen to me. It is best for you." He caught her arm closer to prevent her from withdrawing it. "Don't worry. I shall leave plenty of work for you. There are certain publications to be prepared, and I can trust no one else. No one but you. Your work is here now. Nancy, Nancy, listen to me!"

"Don't leave me behind," she said.

He made an impatient gesture. " 'Leave behind,' " he said. "What does it mean? This is not at all worthy of you, Nancy. Or of our work together." He looked at her with tenderness. "Come," he said, "sit here. You are tired."

They had reached the platform on which Mary-Ellen had danced. He dusted a place with his handkerchief and spread it for Nancy to sit on; he held out his hand to help her. She did not take it.

She said, "I suppose you're taking Mary-Ellen."

He remained with his hand out. He gave her one of his searching looks, then laughed. "Ah, Mary-Ellen," he said in a tone of appreciation. "Nancy, my hankie will blow away if you don't sit on it." So she did as he wanted, and he sat next to her, with his knees drawn up and his arms clasped around them in the same way as Mary-Ellen.

"I like her very much," he said, smiling at the thought of her. "She is so—how to say—"

"Young."

"Yes, young, and also— Shall I tell you something, Nancy? She reminds me of yourself in the beginning. How you were once upon a time. Perhaps it is why I like her so very much. Do you also like her?"

He paused, she said nothing. He waved to friends passing in a boat.

She said, "You're tired of me."

The smile with which he had greeted his friends faded. She continued stubbornly, "That's why you don't want to take me with you. You want someone . . . younger now."

"Unworthy," he murmured. "How unworthy."

"Now you know what I really am," she said. "What I really want."

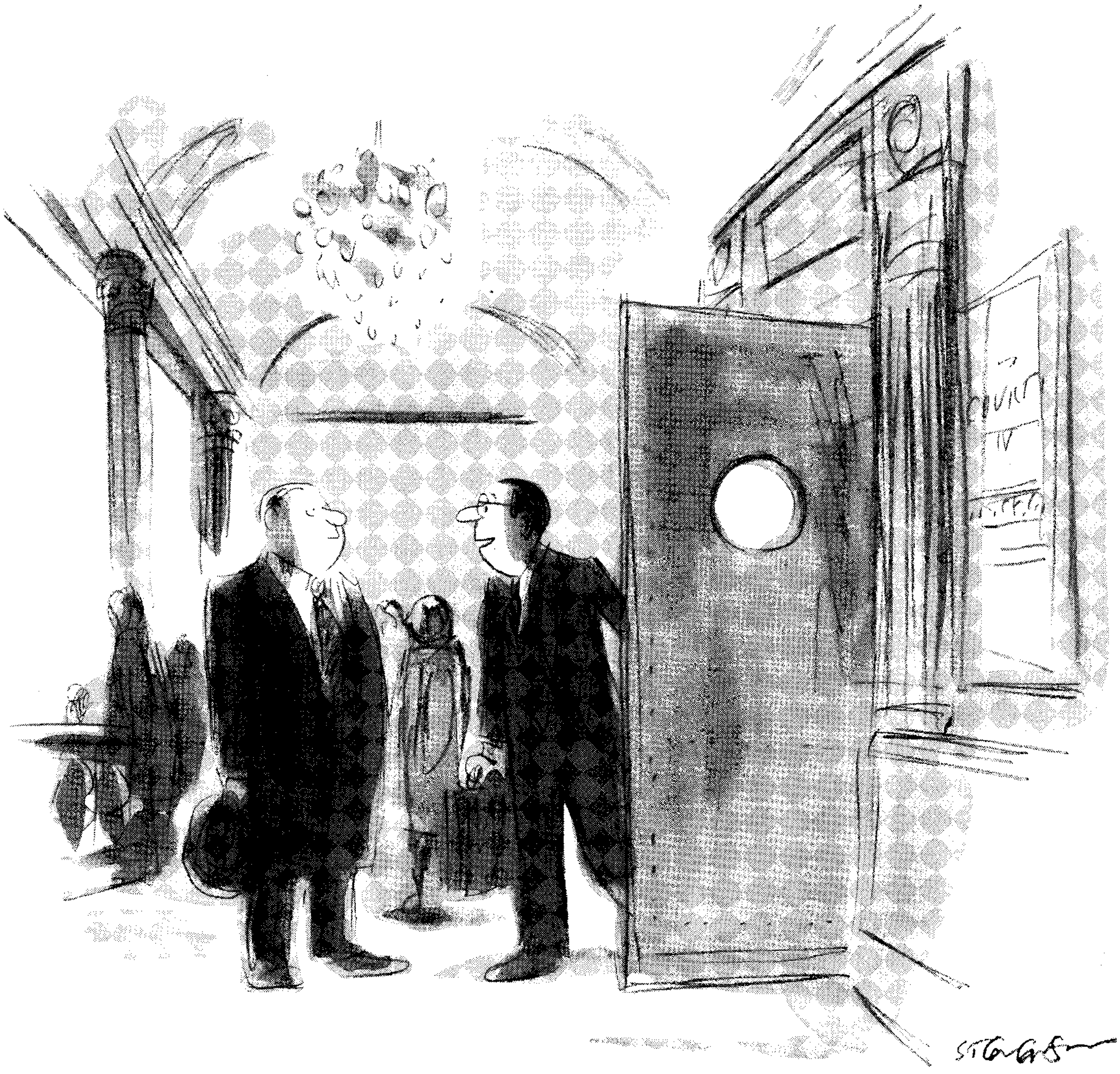
She reproached him for the years that had passed. She had not known until that moment how bitter they had made her. To do his work, to be always near him, close to him—she thought it had been enough. Now she felt it had been nothing. There was something quite different, an intimacy far more ordinary, that she desired. "I am ordinary," she said. "Like the Countess, like Mary-Ellen. We're all ordinary. What you call unworthy. It's only you who are . . . worthy."

He got up and held out his hand to help her up. He did not want to hear any more. He walked by her side with his face averted, no longer waving to friends. He was shaken and wounded.

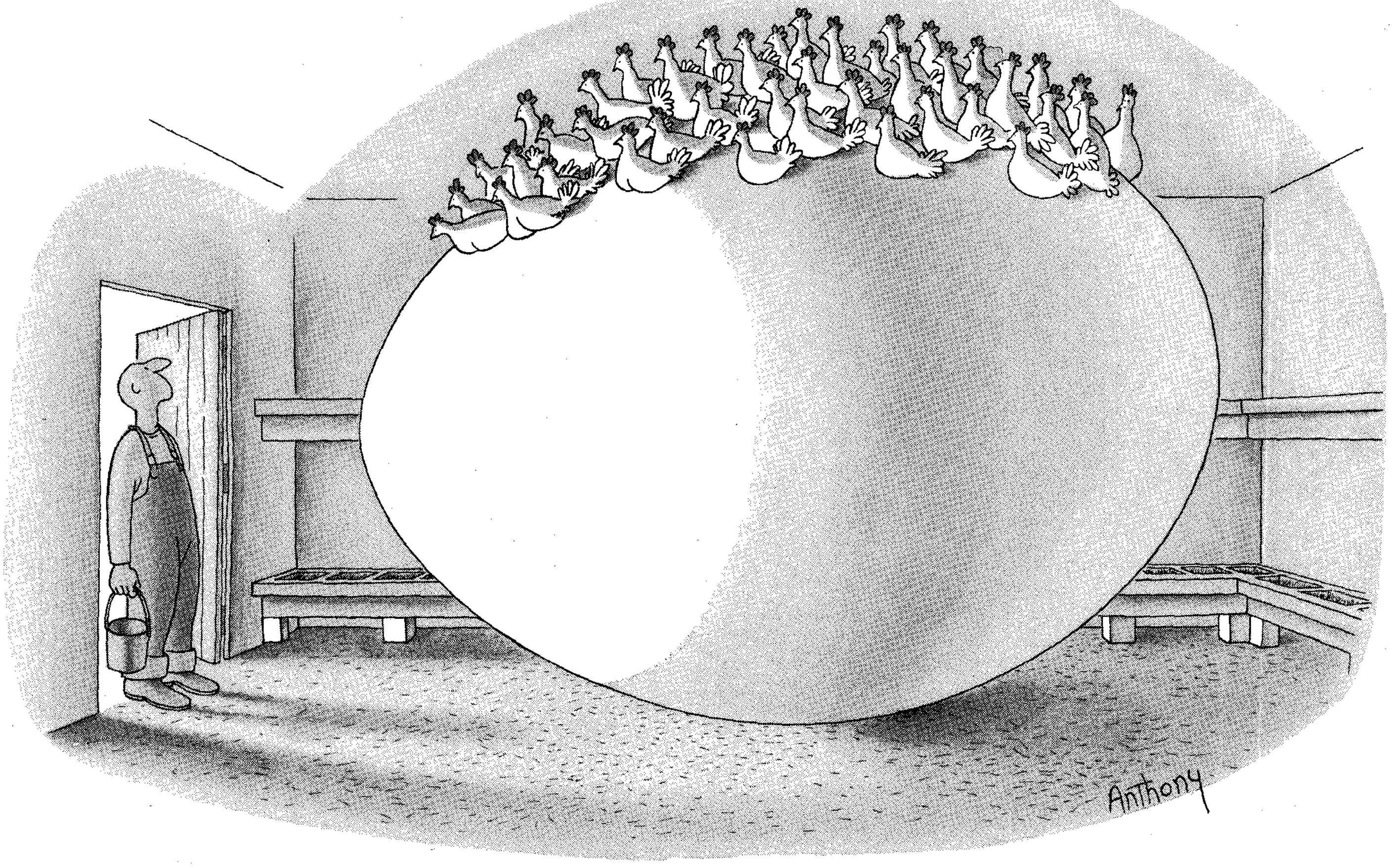
But by next morning, at the hour of departure, he had quite recovered. He instructed her about the work to be done during his absence. Her main task was to see some pamphlets of his through the press. She went up on the roof to watch everyone leave. Three horse carriages had been ordered to take them to the station. One was piled with luggage, another with various followers, and the third was for Dr. Mohanty and Mary-Ellen. He climbed in first, she jumped in after him. Both looked up to wave to Nancy. Their faces were radiant, his glasses dazzled. Then he gave the order to start, and the three carriages moved away. Mary-Ellen waved to Nancy for as long as she could see her and blew a kiss before they turned a corner.

Mary-Ellen never came back. Later Nancy heard how she had fallen sick in a remote up-country town near Bhopal. After some days she had to be removed to a hospital. Unfortunately, the hospital services were very inadequate; there were not enough doctors or nurses or medicines or anything except patients, of whom there were too many. Dr. Mohanty had been worried about her, especially because he had had to continue his tour program. He had even considered cancelling some of his lecture engagements so as to be able to stay near Mary-Ellen till she was better. But she said on no account must anyone be disappointed of his presence just because of her stupid illness, and anyhow, she told him, she was better already. So he went, though reluctantly. Mary-Ellen was not better; in fact, she got worse and worse, and the doctors did not know where to find Dr. Mohanty or anyone else belonging to Mary-Ellen. So when she died there were only strangers with her, and they couldn't wait to communicate with anyone she had known but had to arrange her cremation very quickly because it was the hot season.

When Dr. Mohanty returned to Benares, he was more fit and energetic than ever. He at once examined the work he had commissioned Nancy to do—he read with great speed, and when he spotted a mistake pointed to it as infallibly as a water diviner. But when he had finished examining everything, he said, "Very good," and praised Nancy for what she had done in his absence. He wondered how he



"Good news! You won't have to testify this morning. The judge was just indicted."



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could exist without her. Never, he said—he and she were as one now, their bond was indissoluble. He had not yet mentioned Mary-Ellen.

When he at last did, a day after his arrival, it was not at all in sorrow but with the same glad smile with which he had spoken of her when she was alive. He explained to Nancy that thinking about Mary-Ellen did sincerely make him glad. Had Nancy ever seen her dance? Well, then, he said with another smile, she must know what he meant. This dancer would never stop dancing. *She* would have no falling off, would never grow old or tired or embittered. Oh, and by the way, he said, they would not be seeing the Countess again; she had left them. She had written him rather a bad letter, but he didn't hold it against her—not at all, on the contrary, poor woman, he hoped she would find fulfillment in her new life, which was in the communal settlement of a Russian spiritualist at Lake Geneva. Unfortunately, he was used to receiving such letters from followers who for reasons of their own (which he always respected) had decided not to follow him any longer. And their accusations were always the same, always personal and bitter, so that he had long since realized that these were directed not against him but against themselves. Thank goodness, he said, that such a thing could never happen to Mary-Ellen. She would remain forever fresh—fresh as dew, he said with pleasure. And also, he said, one had to be grateful that she had not survived, because her disease had affected her eyesight. He had been told that during her last two days she had been totally blind, and she would have remained so had she lived.

Both the Countess and Mary-Ellen were soon replaced. So many followers came, from Europe and America, that Nancy lost track of them. She also found it difficult to distinguish one from another. There seemed to be always at least one or two young girls—very bright-eyed, very eager—who were not only interested in the Movement but also learned Indian dancing or to play the sitar. They always wore saris and moved freely around the streets, loving everything. Nancy no longer wore saris. She gave them away to the new followers, and from the bottom of her trunk she retrieved the blouses and skirts she had brought with her when she had first come to India. They were in the style of that time; the skirts were too short, but she wore them anyway and darned her old lisle stockings. She rarely left her dark little room now, and when she had to, she wore blue glasses to protect her eyes from the sun.

For the first time, she became homesick for England, and when Dr. Mohanty again prepared to go on a foreign tour, she looked forward to accompanying him. She looked forward to so many things and remembered so much she thought she had forgotten. But he said, "No, Nancy, I would not like you to come." He gave no reason for his decision. He seldom did, because everyone knew that whatever he decided was for the best. Nancy also knew it, but for the first time she found it hard to accept this without question. She lay awake at night, listening to the regular breathing of the pretty Swedish girl who shared the room with her at that time. This girl would be sailing with him; he always needed a secretary-companion. Nancy buried her face in her pillow. She had done this often enough in recent years, but now it was not only because she could not go with *him*—he had got her used to that, over the years—but because of everything she had not seen for so long.

A few days before his departure, she went to him and said she wanted to go. "I have to," she said. The Swedish girl, who was taking dictation from him, looked up in surprise at the willful tone of her voice. He finished dictating, then sent the girl away.

"I have to," Nancy said again when they were alone.

He nodded. Of course—she might have known it—he was fully aware of how she was feeling. He was silent for a while, collecting his thoughts. But already she felt strangely soothed, just to sit with him like this in silence. She shut her eyes and thought that whatever he decided would be all right.

She could not go, he told her at last. He meticulously explained the reasons on which he had based his decision. It was best not only for her but for himself, too; he emphasized that. "Yes, Nancy," he said, "it is pure and simple selfishness on my part. Why should I hide this from you?" He took off his glasses; whenever he did that, he looked strangely weak, vulnerable. His eyes were dreamy and terribly shortsighted. He smiled apologetically. "I need you so very badly," he said. "Without you, it is—nothing is—" He made a helpless gesture, unable even to find the word that could define how it was without her.

"If you go away now, you will never come back," he said. When she began to protest, he shook his head, knowing better. "It is so," he said. "You will want to stay there."

"I shall want to be where you are."

"You will be in England. It is spring, the flowers are in bloom. What are they called—the little yellow ones? There is a nice breeze, sometimes rain. You will see all the places you used to know—also people. You will say, 'Ah, yes, it is home.' And then one day I shall say, 'Now, Nancy, it is time to return to India.' What will you do then? No, wait, wait. Think of all this. Yes, this house, the river, the smells—you know the smells—and the heat, Nancy. All this. And when it will be time to come back, you *will* think of it, and then you will say, 'I can't, I can't.' "

He paused, to let his words sink in. And she knew they were true, because already she felt like saying it: "I can't, I can't."

Then he continued in quite a different tone, brisk and resolute. "If I allowed this to happen to you, Nancy, I would be at fault. Indeed, I would be much to blame if I exposed you to any test beyond your strength. Your place is here," he concluded, and although he still had his glasses off, he looked no longer weak and vulnerable but so strong that she knew all she had to do was lean on him and let him guide her, and it would be for the best.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

KIMBERLEY SOLZHENITSYN'S CALENDAR

Two years have passed since the Russian novelist and Nobel Prize winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn left the Soviet Union to take up residence in the West.
—*News item.*

May 1—
Derby Day buffet at Andrei and Bev Sakharov's. Bring cranberry ketchup for the ham.

May 2—
Twins to band camp. Drinks with André and Nan Malraux.

May 8—
Welcome Wagon visit in A.M. Remind Al to drain dehumidifier pan again.

May 9—
Sunday dinner at the Lévi-Strausses'. (Claude and JoAnn. Children: Sean, 7, and I think Jason, about 4.) 1003 Red Fox Trail, Walden Estates.

May 10—
Pick up twins at band camp. Take Al's old Siberia clothes to Fire Dept. Rummage Sale.

May 11—
Crêpes Club here: Mimi Sartre, Megs Ionesco, Barb Dubuffet, Wendy Szent-Györgyi, Tracy Robbe-Grillet, Gail Miró.

May 12—
Remind Al—bring patio trays up from basement. Nobel Prize winners' Spaghetti Dinner. Get Al's marimba fixed.

May 15—
Al's Rotary Meeting: Brown Derby. 8:00 P.M.: To P.-T.A. Mummers' "Barefoot in the Park" with Mikhail & Candy Baryshnikov.

May 17—
Ecology Day. Al's old "Cancer Ward" notes to recycling center. Twins' swimming lesson—2:30: Leisure Time Pool.

May 20—
Leave Subaru at the shop: oil & lube. Twins to the Sakharovs'. Sam & Patsy Beckett for lunch and paddle tennis.

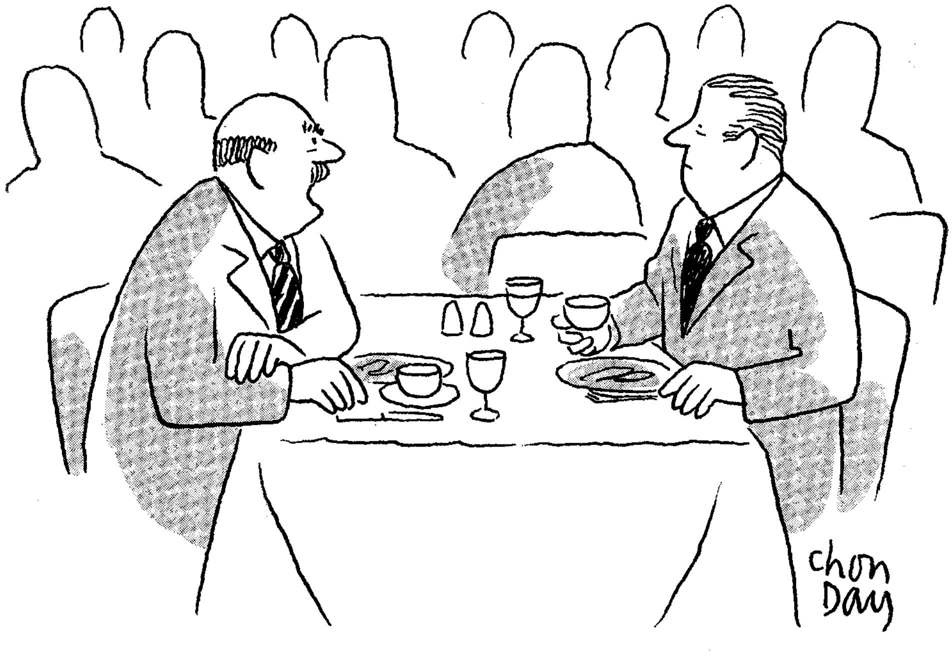
May 21—
Hog roast at the Lévi-Strausses'.

May 24—
Get twins' band uniforms cleaned for Memorial Day Parade. Al's slide show at Church Guild—"Russia: Land of Contrasts."

May 26—
Blocked Writers' Benefit Car-Wash & White Sale: Church parking lot, 9:00 A.M. Evening: Gals' poker night at Cindy Böll's.

May 31—
Memorial Day Horse Show: 2:00 P.M. Bring covered dish.

—Ian Frazier

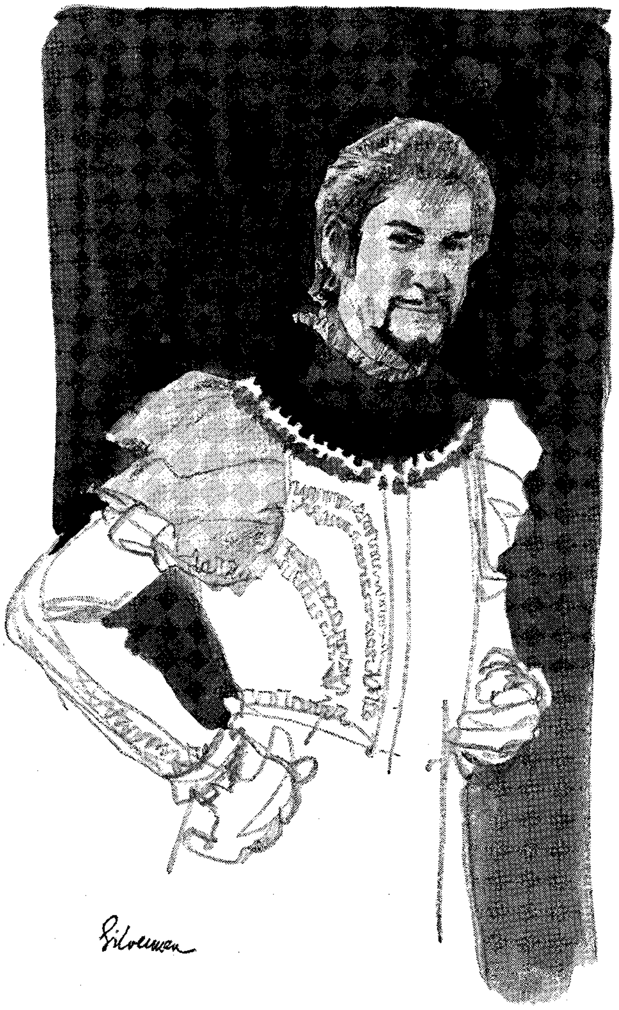


"Underneath my gruff exterior lies an ulcer."

PROFILES

SINGING WITH THE BIG DADS

WHEN, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1974, the Metropolitan Opera baritone Sherrill Milnes appeared for the first time with the company as Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera of that name, the press was ecstatic. The *Saturday Review* headed its piece, by Irving Kolodin, "First Pinza, Then Siepi, Now Milnes," awarding him a place in a royal sequence of great artists in the role, and other critics were no less enthusiastic. Milnes had acquitted himself magnificently in one of the most difficult acting roles in the repertory, and vocally he had carried off the part with ease, establishing himself as a reigning male lead of the Met. Milnes had already achieved a place in another royal line—that of the Metropolitan's great Verdi baritones, all of whom, since the retirement of Antonio Scotti, in 1933, had been Americans. Just why there had been such a scarcity of first-rate Italian baritones was one of those imponderables that often beset the world of opera, but the succession of Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Leonard Warren, Robert Merrill, Cornell MacNeil, and now Sherrill Milnes testified to the fact that the finest baritones of the Verdi type were all born in this country. The type is rather special. It calls for a clear and effortless upper register, capable of coping with the high notes that Verdi demanded from his baritones—a register that goes up as far as the A flat below the tenor's high C. Roles like the Count di Luna, in "Il Trovatore," require special baritones of this kind—especially in arias like "Il balen," which is an exhaustingly arduous one for most ordinary baritones. "The trouble with 'Il balen,'" Milnes remarked to a reporter recently, "is that you have no breathing time, no rest for the throat. You pant for breath. And the second part of the aria is very high in tessitura. It requires the long line. When you are nervous, the body creates energy, but 'Il balen' requires enforced calm. It is hard because it is an introverted aria and it is followed by a big, belting piece."



Sherrill Milnes

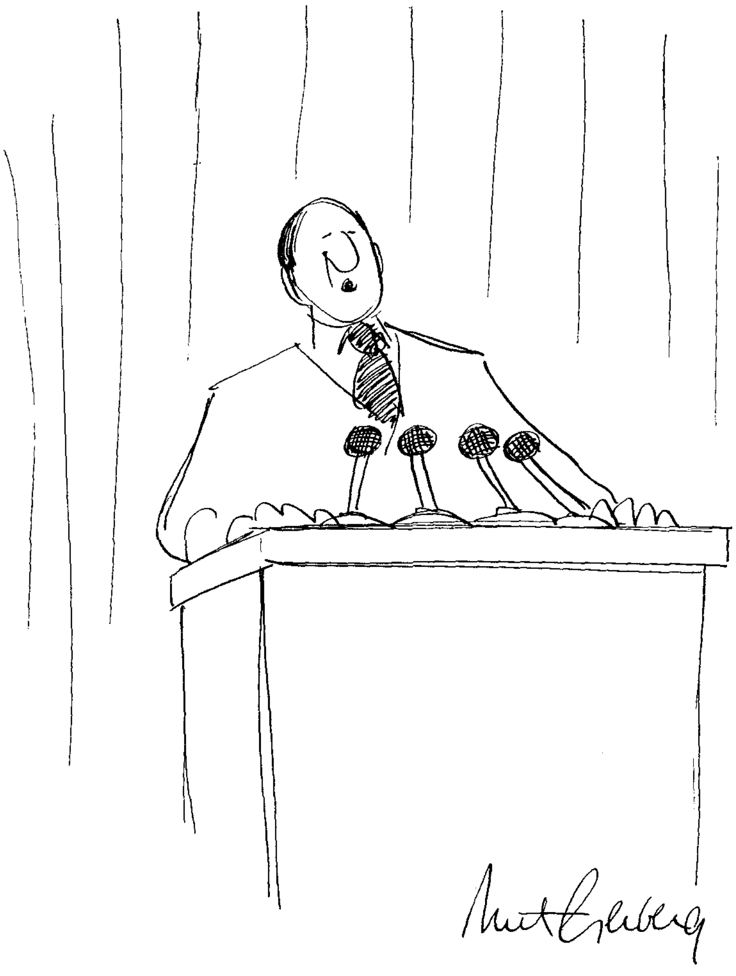
Milnes made his Metropolitan début in 1965, in the role of Valentin, in Gounod's "Faust," and even at that time the critics compared his voice to that of Lawrence Tibbett and his stage bearing to that of the glamorous Italian tenor Franco Corelli. He has, however, a cultivated musical style that is far superior to Corelli's, and the upper reaches of his voice have a brilliance of sound that had not been heard from any baritone in a generation. He stands six feet two, and his weight varies between two hundred and ten and two hundred and fifteen well-distributed pounds. He is built like a halfback, and he has brown hair, worn long and combed carelessly back; large hands with thick fingers; blue-gray eyes; a pointed nose; a rather pointed chin; and a face that, when not animated, is slightly grim—and sometimes made more so by the lighting at the Metropolitan. He is a handsome fellow by any standards, and by operatic standards he is also slender and light on his feet.

All this may seem remarkable to some in view of the fact that Milnes is the product not of a sophisticated urban environment but of a farm in Downers Grove, Illinois, where he spent his childhood and adolescence pitching hay. He has a brother—a college graduate—who drives a bus in Downers Grove; and in Milnes' own personality and speech there is still a whiff of the hayseed—possibly in part cultivated. In any event, he is a thorough and proud Midwesterner, and his education as a singer has been entirely American. Although American singers are generally known in the rest of the world for their musicianship, knowledge of languages, and general musical education, Milnes is, from a musical standpoint, one of the most prodigiously educated singers in the world today, with an expertise that goes far beyond his huge vocal repertoire to mastery of the violin, piano, and other instruments. Obviously, despite a fondness for homespun and colorful speech mannerisms, he is no simple farm boy. He was born in Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, in January, 1935, the son of the Reverend James Knowlton Milnes, a Methodist minister, and the former Thelma Roe. The Reverend James Knowlton Milnes traces his ancestry back to Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, who was a nineteenth-century English writer, and in school Sherrill was referred to by the nickname Monckton. When he was five, the family moved to Downers Grove, and his father gave up preaching to devote his energies to the running of a two-hundred-and-fifty-acre dairy farm that had belonged to Sherrill's maternal grandfather, Charles K. Roe, an itinerant lay preacher and bass singer who was also the local superintendent of roads. Sherrill's father was assisted by his wife, Sherrill, and Sherrill's older brother, Roe. "I'm a P.K.—that means 'Preacher's Kid' in the industry—and I always sat in the first pew at services unless I was singing in the choir," Milnes said the other day, and he still reflects his firm

Methodist upbringing. Though he does not attend church nowadays ("It's a scheduling problem," he explains), he is a religious man. RCA has issued his third album of recorded hymns and sacred songs, which is called "Abide With Me." "There are a lot of fine composers who are not appreciated in the Bach-Beethoven sense but who wrote great church music, and there are a lot of people whose favorite music this is who don't know a thing about Beethoven's Ninth Symphony," he has said. "I was brought up fairly strictly. 'A good Christian develops the gifts God gave him. You'd be less than a good Christian if you didn't work away'—that's what my father used to say." And Milnes is a great believer in families. He has two children by a former wife—a son, Eric, who is seventeen; and a daughter, Erin, ten—and by his present wife, whose maiden name was Nancy Stokes, he has a boy of three named Shawn Edward Milnes. (Milnes' full name is Sherrill Eustace Milnes, and his wife liked the idea of keeping the initials S.E.M.) Nancy, a petite woman with dark-brown hair and blue eyes, is a soprano who has sung in opera all over Europe under her maiden name, but she has given up her career, because she can't bear the idea of letting anyone else bring up the baby. She is also a magnificent cook in the Italian manner. Like Milnes, she is a Midwesterner; she was brought up in Newton, Iowa, thirty miles east of Des Moines. Once a year, there is a tremendous family reunion of the Stokeses, fifty or sixty of them, with a picnic to which everybody brings baskets of food. But when Milnes is not performing elsewhere, he and his wife spend most of their time in New York, at their large apartment on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson.

Milnes knows his value as a singer, and he is not modest about it. Like most opera singers, he has a tremendous amount of self-confidence, and, beyond that, a touch of arrogance. He has been known to sweep the piano coach aside during ensemble rehearsals and sit down to play the accompaniment himself. During a performance of "Don Giovanni" on the road, he played one of the offstage violin parts in the wings just before making his entrance, handing the instrument to the violinist when he was finished. "I had eyeballed the violin part," he explains, "and then I played it." He talks of becoming a conductor, partly because he does not think much of most opera conductors. On the other hand, he is extremely generous; he is chairman of the board of Affiliate Artists and gives much of his time to the Norman Treigle and Richard Tucker memorial foundations—all of them institutions devoted to helping young performers. He has never been heard to speak ill of any of his colleagues, and, indeed, he admires some of them—particularly the late New York City Opera bass Norman Treigle and the Metropolitan Opera bass Nicolai Ghiaurov—to the point of worship. Among his colleagues, he, in turn, is admired and widely loved. Nearly all his friends are opera singers. Milnes is not—or not yet, at any rate—a jet-propelled, international opera star. He has sung a lot in Europe, but he dislikes travelling and considers the Metropolitan Opera House his home. Nor is he interested in exploiting his career to the last dollar. He limits his engagements to about sixty a year, a fact that may have something to do with his being one of the most dependable of all opera singers; he has cancelled only three engagements in the course of some eight hundred performances. He attributes this dependability to his farm background. "When a farm is a family affair, you have your work to do. It doesn't matter if it's five o'clock or ten o'clock. If it's going to rain, you have to get the hay in. You hustle. You work until midnight. At the age of five, I was able to hook up the wagon, mend fences, and shovel grain or limestone with a small shovel. The family was a typical farm family, plus all that music—a boy running three-octave scales on the violin after milking cows. I milked before and after school through high school. The farm has given me a sense of— What? Reliability? That's a used word. What's the word I want? Responsibility, that's it."

THE Milneses' apartment on Riverside Drive has turquoise-colored wall-to-wall carpeting, a kitchen of cherry and oak, and a general air of plain comfort. There is a grand piano, which Milnes plays continually. Over the mantel is a large framed photograph of Milnes costumed for the role of Macbeth. There are also dozens of Western prints—of cowboys, horses, cattle, and so on. "Very masculine," Milnes comments in showing them off. There are several watercolors by an aunt; a Persian print given to him by an uncle of Nancy's who is a telephone engineer and lived in Iran; a number of costume sketches for BBC productions of "Pagliacci" and "Otello;" a primitive painting from New Orleans; his great-grandmother's sampler, framed and under glass; an African sculpture of three generations of one family carved from a single ebony log; a copper mobile from Chile; framed clippings from newspapers; framed autograph letters from his great predecessor Giuseppe de



"And if I am elected President, I will be very happy."

Luca and from Puccini. The bathroom walls are decorated with amusing photographs of Milnes conducting and clowning as Tonio in "Pagliacci," and the hallway is lined with photographs of relatives. In the guest room, there are costume designs and a large placard from the Metropolitan announcing "Don Giovanni" with Milnes' name prominent in the cast. A copper treasure box from Chile stands nearby, as does a reproduction of a buff-pottery smiling head from the Remojadas culture of Veracruz, in Mexico. Perhaps the most valuable item in the place is a joined pair of alabaster elephants bought at Gump's, in San Francisco, when Milnes was there singing at the San Francisco Opera. There is also a huge bank of audio equipment, on which both records and tapes can be played, and which permits dubbing and other tricks. Milnes is very fond of tinkering with it.

Seated quietly, or relatively so, in the living room of the apartment, Milnes recently discussed his profession: "There has to be a certain amount of personal, inside satisfaction, a certain amount of ego involvement—'I love that note! *Pow!* Here it is! *Wham!*' Obviously, we give to others, and we enjoy it ourselves. If you sing a sad song and you make them cry, that's a satisfaction, too. But that can't be the only reason. There has to be an inside satisfaction." Milnes once told a reporter that belting out a high note was second only to sex as a sensual experience. "I take things from everybody. When James Levine [the Metropolitan's principal conductor] does something in the way of phrasing, I say to myself, 'Why didn't I think of that?' I studied Italian, and I know the language pretty well. I learned French from listening to Martial Singher, and German from coaching lieder with Erich Leinsdorf. I owe most of my acting technique to observing Norman Treigle. He was a really great guy. Norman had a bigger repertoire of gesture than any other singer I know of. To watch a colleague is a kind of learning. Ghiaurov, for example, is a giant performer. Whether you think he is the greatest is academic. He pours out the stuff. *Whoo!* And there's a fire, an intensity, about his personality—a projection that's out of sight. I've been in all sorts of proximity to him in lots of different operas. I got my applause as Valentin, but Valentin is a small part compared to Méphistophélès, which is four times as long. Ghiaurov turns on the audience every time he does Méphistophélès. You can take things from everybody you perform with. I think that if somebody's mind is swift and open from a musical point of view, he can take things everywhere. You spend a week with a certain conductor, you get ideas."

UNDER PRESSURE

Living without you is like living under
a jinx, life in a room filled with stale daisies,
or life under water, where air is merely
a harsh conception. Young women stroll into
light traffic on Teel Street; gawky bicycles
& beautiful riders in Victorian skirts
are equally invisible on an evening
like this one. It's much too dark to see them.
If I slide my right hand over the window
pane, my fingers tune in to the night chill
on the other side, suitable for winter
or for the pressure under a hundred feet
of water. When I breathe, I love the air;
but thinking of you, your absence, means
I never get enough. I wake up at night.
When I turn out the lights in my room & look out,
sometimes I make out, among the maples,
black, froggy-looking shapes that might be divers
half-connected to the surface by stringy
bubbles. In water, distance can deceive you.
The diver in my fantasy might turn out
to be real & hovering a bare five feet away.
He's filming our lives. The sound of cars, swimming
at us, turns suddenly, & bears off before
reaching us. It's a school of small, striped fish.
Isn't it silence that comes to my ears now?
An ugly dream, hammering on a pillow?
When I think about you, dreaming about me now
& sinking into a pillow in cold Vermont,
any noise is inhuman. Even the screams
in the street suggest that stars are leaking
desperate information: Why it is that our lives
interest the outside observers, the frogmen,
their whirring cameras, their tricks of lighting,
their hard interest in the mechanics of loss.

—ROBERT KAVEN

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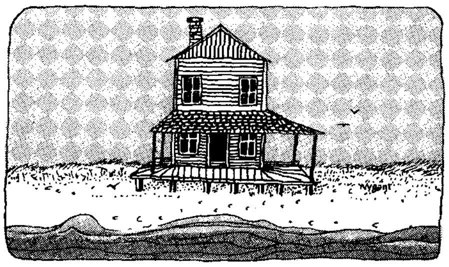
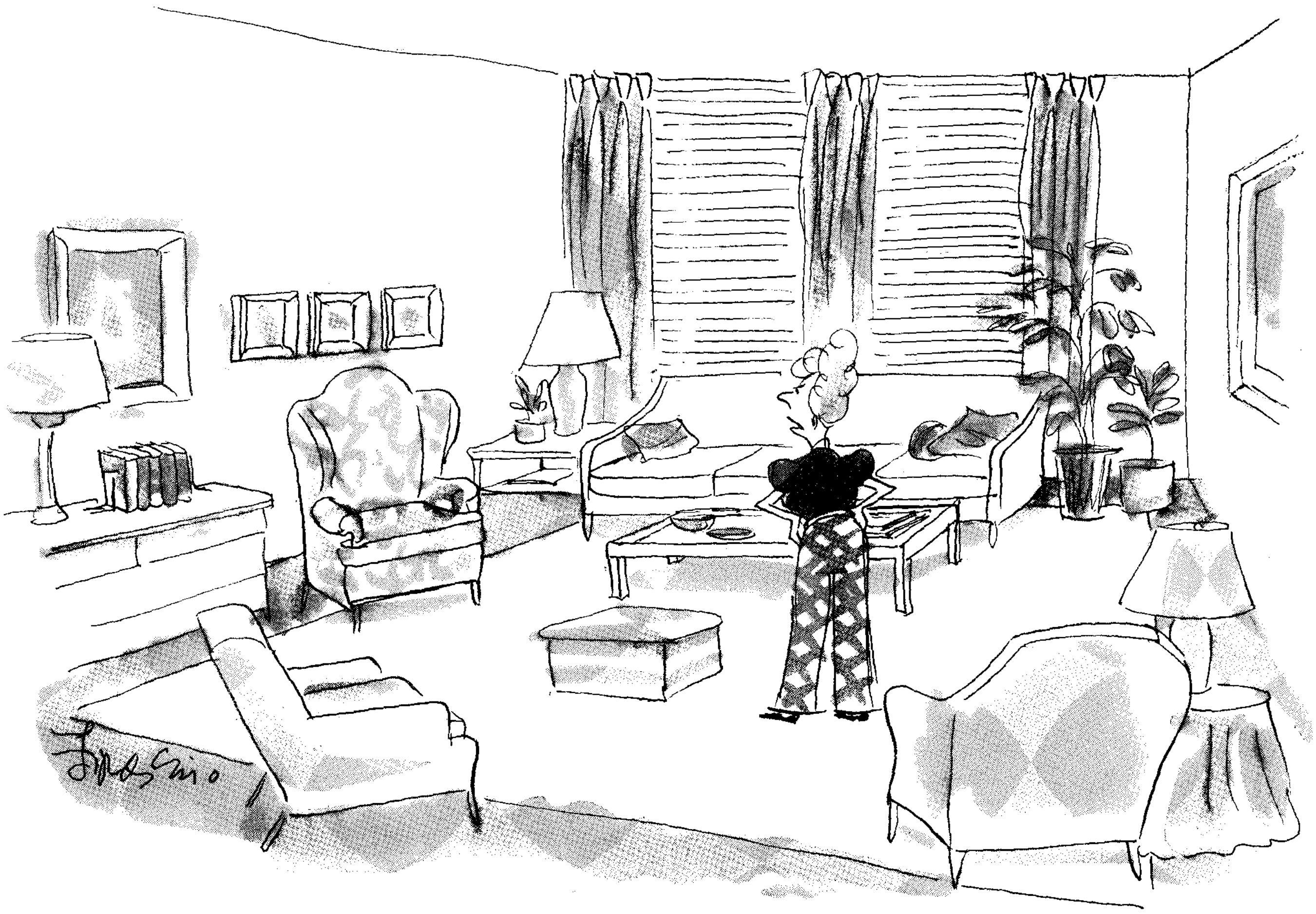
MILNES owes his career largely to his mother, an energetic woman and a fine musician, who not only worked on the farm but for thirty years led the choir in the Congregational Church in Downers Grove. He sang with the group as a boy soprano until he was seventeen, and as a baritone after that. The choir not only sang hymns but performed oratorios, such as Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Milnes has very positive ideas about how these works should be sung. "A mistake that oratorio singers make is to sing in a dry, sterile, square, confined manner. I do not believe that oratorios were meant to be sung that way. The 'Messiah' should be sung as if every part were a dramatic role. Oratorio has to be sung with conviction, as though you were a given character. The words must come out as though you had just thought of them. That's like opera."



Meanwhile, there was farm work to be done. "It would be dumb to say that I liked farm work," said Milnes. "But there are certain satisfactions in doing difficult things, like seeing a twenty-acre field of alfalfa with a growth like this"—he held his hands two feet apart—"and in about six days having it mowed, raked, baled, on the wagon, and in the barn. Whew! Now, that was a great satisfaction. In the first years, before we had much machinery, we were putting up by



"Raymond! Stop being evasive!"

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hand five or six thousand bales of hay per summer—just the three of us. That's a lot of pounds. Sometimes Mom helped, too. In the old days, we had to do the loose-hay thing with a fork. We did that for a few years. Then we got a gadget. It would go to the top of the barn, and there was a trigger mechanism—*ckkk!* It would go on a track, and another trigger mechanism would drop the hay. We got milking machines pretty early. Milking by hand is hard, but you can take your own time—take a break if you feel like it. With machines, you're running your tail off, because the udder gradually contracts, and if you're not there the machine will fall off. And when that machine is through, you've gotta hustle. We had twenty or thirty cows. We had the prize cow of Du Page County in 1948—Flora Rosalie. She was a registered Holstein, descended from the famous bull Johanna Rag Apple Pabst, who was owned by the Pabst brewing family. I called her Rosie. Du Page County is right next to Cook County—that's Chicago. I was a 4-H. That's 'Head, Heart, Hands, and Health.' I was also a member of the Future Farmers of America. It's a club to promote leadership, good use of the land, taking good care of animals, applying good farming methods."

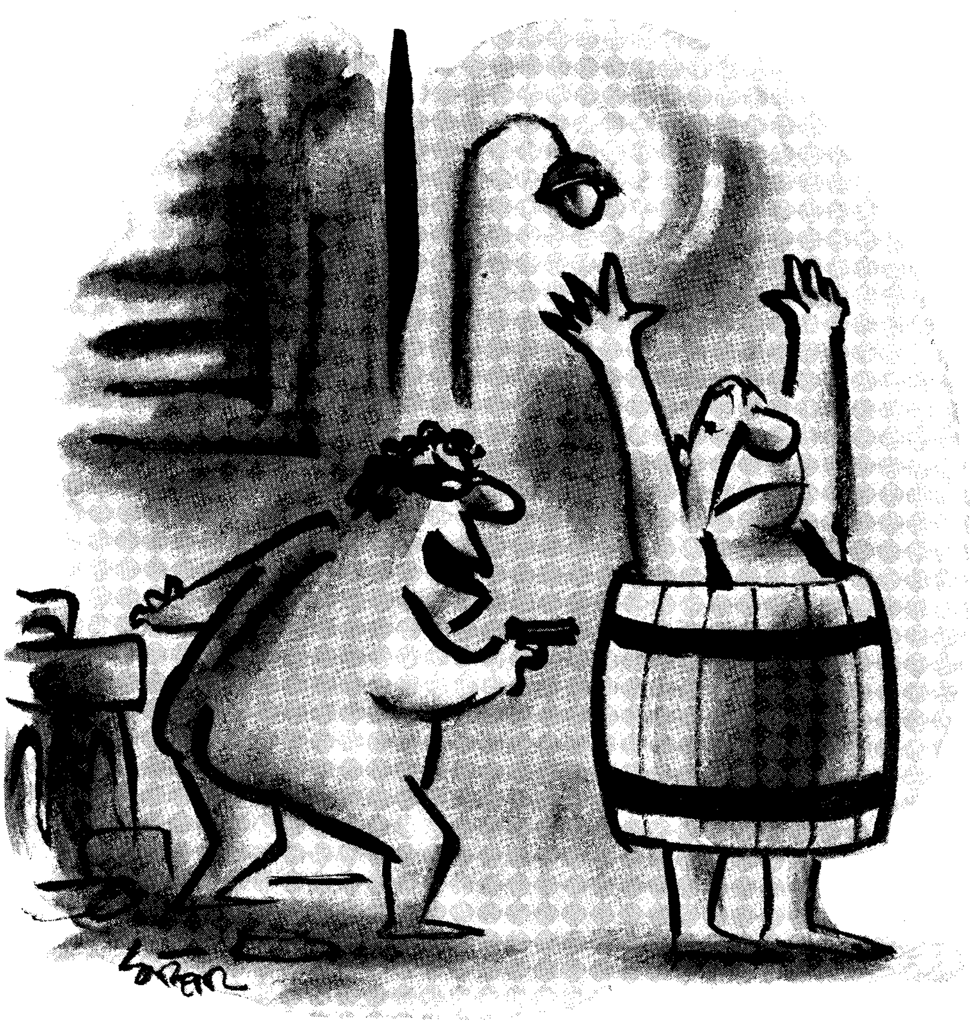
After graduating from the local high school, in 1952, Milnes went to North Central College, in nearby Naperville, planning to take a premedical course. After a year, he realized that he wanted to major in music. He switched to Drake University, in Des Moines, and began to study voice with Andrew White, who had been a student of Sidney Deitch at the same time as the great Metropolitan baritone Leonard Warren. Voice was not by any means the only thing that Milnes studied. There was also harmony, counterpoint, composition, and orchestration. He also took what are called "methods" courses in violin, piano, clarinet, viola, string bass, flute, horn, trumpet, tuba, bassoon, and trombone, and he can play all of them. During his student years, he played violin in the Des Moines Symphony. His ambition at the time was to become a public-school music instructor. "I heard all the big dads sing on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts," he recalls. "But it never occurred to me that one day I would be singing with them."

Milnes helped put himself through college by playing not only in the Des Moines Symphony but with a couple of dance bands. His instrument for this was the string bass, and, in addition, he was the vocalist. "We had dance jobs three or four times a week," he said. "There were times we were playing jobs a hundred miles from Des Moines. We might leave at three in the afternoon, play the job until one o'clock in the morning, get back at four or five, and I'd make an eight-o'clock class. I did that for only one semester. I couldn't cut it any longer. It was murder. But I made money. Music students have more things to buy—scores and things. I got a bachelor's and a master's in music at Drake, and for a while I gave private voice lessons at New Trier High School—a wonderful school in Winnetka that hired outside teachers. I had sixty pupils; that's a lot. Meanwhile, I was at Northwestern University doing postgraduate work in voice with Hermanus Baer, who has recently retired. I continue to work with both men. I suppose I was lucky in not ever getting a bad teacher. Both my teachers were right for me. Some people get a bad teacher and they're stalled—perhaps for life. I don't have a New York coach or teacher—that is, I don't have just one coach. I study with Otto Guth or with coaches at the Met. If there's a language problem, I go to one of them. There's a lot to get from those people, but usually I first study by myself. I do all the homework by myself. *Then* I go to one of the Met coaches."

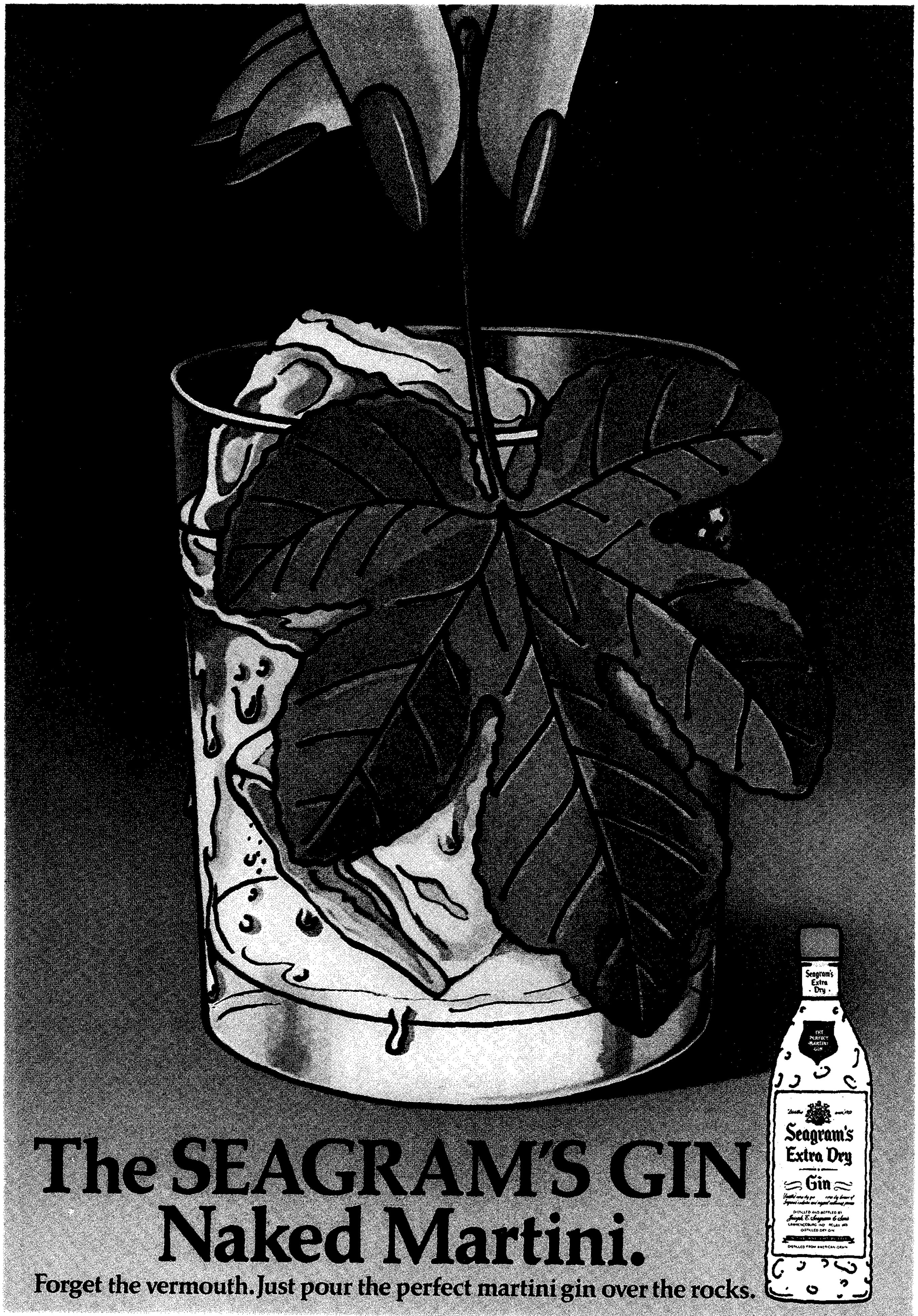
At Drake he had met Margaret Hillis, who was in the process of forming the Chicago Symphony Chorus at the request of Fritz Reiner, who was then the Chicago Symphony's conductor. Milnes auditioned for the Chorus, was accepted, and thus became virtually a part of that great orchestra. "I was knocked out by Margaret's personality and musicality. Singing under Fritz Reiner could only be a great thrill for an amateur singer, and I was an amateur. It was pre-career. She had all the techniques of a modern choral conductor. For example, 'staccato du.' It was the first time I had encountered it. To make sure you know the notes, you sing them 'du-du-du'—each note very short. Also speaking the words to rhythm—in a monotone, with the rhythm of the music but without the melody. She was the first choral conductor I'd ever known who molded the sound of the chorus, making it change color, and so on. She had everybody sing the soprano part where there was a melody, and the same with the bass and other parts. She opened up a whole new world of musical ideas and rehearsal ideas. Two-four rhythm is not the same as six-four or six-eight. Three and six have to be *on time* in six-four and six-eight. In the fugue of the Beethoven Ninth, for example—which I recently did with Ozawa—it has to be '*pah*, pah *pah*, pah *pah*, pah *pah*.' I'd never heard of that before I joined the Hillis group. Or that G sharp is higher than A flat. The leading tone has to be high. This was what I was learning from Margaret Hillis, besides hearing all the big dads who came in as soloists. I was learning all the symphonic literature. I was learning by osmosis. I'm on the recording of Reiner's Beethoven Ninth in the chorus, and I'm on Leinsdorf's as a soloist. We did 'Alexander Nevsky' with Reiner, too. That was the first time I'd heard of the *Luftpause:* 'takatakatakatakataka tup tup'—hold—'pah!' " (The "takataka," he explained, was a remnant of the brass tonguing he had studied on the trumpet and trombone.) "I was hearing phrases thrown at me for the first time, and it was opening up a whole new world. Reiner was never a great choral conductor in the signal sense. He would forget a cutoff. We might be doing a big thing, and he would be involved with the violas or somewhere else. He was concerned with the overall musical feeling, and Margaret knew this, so she trained the chorus. We knew exactly where the cutoff was. Vocal problems are very different from orchestral problems. But we were in awe of Reiner. He was one of the last 'fear' conductors; I suppose Szell was another. The orchestra played for *him*. Whew! Sidney Harth was concertmaster under Reiner, and Frank Miller was the first cellist. At his last concert, Reiner was seated and tired, but the juices started to flow during the last movement of the Ninth. Performing in the chorus that day was one of the most exciting experiences of my life."

All this lasted from 1958 to 1963, and Milnes was singing for radio and TV commercials on the side—for Falstaff, Schlitz, and other beers, for Kellogg's Cornflakes, for Marlboro cigarettes. " 'When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer,' " he sang expertly the other day. "I'd go from a jingle in the afternoon to a chorus rehearsal at night. Farm-machinery commercials demanded a heavier, more masculine sound. Once in a while these commercials were solo, but most of them were four guys. I even did a few commercials after I got into the Met, just for a lark. I made a bundle out of commercials. I paid for a lot of my musical education that way. If they use the commercial, you can make a lot of money. Obviously, not the kind of money I make nowadays, but five hundred, seven hundred, a thousand dollars—that was about the top of the world ten years ago. I don't look with any condescension on that kind of work even now. I've taught kids at Tanglewood, and I remember all the steps. You can get trapped in a chorus, but I know this—in a symphony chorus, hearing all the big people, I learned a lot. I couldn't *buy* that experience. I couldn't get it by studying with anybody."

Meanwhile, Milnes was giving recitals before women's clubs in Chicago. He has always been very con-



"O.K., Jack. I'll take that barrel."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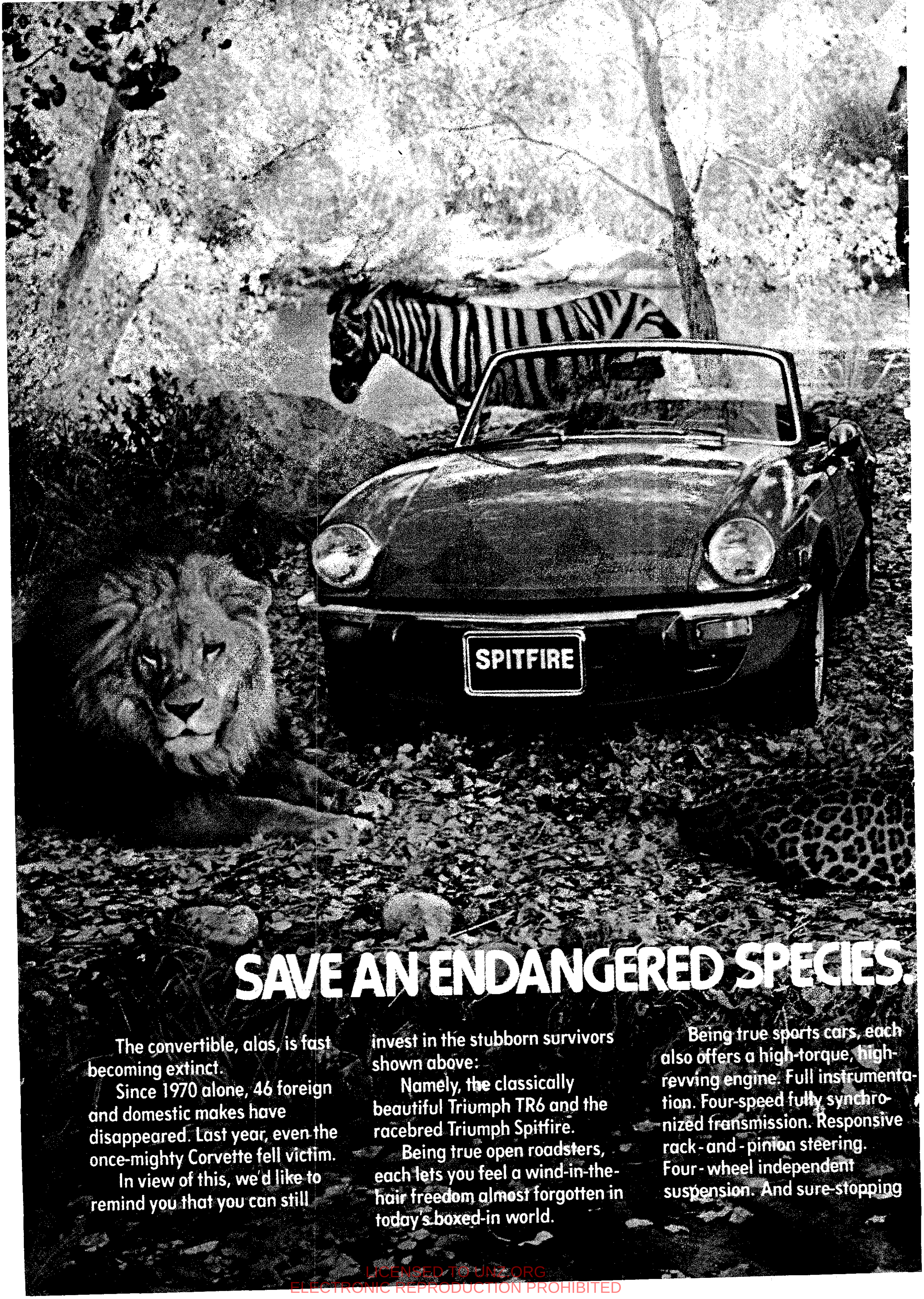

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on the Cagninas' second visit to Bermuda.

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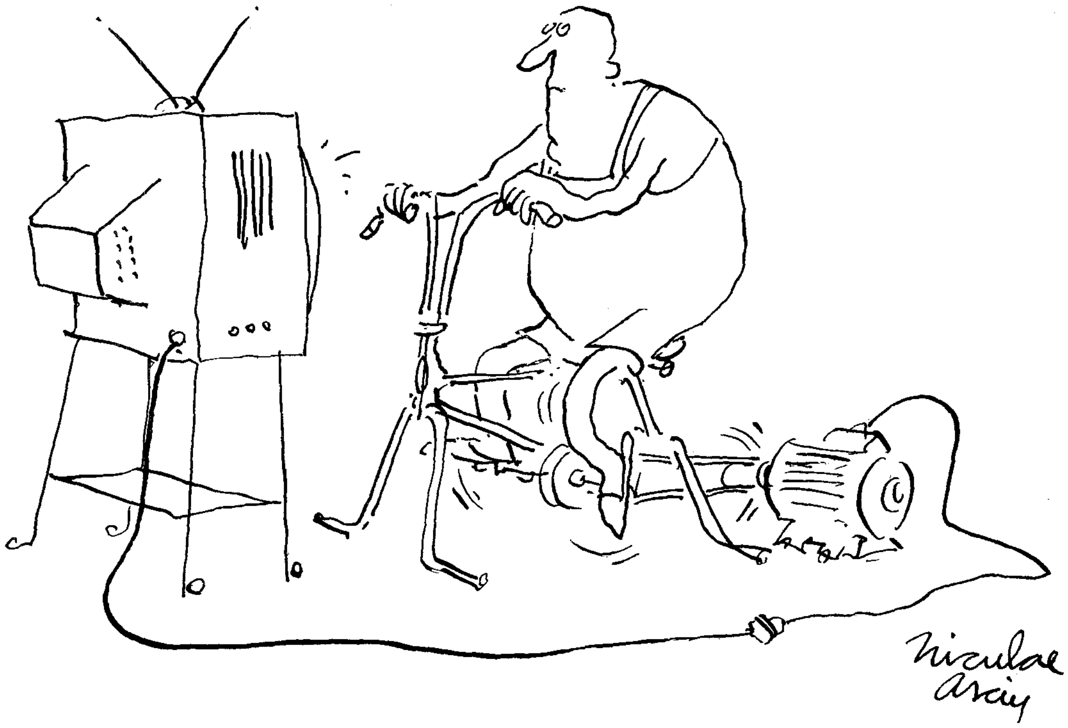
scious of the behavior and dress of his audiences. "It shocks me to see young people come to the opera in Levi's," he remarked. "I would never have gone to school in Levi's. They were for work—shovelling manure, and so forth. I always cleaned up before school. And audiences are sometimes very badly behaved. I once sang a recital in Chicago, and a woman in the first row got up during a number and made her way out of the hall. I was flabbergasted. Then she came back—*clunk clunk clunk!* I stopped singing. My accompanist didn't know what to do, so he played the overture to 'William Tell'—'tiddy-um tiddy-um tiddy-um tum tum'—until she was seated again. People will do such things when they think you aren't important—not that you *aren't* important, just that they *think* you aren't."

IN the summer of 1959, Milnes was taken by Margaret Hillis to the Santa Fe Opera, where she was in charge of the chorus, and he sang a small part in "Madame Butterfly," while attending all the classes in body movement and acting that the place afforded. Then he auditioned for Boris Goldovsky, of the Goldovsky Opera Theatre, based in Boston and New York, and was engaged; he stayed with the company for five years. From the fall of 1960 to the spring of 1965, he toured from coast to coast in a variety of roles—ranging from Don Giovanni to the Elder Germont, in "La Traviata." The importance of Goldovsky in the scheme of opera in America is something that is not well known among urban operagoers. But this gentlemanly Russian has given scores of young American opera singers their first experience, training them in stage deportment, languages, and a hundred other things. The Goldovsky Opera tours regularly with fully professional productions, bringing opera to towns that otherwise wouldn't know anything about it. "Boris taught me a sort of stage savvy that you can get from almost no one else: how to sing to your partner and still sing to the audience; how to sit, stand, turn, back away; how to spray an audience with a high note; how to walk light and how to walk heavy, as in 'La Traviata,' with tired muscles. Boris is now about sixty-seven, but he's very energetic. He's a tremendous piano player, and he operates on the 'love' thing rather than on the 'fear' thing. He also has something called 'subtext.' He would give you a verbal phrase to recite to yourself that would measure off the rests before a given entrance. I didn't need it as much as some of the others, because I had studied instruments. Singers don't count measures—especially Italian singers. Boris had 'movement' things, too. It's true that if you use ordinary stage techniques you have to watch the conductor. But both you and the conductor can get your cues from other singers. They can slap you on the back on the first beat of a bar. Body English goes on. That kind of thing came from my five years with Boris. I also learned how to fall. It's a physical trick Boris taught me. Part of it is turning so that you hit the side of the leg. And you cross your legs. It's a mechanical thing, but without mechanics you can't make it look spontaneous. I used to do a fall off into space in 'Macbeth' from about four feet above the stage. I would walk right off into air. I would just do a tumble. People often thought I'd killed myself. I can't even tell you now how I did it, because I've done it so often, automatically, that I can't analyze the mechanics of it anymore. Those are things that turn audiences on. They think they're watching theatre, which they are, and that's what opera must have more and more of."

While Milnes was in his first year with Goldovsky, he auditioned for Rosa Ponselle's Baltimore Opera, and she put him in the role of Charles Gérard, in "Andrea Chénier." This was in April of 1961, and he regards his appearance in that role as his full-scale professional début. A year later, he returned to Baltimore to sing Escamillo, in "Carmen." Meanwhile, he was singing in various companies around the country. He finally did an audition for the New York City Opera, and on October 18, 1964, he made his New York début with the company, at the City Center, as Valentin, in "Faust." There he met Norman Treigle, who was doing the role of Méphistophélès in the same production. After Valentin's aria "Avant de quitter," the conductor cut off the applause and went right on. This infuriated Treigle. "He chewed that conductor out," Milnes remembers. "I wasn't hip enough to know that, particularly since I was making my début, the conductor shouldn't have done it. But Norman was furious. He knew what I didn't know. Afterward, I found that the conductor was a real tyrant."

One of Milnes' outstanding faculties is an ability to learn by observing others, and he observed Treigle's gestures intently. "We *have* to gesture, but the gesture has to go with the musical energy," Milnes explains. "Norman could relax his hands until a gesture was needed, and when he was finished he would relax again. When you're onstage, relaxed is not normal. Relaxed is abnormal. Relaxed is control. That's why you have to learn it. Norman had a great way of moving. You have to lead with the foot that is in the direction you are moving in. Norman's body movement created the musical



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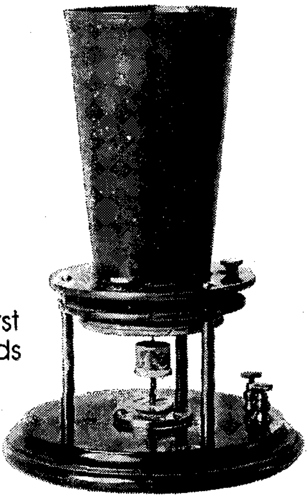
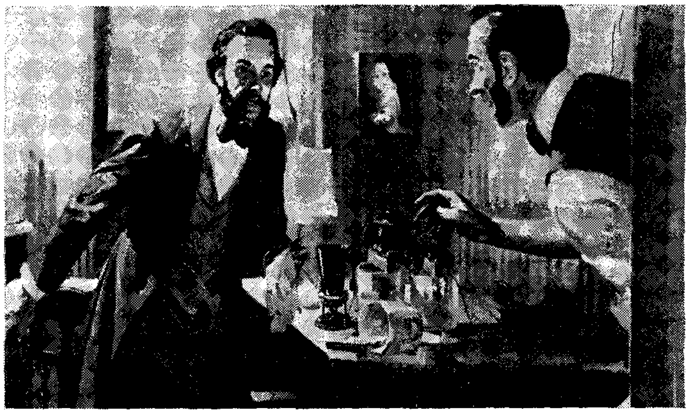


The Liquid Phone—first telephone to carry the words of Alexander Graham Bell.

March 10, 1876: "Mr. Watson, come here–I want to see you!"



In the years since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, it has progressed from a curiosity piece to an instrument people everywhere depend upon for their daily existence.

Here are some of the things that have made that progress possible.

February 6, 1882: Western Electric wins competition to manufacture phones for Bell.

In Boston, Anson Stager, Enos Barton, and Charles Scribner of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company met with Alexander Graham Bell to demonstrate a telephone they had built to Bell's specifications. Its quality was superior and convinced Bell to award Western Electric the contract to manufacture it.

Western Electric became a partner in the growing Bell System. And today it still performs the same vital task it began 94 years ago: building the highest quality telephones, switchboards and connecting equipment at a reasonable cost.

June 17, 1914: Transcontinental telephone line is completed.

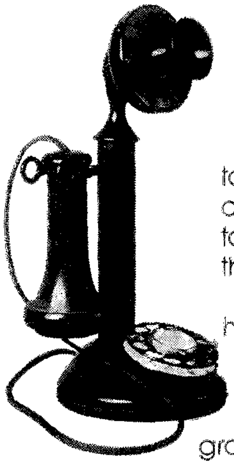
Nevada - Utah
STATE LINE

To a group of men near the town of Wendover on the Utah-Nevada border, it had been a grueling five-year project. They had installed 130,000 telephone poles, strung 13,600 miles of wire. They had endured summer days of 130° and weathered snowfalls so blinding even their pack animals were forced to wear dark glasses. It was an enormous task. But linking both coasts by telephone had been worth it.

When service began in January, 1915, a call from New York to San Francisco took 23 minutes to go through. The cost was $20.70. Today, a coast-to-coast call can be made in seconds for under a quarter.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the telephone, the Bell System Family Theatre

TELEPHONE YEARS OLD.



November 8, 1919: Dial service begins.

In Norfolk, Virginia, Bell customers could do something they couldn't do before. They were able to pick up a telephone and dial their own calls.

In the past, operators had to connect each call by hand. But the operators, mostly young boys at first and then women, couldn't keep up with the growing number of calls.

Beginning in 1919, machines made dial service possible. With it, the telephone as we know it today was born.

April 7, 1927: First television transmission.

In New York, a handful of people were given a glimpse of the future. It was called television.

In this first demonstration in America, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke from Washington, D.C. The picture was carried over telephone lines by a system developed at Bell Laboratories. It was only an experiment. And, at the time, few people realized just how successful it would turn out to be.

The Bell System is still deeply involved in television. In fact, the network shows you now enjoy come to you in much the same way as the first one in 1927—through the Bell System network.

December 10, 1956: The inventors of the transistor receive the Nobel Prize.

The men who were awarded the prize, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain of Bell Labs, had invented the transistor in 1947 to help improve telephone equipment.

In a thousand different ways, from push-button phones to satellite communications, it has done just that. But at the same time, it also helped make a whole new world of technology possible. In computers, modern radio and television, even man's conquest of space, the transistor has played a major role.

All of which raises an interesting question: what might the phone company think of next?

The Second Hundred Years.

To Alexander Graham Bell, the present was never quite good enough. It could always be improved upon.

At the Bell System we believe the same thing. We take great pride in the accomplishments of yesterday and today, but we're continually at work on the future. For example, even now we're starting Electronic Long Distance Switching—a computerized way to make long distance calling faster and more efficient than ever before. Further in the future, we'll have Lightwave Communications, a system that will carry phone calls on a beam of light.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone to help people communicate better. Our goal is to keep improving on his dream.

We're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

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Friday, March 26, 8:30pm EST, NBC-TV

movement—that is, he moved just ahead of the music, so that it looked as though his body movement were creating the musical movement. His Hoffmann, whew! Talk about scary! Wow! He was an incredible guy. His eyes—intense."

In his approach to acting on the operatic stage, Milnes says, he is very literal-minded. "Basically, I'm a mechanic," he remarked the other day. "Don't tell me 'Think happy.' Tell me 'Smile.' Don't tell me 'Feel as though you were walking through a meadow on a summer day,' which is the sort of thing some directors do. Tell me 'Walk lighter.'

"When I first saw Norman, I looked at his hands. I thought they looked great. I thought, I'm going to do that. I practiced before a mirror until I got it right. You can learn a lot from colleagues if you watch. You can also learn what not to do. The whole stage-deportment thing. That's what I concentrate on when I am teaching a master class. It's better to step back before you turn, for example. You see singers gesture with the palm flat and the fingers spread, and they lose effect, because the energy leaks through the *open fingers*. The fingers should be slightly bent, especially the little finger. I learned all this from Boris Goldovsky; all that stuff started with Boris. But to watch a colleague like Norman do it was another kind of learning, another connection. I sang for one season with the New York City Opera—all kinds of roles, from Escamillo to the lead in Menotti's 'The Consul.' I was still singing with Boris, too. Then, in the spring of 1965, I heard that Rudolf Bing wanted to see me. I was in Phoenix, Arizona, with Boris when the message came. The Met was going on tour. They had called Joe Lippman, who helped to keep track of me at the Barrett Management, in New York, and Joe said, 'Milnes is out of town, on the road. Where will the Met be on May 4th?' They said 'Atlanta.' 'Fox Theatre, isn't it?' said Joe. 'Yes.' The upshot was that I flew to Atlanta and sang in front of a 'Samson and Delilah' set at one o'clock in the afternoon. I was scared to death. I didn't want anyone to know I was in Atlanta, in case nothing came of it. My heart was going at about a hundred and twenty beats a minute. I sang 'Avant de quitter.' Mr. Bing and various assistants—George Schick, Bob Herman, and John Gutman—were there. Mr. Bing said, 'We liked what we heard. Let's talk.' They wanted me to do Masetto, in 'Don Giovanni,' but I was fed up with Masetto. I had done a hundred and fifty Masettos with Boris. So I refused. They still signed me up for fourteen weeks, and I did my Met début—as Valentin, as usual—on December 22nd in the old house.

"For three and a half seasons, I was singing at both the New York City Opera and the Metropolitan. The Met had signed me up for five performances—two 'Faust's, two 'Pique Dame's, and one 'Aida'—and I was supposed to cover everybody else. As it happened, many singers got sick that season, and I ended up doing eighteen performances in seven operas instead of five performances in three operas. I learned the part of Jack Rance, in 'La Fanciulla,' in a month, and I did four performances of that. I had to do a performance of Gérard, in 'Andrea Chénier.' I knew that from Baltimore, where I had done it, but this time was with Tebaldi and Bergonzi. They were the biggest in the industry, and here I was, a green kid. The Met also asked me to do Don Fernando, in 'Fidelio,' along with Birgit Nilsson, and with Karl Böhm conducting. Don Fernando is a small part. I wouldn't touch it today. But I thought I could only learn by performing with these people. Then, in February, 1966, Mr. Bing asked if I could learn Renato, in 'Ballo,' in five weeks. I had no idea what it involved. They told me to take a few days and think about it. I just wanted to see how much music there was to learn. I asked Goldovsky what I should do—he knew my learning speed. I read through the role with George Schick. At the same time, I was appearing at the City Center in 'The Consul' and was singing Giacomo, in 'Giovanna d'Arco,' with the American Opera Society in New York. The upshot was I decided I *could* do it, and I had two hours of coaching every day, with earphones on my head the rest of the time. I had a little two-room thing at the Great Northern Hotel—which, incidentally, was neither great nor northern. I guess it was then that the Met management saw where I was going to fit into their singer structure. I had done Valentin. Valentin can be a top-line role for a secondary singer or a bottom-line role for a first-line singer—I mean in terms of physical and vocal responsibility. And they had no way of knowing whether I was going to be a first-line or a second-line singer. I think that 'Ballo' locked my position in their minds—that here's a guy who can go into the hole that Warren

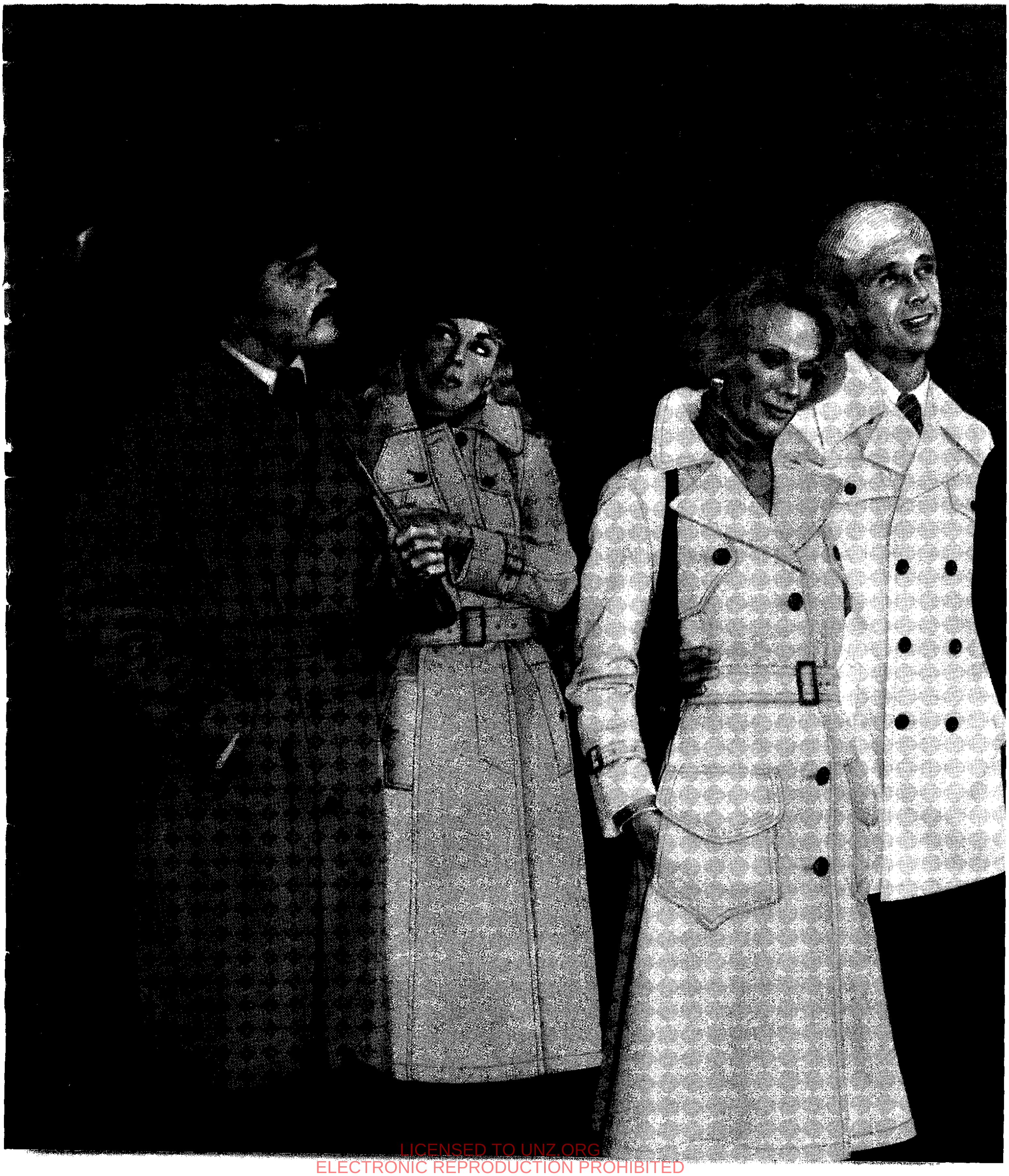
"Your fresh orange juice, is it canned or frozen?"

What
in the
world is
holding up
this line
so long.

He must
be a Virgo.
Virgos are
always
so pensive.

Another
dumb
movie. But—
oh, well—
he wanted
to go.

Another
dumb
movie, but—
oh, well—
she wanted
to go.



—and the merger talks are on Monday. Hm. And then there's the conference next week—

Well, at least this will get his mind off business for a while.

For three bucks, there better be a cartoon, too.

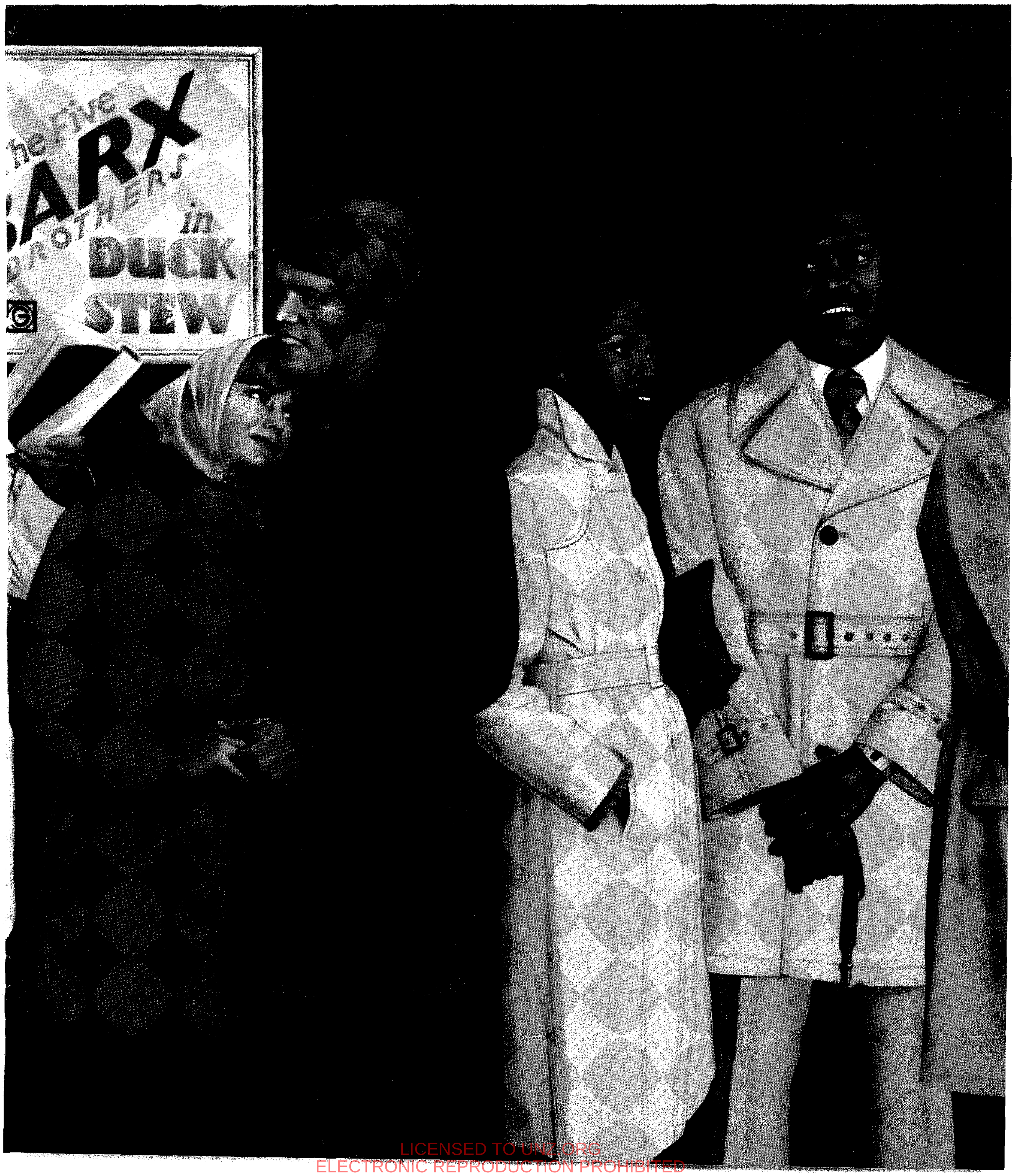
"Slowly, Cynthia turned to the tall silent harbor master, but his icy, blue eyes looked beyond her."

I know
he's getting
serious
about us.
I just
know.

She
doesn't
know it-
but
I think
I'm in love.

It's the first
time we've left
the baby.
Wonder if
I should call
the sitter.

She'll
probably
think I'm
silly, but
I'd like to
check with
the sitter.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ARX
ROTHERS
in
DUCK
STEW

I may
have to
make
someone
a
personal
loan.

Maybe
we could
treat
for their
popcorn.

Thirty-one,
thirty-two,
thirty-three—
sure hope I
didn't lose
that quarter.

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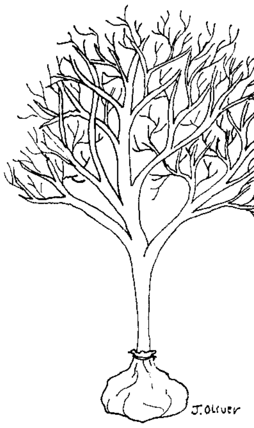
left when he died, in 1960. I felt happy that I was able to sing one season in the old house.”

The most difficult assignment he had that first season was Amonasro, in “Aida.” “I knew that all the big dads had done Amonasro. It was one of the big Verdi parts. Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, and Jerome Hines were in the cast—giants—and I’d been at the Met only four weeks. My knees were shaking. I said to them, ‘Stop shaking!’ I depended on what I had learned from Boris, and I got through the part without breaking down. The following year, I did not have so much to do at the Met. I made a recording of ‘La Traviata’ in Rome, and while I was on my way to a recording session I had an accident on a motor scooter. One tire went flat, and Nancy and I (she was singing Anina in the recording) skidded clear across the street lying down. There was meat chopped out of us. It was about as serious an accident as you could have without breaking any bones. After that, I went to recording sessions with a coat on, to cover my wounds.”

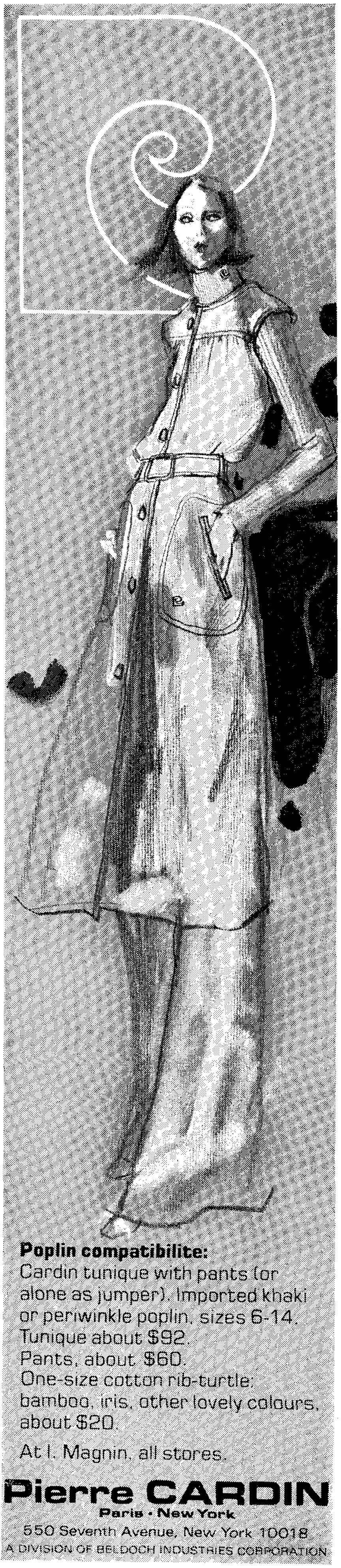
MILNES’ first really big season at the Met was the winter of 1967-68. He sang the role of Miller in Verdi’s “Luisa Miller.” This was a big role, and the audience reaction was tremendously enthusiastic. “Tony Randall, the movie and television actor, came backstage to congratulate me,” Milnes frequently recalls. He seems to think of the event as a collision of two comets—the great movie actor and the great baritone. But Randall remembers things differently. He says that he first met Milnes while doing the liner notes for one of his early recordings. In any event, the two became great friends. Randall is a lifetime voice fan, a baritone himself, and a dedicated opera buff.



In December of 1969, Milnes’ mother died, and he conducted the Downers Grove Oratorio Society, which she had founded, in a performance of “Elijah” in her memory. That same year, he had done his first “Il Trovatore” at the Metropolitan, and had married Nancy Stokes. On April 18, 1970, he made his début at the Vienna State Opera, in “Macbeth,” with Christa Ludwig, and with Karl Böhm conducting. As he remembers it, “Böhm thought, I’m going to do a new ‘Macbeth’ in Vienna with the American kid, and the Viennese thought, Who is this guy Böhm is bringing over? I did the original version. They were waiting to see what would happen. There’s an advantage in going in without a reputation. Then, if you hit them, it’s overwhelming. And if you go with a reputation, sometimes your singing is not quite up to your reputation. Otto Schenk, a terrific director, worked with me. I took the A flat at the end of the aria, and they fell out—thirty minutes of applause! That made me a European celebrity. It led to engagements all over Germany and Austria.”

From then on, Milnes was at the top of his profession. The late Goeran Gentele, who was engaged to take over as general manager of the Metropolitan in the fall of 1972, but had only planned his first season when he was killed in an auto accident that summer, had taken a look at Milnes’ athletic figure and suggested that he do the role of Don Giovanni the following season. At the time, Milnes did not think he was up to it. “There was a new ‘Vespri Siciliani,’ and I didn’t think I could learn two new big roles in a three-month period. Also, I didn’t think I was ready for it,” he says.

“Don Giovanni” is a challenge for any singer. It is a curious opera. Mozart himself referred to it as a *dramma giocoso* (humorous drama), but is it a comedy or a tragedy? It begins with a murder and ends with Don Giovanni being hurled into Hell, yet there is an Anglo-French-Italian tradition that it is a comedy, though it is difficult to see how the hero’s seduction of a great many women justifies his being thrown into Hell at the end, and if the opera is looked at in this way, it seems a quaint miracle play about sin and retribution, in a somewhat medieval vein. The Germans and Austrians, influenced by E. T. A. Hoffmann and the gloomy Danish theologian Søren Kierkegaard, look at “Don Giovanni” differently. To them, Don Giovanni is a mythical figure—an embodiment of the *élan vital*, a personage who represents the untamed, growing force of nature in opposition to God and the conventions of civilized life. That he seduces a lot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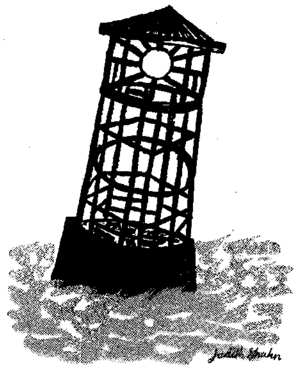
of women is almost irrelevant to this conception. He is the ultimate hedonist. He commits murder in pursuit of pleasure. He is a much larger force than the little human beings who surround him, and it takes a supernatural being, in the form of a walking statue, to kill him and send him to Hell. He is not so much a character as an archetype or personification of heedless evil, and the performance of the opera in which he appears is not so much an operatic performance as a rite. This view takes care of the inconsistencies of the libretto, and it is the one that has traditionally guided the performances of the opera at the Metropolitan. To do a Don Giovanni of this stature requires the singer to have enormous poise as an actor as well as the handsome physical attributes that Pinza, Cesare Siepi, and Milnes, successive Metropolitan Don Giovannis, have possessed.

"Later on," Milnes recalls, "Gentele mentioned the idea again, saying that Böhm would conduct and Günther Rennert would do the staging. Now, Böhm is a *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval if anybody is, and with a man like Rennert to help me with the characterization, how could I go wrong? Then Gentele was killed, so the new production was shelved, and the next suggestion came from Schuyler Chapin, Gentele's successor. 'We would hope that you would do it in the old production,' he said. He made a plea for a spirit of coöperation."



Here it must be explained that there is a vast difference between a new production, in which new scenery is used, an enormous amount of rehearsing takes place, and a famous stage director is in charge of the proceedings, and an old production, which uses a largely familiar cast, is rehearsed a few times in various rooms, and then has one stage rehearsal with piano, another with orchestra, and a final dress rehearsal, all under the direction of an assistant stage director, who merely "blocks" the staging according to a notebook left by the original director. Fitting oneself into an old production is not easy. "The rest of the cast had done it before, but I was new to the part," Milnes said recently. "I had done about six performances as Don Giovanni with Goldovsky in English. But 'Don Giovanni' in Italian is almost a whole 'nother opera. The flavor is different. The Italian recitative—you don't fool around with it. You've got to *know* it—like sleep with it. It's got to be automatic. I spent almost a year working on it. I knew the music. That was something. But the big problem was no new production, no big rehearsal time, no big outside director to help me with the right direction. We had a house man for director and had to do it by the book. I was sticking my neck out anyway. Don Giovanni had never been sung by a Verdi baritone. At the time Schuyler Chapin spoke to me, all the reasons I had had for doing it were wiped out. I was in San Francisco, making my début as Rigoletto. Schuyler and his wife came out, and I had a long breakfast with them. I said that the only reason I was talking about it was for a spirit of coöperation, but I had to protect myself. Whom could I work with? Somebody on the outside?"

At this point, Mrs. Chapin came up with a brilliant solution. George London, the great bass-baritone, had sung many Don Giovannis, some of them at the Vienna Opera, where the Austro-German tradition was followed. London was no longer in an active singing career, but he lived in Washington, where he was executive director of the National Opera Institute. Why not go to him for coaching?

"We kicked it around," Milnes continued. "London had been a great Don Giovanni. He's a terrific stage director, and a savvy guy—an intellectual. I thought, If I can work with London, spend time with him outside the Met, I would have something going for me. I went to Washington, spent some time in London's home. He came to the piano dress and the dress rehearsal, made notes, and so on. I've said I'm a mechanic. London knew exactly how to treat me. He told me what to do. I got into the more philosophical things later on, when I got more set. He gave me vocal ideas. He hit the nail on the head on every count, and we communicated beautifully. He gave me character ideas. He gave me tricks—how to hold this, how to pause. The recitatives in 'Don Giovanni' are special kinds of recitatives. This guy has got to be sexy at every turn, or if he isn't sexy it's because he's decided to do it another way. George had it all down. You've got to caress words. A

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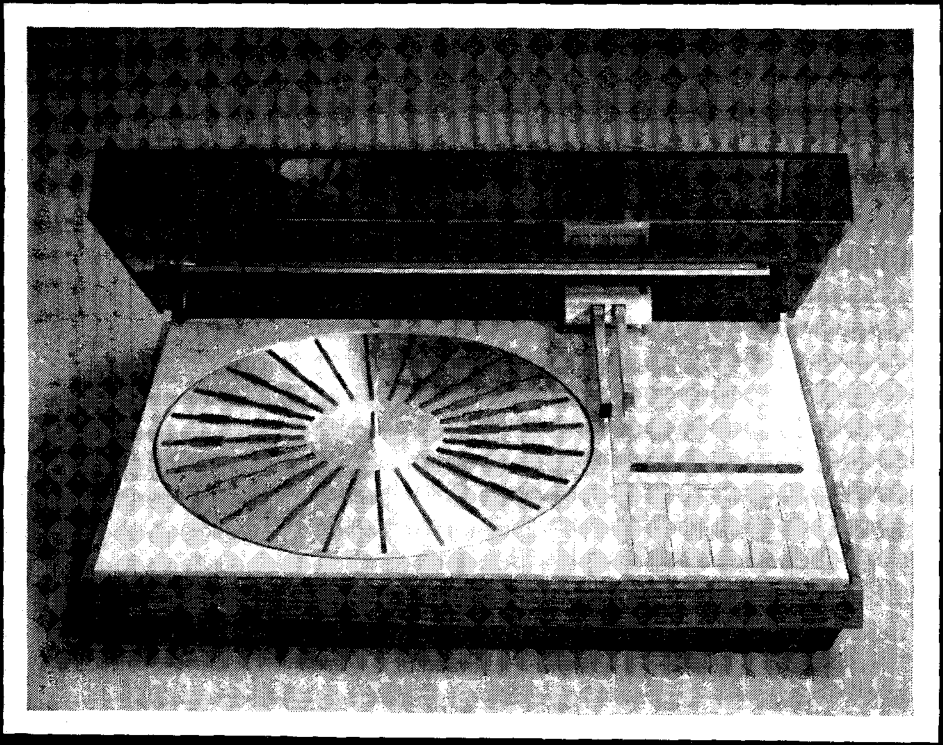

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lot of what I did came direct from George. It's a flair part, a physical part, a body part. It's one of those eighteenth-century bass-clef parts. You have to sing the words so that there's a suavity. It's a funny part. Don Giovanni doesn't have the set pieces that the other singers do—only the serenade and the champagne aria. But he works continually. Tony Randall came to rehearsals. He said, 'There were three women—mother, sister, wife—that Don Giovanni would kill for. All other women were whores.' Don Giovanni is bigger than a person. A peasant he would kill without a thought. The reason he comes to his end is that he has killed a man of his own station, and an old man at that. Even though he is forced into it. In fact, this is why he never thrusts, only parries in the duel scene. (I got that from Siepi.) 'Old man, I don't want to fight you.' (London also talked about that.) I had watched Siepi several times. The little guy wants to fight. The big guy says, 'No, I don't want to.' The little guy keeps pressing him, and finally—*bwagg!* It's almost an accident that he gets killed. 'Why did I have to do this? Somebody pushed me into it.' It's the first time he has broken his own aristocratic code. He lives by a code, even though it's immoral. His code says, 'Never attack a Commendatore.' Then he *thinks, I hope he doesn't die.* He feels very bad. Finally, he says to Leporello, 'Why do you keep bugging me?' "

THE "Don Giovanni" performance turned out to be the peak of Milnes' career so far. At forty, he is in the finest vocal condition he can ever expect to attain. His physical condition, maintained by daily calisthenics, huge doses of Vitamin C, and a certain amount of dieting, is extraordinary in its vitality, but, like that of all opera singers, it is vulnerable. "I've sung in every conceivable state of ill health," he remarked recently. "With Boris, you couldn't cancel if you could crawl. Not because he made you do it. It was a kind of pride thing. You can often sing over, or around, a cold, but if it gets to the throat and the cords get swollen, that's a real problem. I've sung with swollen cords, but it's dangerous. The older I get, the less I fool around with a bad throat. I suppose what it relates to is you've got enough success and prestige behind you, and you cancel one and it doesn't hurt you. In the younger part of your career, you think if you don't come through you may never get that job again, and so you sing. And the whole farm thing, you know—'I'm sorry you've got the flu, but the milking has got to be done.' Or 'The hay can't be rained on.' You weren't even being a martyr. Things had to be done. That's the way farms are everywhere. I suppose I have a little of that in singing."

Meanwhile, the farm at Downers Grove has ceased to exist as a farm. Milnes explains, "As my father got older, the situation of the small dairy farm deteriorated, in that dairies wanted to deal with bigger combines. Things got extremely tough for the small farmer, and my family went out of the dairy business. We started a riding stable. At one point, we had forty horses. We also had hayrides and barn dances. That was big money; it was the first time in my father's life that he'd made any money to speak of. My father had always been interested in the Y.M.C.A. He always supported it, along with the church. In 1965 and 1966, the value of our land had risen enormously—also taxes, hah! Downers Grove had never been completely a farm community—there were only three farms there when I was a kid—and now it has become just a suburb of Chicago, with about thirty-five thousand people. There was no Y.M.C.A. there or in any of the surrounding towns. They started a fund drive and consulted my father. A plan was developed whereby he gave them most of the farm in return for a lifetime income. The Y.M.C.A. of Chicago could sell the land, which it did, and it then contributed the amount to the local Y.M.C.A. Actually, it worked out that my family contributed more than half the building fund of the Downers Grove Y.M.C.A. The building has been dedicated to my parents. There is a Sherrill Milnes Room—the people out there wanted a room named after me—which is a community center for drama, recitals, and so forth. I have given benefit recitals there. My mother saw the building almost completed before she died. The building stands in a park that is called the Charles K. Roe Park, after my grandfather. There's a big piece of granite there with a plaque on it in his honor."

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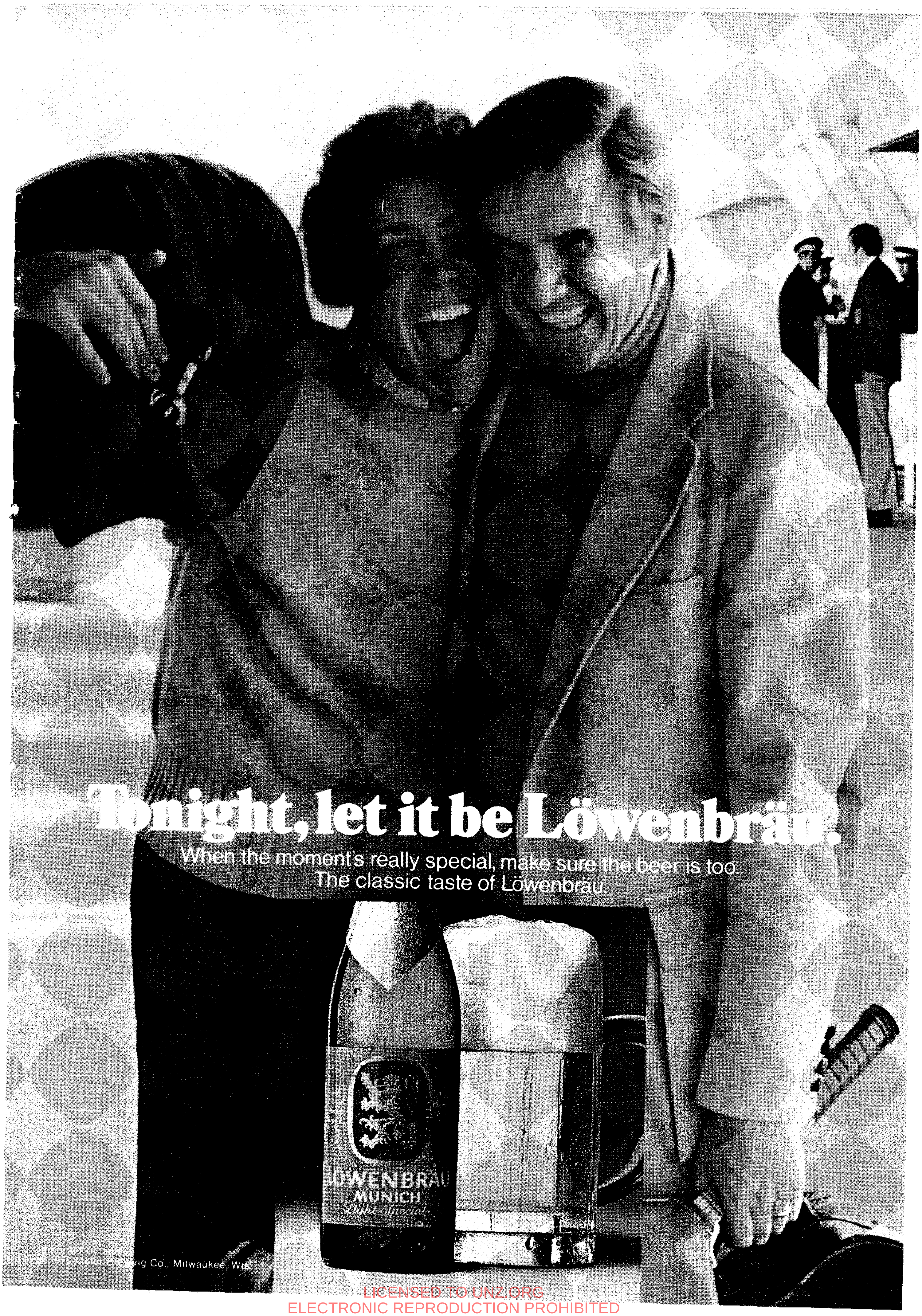
Milnes sums up his religious feeling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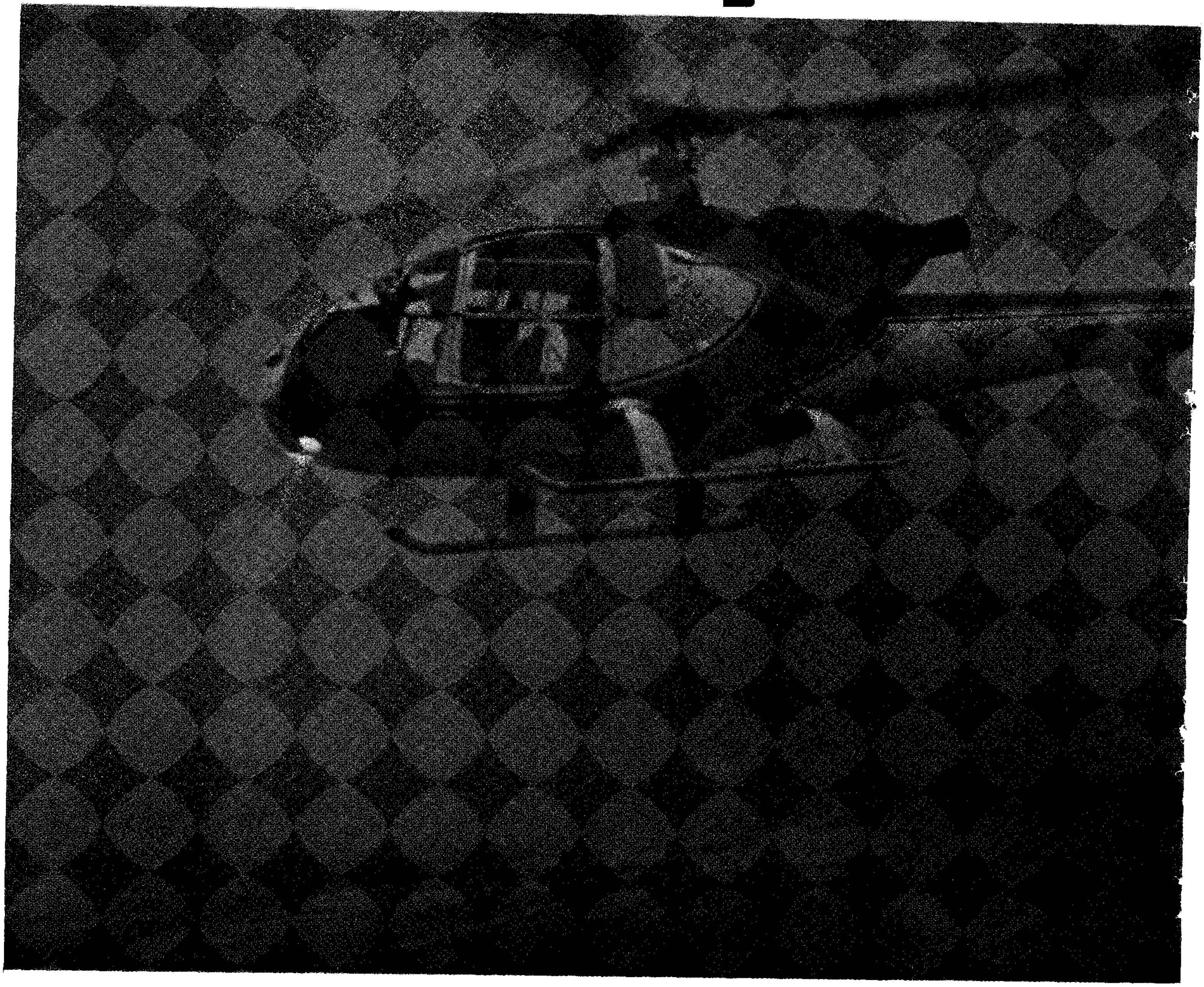

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as "Humanity. I think we have to have sensitivity to the needs of other people. In a large sense, that's Christianity." He goes on to say, "I'm also very patriotic. I suppose I have travelled enough to love my own country. And that's notwithstanding our problems. Every country has problems. I've recorded the national anthem for RCA in a patriotic program I put together called 'The America I Love.' You hear the national anthem sung all the time, and ninety per cent of the time it lacks any sense of majesty or dignity. I hope my version will really *say* it."

During the summer of 1974, Milnes made his Italian début, at the Macerata Festival. Macerata is a small town inland on the Adriatic side of Italy, roughly halfway between the coastal towns of Ancona and San Benedetto, and its festival, which is modelled on the Verona Festival, takes place in a large amphitheatre called l'Arena Sferisterio, which Milnes claims has perfect acoustics. His début there was with the eminent Italian tenor Luciano Pavarotti, in "Rigoletto," and Milnes was known locally as "il cowboy Rigoletto." The performance was a tremendous hit.

Milnes gives eight or ten recitals a year. "I like to do recitals, because they demand a good deal of refinement," he says. "That's because the piano is there, and not a booming orchestra." He has a habit of talking to the audience during his recitals—telling jokes and so on—which has scandalized certain New York reviewers who expect the artist to sing and nothing else. He defends his habit on the ground that he likes to make the audience feel that it is part of the proceedings.

The latest development in Milnes' career is Milnes the conductor. He has made a recording with his friend the tenor Placido Domingo, in which he conducts for Domingo's arias and Domingo conducts for his. The orchestra is the New Philharmonia of London. To judge from the recording, both singers are able conductors, though the jacket shows photographs of both of them gripping their batons as if they were tennis racquets. A year ago, Milnes conducted the Milwaukee Symphony in Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and then sang several excerpts from "Don Giovanni." "I know all the instruments, and I've eyeballed most of the scores," he remarked the other day. He regards his conducting ambitions very seriously indeed, and when somebody suggested that it would be a good career to have after his voice wears out—say, at fifty or sixty—he sharply replied that he was going to be a conductor long before that.

This season, Milnes sang the bel-canto role of Ricardo in a revival of Bellini's "I Puritani" and did it quite creditably, though, as a few critics remarked, it is not a role well suited to his Verdi-baritone voice. This week, he will sing a joint concert in Carnegie Hall with Martina Arroyo, in which they will do scenes from five operas. As to his plans for the future, he will do a new "Otello" in Hamburg in April with Placido Domingo and James Levine, and then a new "Tosca" in Munich with Domingo and Jesús López-Cobos, a young Spanish conductor he greatly admires. At the end of May, he will sing his patriotic program with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops, repeating it on the Fourth of July in the Hollywood Bowl with Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. He is preparing Massenet's opera "Thaïs" with Beverly Sills for a recording this summer and for performances in the fall at the San Francisco Opera. The Verdi opera he has next set his eyes on is "Simon Boccanegra," which has a rich title role for the baritone voice. Milnes is now so much in demand that he is already making dates for the 1980-81 season.

"I don't like travelling very much," he said the other day. "I like *being* there. I'm getting tougher about my schedules, and I arrange vacations. I tell them I'm engaged, and I take a vacation—perhaps I do two or three recitals. I'm a family man. That's something solid. Performing is fine, but it isn't everything. There are some opera people who retire, and what do they have? A file of reviews. That's not enough."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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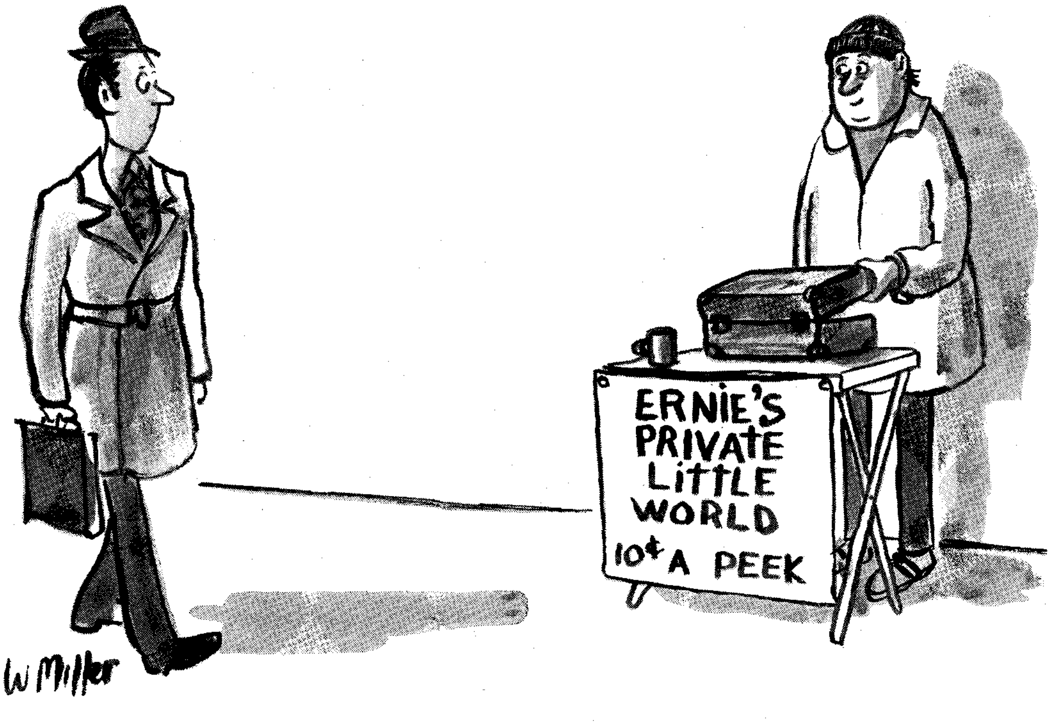
OLD MEN IN LOVE

HOW *that whiskery monster Ibsen towers above us, growling and threatening to rap our knuckles for the childish way in which we dissipate the inherited small hoard of our humanity!* The sternest of taskmasters, he stands glaring at us from the raised platform at the front of the classroom, and at once we assume the posture of penitents; we understand that if he takes a dark view of our conduct it is because he sees so readily through the clumsy self-protective masks we wear. And then unexpectedly, just as we conclude that it will be wiser to plead guilty to misdemeanors whose nature is as yet unclear to us than to bear any longer the burden of that terrible stare, our teacher transforms himself—or, rather, he consents to reveal that he, too, has been wearing a mask, and that a kindlier, less confidently minatory Ibsen exists behind the harsh-voiced martinet. His scowlings have been but the deceptive counterpart of an unquenchable hope; against all the evidence, the old man has gone on believing that mankind is perfectible, and that once our failed institutions have been blown up and their suffocating debris removed some undiminished sweetness of intuition in us will provide the means for making a fresh start. Frost once said that he had had a lover's quarrel with the world; *that was Ibsen's quarrel as well, and in* age he sought to make up the quarrel—he fell in love, as old men will, though not on the lofty level to which Frost was addressing himself. Ibsen's level was no higher than Adam's, and yet it is plain that the girls he fell in love with (and may never have slept with) served in his eyes as deputies for youth as a whole, approaching the threshold of a new and more honest and more passionate time. It would be a time of Ibsenites zealously practicing Ibsenism, and if in fact its advent has been much delayed, then Ibsen's ghost must be saying somewhere, with renewed truculence, "So much the worse for the world."

It was out of the emotions of his late years that Ibsen wrote "The Lady from the Sea." (In 1976, surely a better title would be "The Woman from the Sea." The person in question is determined to fulfill her needs as by right and without pity; there is nothing pejoratively ladylike about her.) The play tells of a doctor in a provincial Norwegian town who, after a few years of widowerhood, takes as his second wife and as a stepmother for his growing children the untutored daughter of a lighthouse-keeper. She is a sea creature and she feels like a prisoner flung breathless among land folk, themselves imprisoned in the iron cage of their bourgeois concerns. Nothing can mend her melancholy, although her bumbling husband tries his best to do so. One day, a stranger arrives; is it possible that he is the longed-for embodiment of a young sailor who had once loved her and had been reported drowned at sea? With the stranger's arrival, the play moves from being an account of humdrum domestic unhappiness to being an account of a dream that troubles and consoles the mind of the heroine; for the director of the play, the difficulty is to make the two realities equally convincing. In movies, as Ingmar Bergman has often demonstrated, the connecting of a world "out there" to a world within is comparatively easy to achieve; onstage, the connection almost always fails, which is probably one of the reasons that "The Lady from the Sea" is so rarely performed. In the superlative production of the play now being given at the Circle in the Square, the director, Tony Richardson, has solved every problem triumphantly. We slip readily back and forth between the tense household, with its assortment of visitors, and the cherished fantasies of the heroine, which help to keep her sane at the very moment when her family supposes that she is losing her mind. Mr. Richardson finds in the play a dramatic coherence that I've never detected in the reading of it; his masterly balancing of the various roles, granting each its just value even as the heroine increasingly dominates the action, is a welcome lesson in the art of direction.

The role of the heroine is played to perfection by Vanessa Redgrave. From her first appearance, fresh from a sea bath, we perceive that she is indeed a strong-willed sea creature, answerable to no petty rules of inland life. When she speaks with ice-cold reasonableness of how her husband "bought" her in her youth and ignorance and of how she must share the blame for their unhappy marriage, because she consented to be bought, one is immediately won to her cause, whatever it may prove to be. Her radiance as a person exactly matches the requirements of the role; like the performance of her sister Lynn as Vivie Warren in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Vanessa Redgrave's performance as Ellida promises to become legendary. Surrounding Miss Redgrave is a capable



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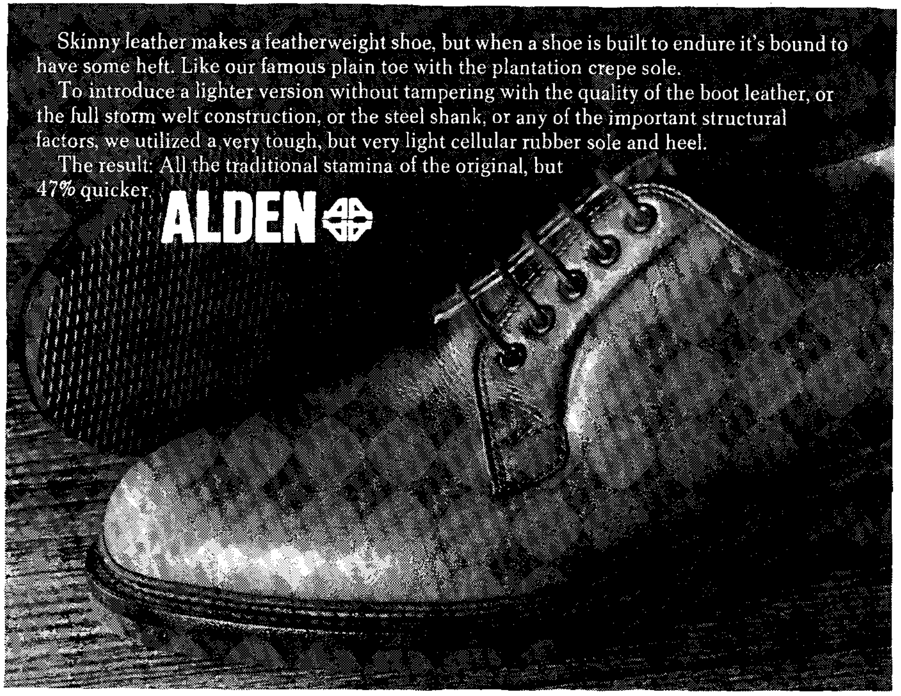

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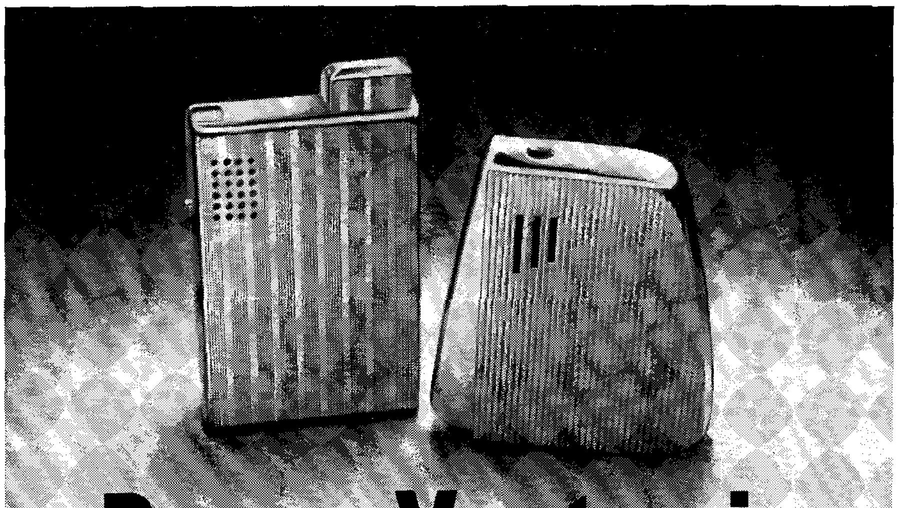

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cast, including Pat Hingle (in a conscientious but overly dreary reading of the role of her husband), John Heffernan, Kimberly Farr, George Ede, Kipp Osborne, Allison Argo, and Richard Lynch. The setting and costumes are by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the offstage music and sea sounds are by Richard Peaslee.

"ZALMEN; OR, THE MADNESS OF GOD," at the Lyceum, has been adapted by Marion Wiesel from a play in French by Elie Wiesel. It is an account, laid in some imagined corner of a country not unlikely to be Russia, of the dilemma that faces the congregation of a small synagogue when a troupe of visiting actors asks to come and share the celebration of Yom Kippur. The continued existence of the synagogue depends upon preserving the good will of the local representative of the Ministry of Religious Affairs; the old rabbi wishes to behave with his usual circumspection, but the divinely inspired shammes, or custodian, of the synagogue urges him to take advantage of this opportunity to denounce before strangers the tyranny of the state—Jews must not remain silent merely in order to preserve a meagre practice of their religion, much less to preserve their lives. The play is well made, in an old-fashioned and, to me, irritating way; it is quite literally didactic, and on occasion I felt sure that I was hearing certain statements for a third and fourth time as well. I took a natural interest in the issues being dealt with, though without being drawn into the midst of them; they were spread out before me as they might have been in a well-outlined essay, rather than brought to life in a series of dramatic actions. And this in spite of the admirable acting of, among others, Joseph Wiseman, as the rabbi; Richard Bauer, as the shammes; and Paul Sparer, as the Chairman of the Synagogue Council.

The play has been directed with grave respect by Alan Schneider. The setting is by William Ritman, the costumes are by Marjorie Slaiman, and the lighting is by Richard Nelson. Leaving the theatre, I felt a twinge of guilt at liking so little what they had given the best of their distinguished talents to.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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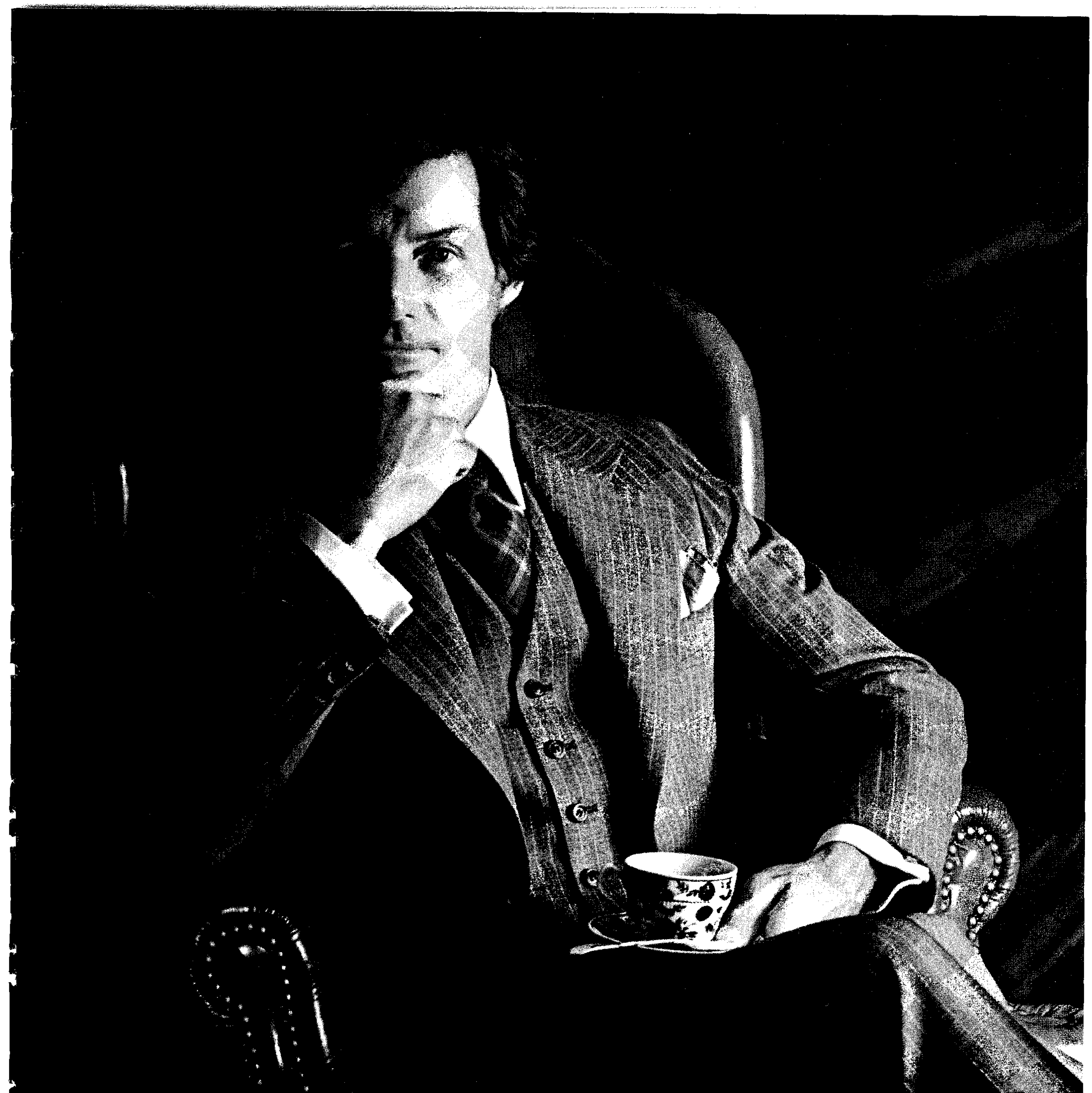

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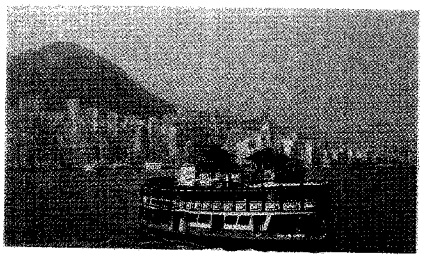

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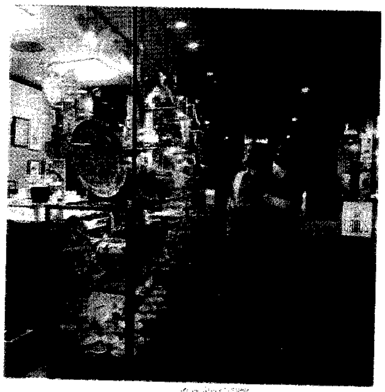

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NAUGHTY BITS

THE COURT: I thought that was your business, being fools.

MR. PALIN: Well, on our own terms.—*From the testimony of Michael Palin, a member of Monty Python, in the case of Monty Python v. American Broadcasting Companies, Inc.*

MR. FRIED: Was there any cannibalization of the program that you saw in the cut version?

MR. HANSEN: No, not in the accepted—industry-accepted—sense of the word.—*From an exchange between Clarence Fried, ABC's lawyer, and Peter Hansen, director of programming of Time-Life Television.*

AT a time of universal clamor for "access to the media," Monty Python has come up with something completely different—a quixotic struggle to stay off network television. Monty Python, as all right-thinking people know by now, is a troupe of five British writer-actors and one American writer-animator who would be as funny as any comparable group in the world if there were a comparable group in the world. Since 1969, they have put out a half-dozen record albums, written two books, mounted a successful revue at the Drury Lane Theatre, in London, and produced an original movie, "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," which was the best comedy of 1975 and is also one of the most authentic-looking films ever made about the Arthurian legend. The backbone of their opus is, of course, the BBC television program "Monty Python's Flying Circus," of which forty-five half-hour episodes have been produced—a solid twenty-two and a half hours of comedy, since on the BBC, where there are no commercial interruptions, a half-hour show is fully thirty minutes long. The Python show is uneven, but quite a few people think that it is, on the whole, the funniest series of programs ever made specifically for television.

It took five years for Python to make the big jump across the Atlantic. The feeling was that the humor was "too British"—a feeling shared by the BBC, by the BBC's American distributor, Time-Life Films, and by the Pythons themselves, and fed by the box-office failure here of a movie consisting of bits from the television show. "Too British" took in a lot of territory. It meant that the programs were full of British slang (peckish, smarmy, berk, git, pouf, and so on) and references to peculiarly British cultural stereotypes and artifacts (obscure distinctions of class and region as expressed in different accents, Oxbridge dons, blancmanges, pantomime horses, chartered accountants, holidaymakers, laundrettes, council houses, and so on). It meant that the humor presupposed a level of general education assumed to be beyond the reach of Stateside television watchers—what were American audiences to make of a sketch like the Pythons' "All-England Summarize Proust Contest," or "The Semaphore Version of Wuthering Heights"? It meant that the shows used humorous devices, such as outrageous double entendres and female impersonation, that are absolutely standard in British comedy but are less familiar, and potentially shocking, to Americans. It meant that the boundaries of "taste" the Pythons were doing their bit to expand were the much freer ones of British television, where nudity and "adult" language are not at all unusual. Time-Life didn't try very hard to push the Monty Python series here—that was left largely to the Pythons' own American manager, a rock-and-roll publicity woman named Nancy Lewis—and the public-television stations in the big coastal cities started picking it up only after their counterpart in Dallas, KERA, had taken a flyer on it in July of 1974. By the spring of 1975, it was being shown in most of the populated sections of the country. Everyone was astonished when the show turned out to be, by the modest standards of public television, hugely successful. Both the sophistication of the American public and the exportability of the Pythons' sense of humor had clearly been underestimated. Several things, it appeared, had been overlooked. One was the effect of mass higher education, which is far more widespread here than in Britain. Another was the degree to which the British cultural invasion of the nineteen-sixties, led by the Beatles, had given Americans, especially younger Americans, at least a nodding ac-

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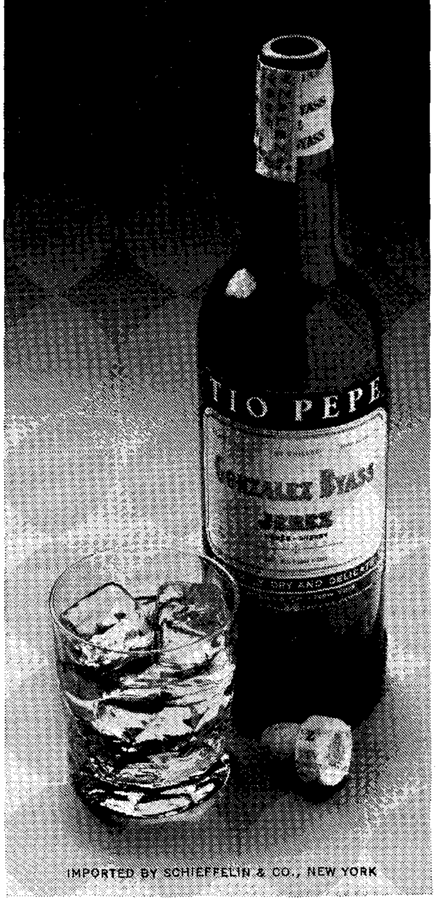
Tio Pepe



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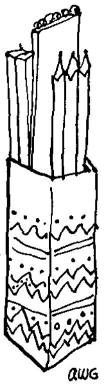
quaintance with the detritus of British civilization. The unfamiliarity of certain referents was partly offset by the fact that some Britishisms—police constables and Reginald Maudling are two that come to mind—struck many Americans as inherently hilarious. Most important, perhaps, was the fact that the impact of the Pythons' approach depended less on satiric verisimilitude than on absurd juxtapositions and pure silliness. The superficial resemblance of many Python skits to conventional takeoffs was misleading. One doesn't have to know very much about parliamentary government to recognize that it is funny when a Cabinet minister on a bogus news interview falls through the crust of the earth, or wears a tutu, or addresses his remarks to a small patch of brown liquid, possibly creosote. "Monty Python's Flying Circus" had not been on the air for many weeks before it became the most popular offering in the history of many public-TV stations, including New York's Channel 13. The American Python cult, originally nurtured by travellers returned from Britain and by imported copies of the Pythons' record albums, soon turned into something like a mass phenomenon, and became a strong influence on American humor. NBC's successful "Saturday Night" show, though it lacks the unified vision and supreme self-confidence of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," is in many ways its spiritual offspring.



THE size and character—young and "upscale"—of the Python audience inevitably attracted the interest of the commercial networks. Last spring, Bob Shanks, a vice-president of ABC in charge of early-morning and late-night programming, discussed with Time-Life the possibility of a compilation to be drawn from thirteen Python episodes that had already been shown on public television. The idea was to show the compilation on "Wide World of Entertainment," as ABC was then calling its 11:30 P.M.-1 A.M. time slot. But the Pythons unanimously nixed the proposal, because they didn't want anybody cutting up their shows. ABC persisted, however, and at some point during the summer Time-Life sold ABC the right to show six Python episodes, all previously unscreened in the United States, on "Wide World of Entertainment." This time, the Pythons weren't consulted in advance, but they didn't object to the sale when they learned of it, because they thought that the episodes would be shown in full. Indeed, they went out of their way to seek reassurance on that point. "I gather that the BBC have in fact done a deal with ABC Television for two ninety-minute compilations," Jill Foster, one of the Pythons' British agents, wrote to David Spiller, of BBC Enterprises, on August 1st. "If this is so, I assume that the programmes are made up of all six episodes of series IV and that no alterations have been made to them." In his reply, Spiller wrote, "I have been assured by our people in New York that each episode will be shown in its entirety."

All seemed rosy, but a month later a light bulb turned on over Foster's head, and she wrote to Spiller once more. "I was perfectly satisfied with your answer until, in my bath yesterday, it occurred to me that out of this ABC slot of ninety minutes, something in the region of twenty-four minutes will be devoted to commercials," she wrote. "How then I wonder can each episode be shown in its entirety?" Spiller replied, vaguely but soothingly, "We do not know the situation regarding the length of commercial breaks that ABC intend to make, nor indeed if the programme is receiving sponsorship as opposed to spot advertising. We can only reassure you that ABC have decided to run the programmes 'back to back,' and there is a firm undertaking not to segment them."

The first "Wide World of Entertainment" special went out over ABC on October 3rd, but the Pythons themselves didn't see it until the end of November, when Nancy Lewis took a tape of it to London to show them. They didn't like it. It was obvious to them that the cuts—twenty-two minutes in all—had been made solely to remove "offensive" material, not to tighten the shows up or make them funnier. Gone was the start of a sketch called "Icelandic Honey Week," in which one member of an awful family of ladies wipes her feet on the bread and another eats corn plasters. Gone was the cat stuck through the wall which acts as a doorbell when a caller pulls its tail. A running cartoon about "The Golden Age of Ballooning" stayed, but gone was the shaggy-dog punch line it was building up to—"The Golden Age of Colonic Irrigation." Gone, of course, was anything resembling "strong" language—even the Pythons' favorite euphemism (for

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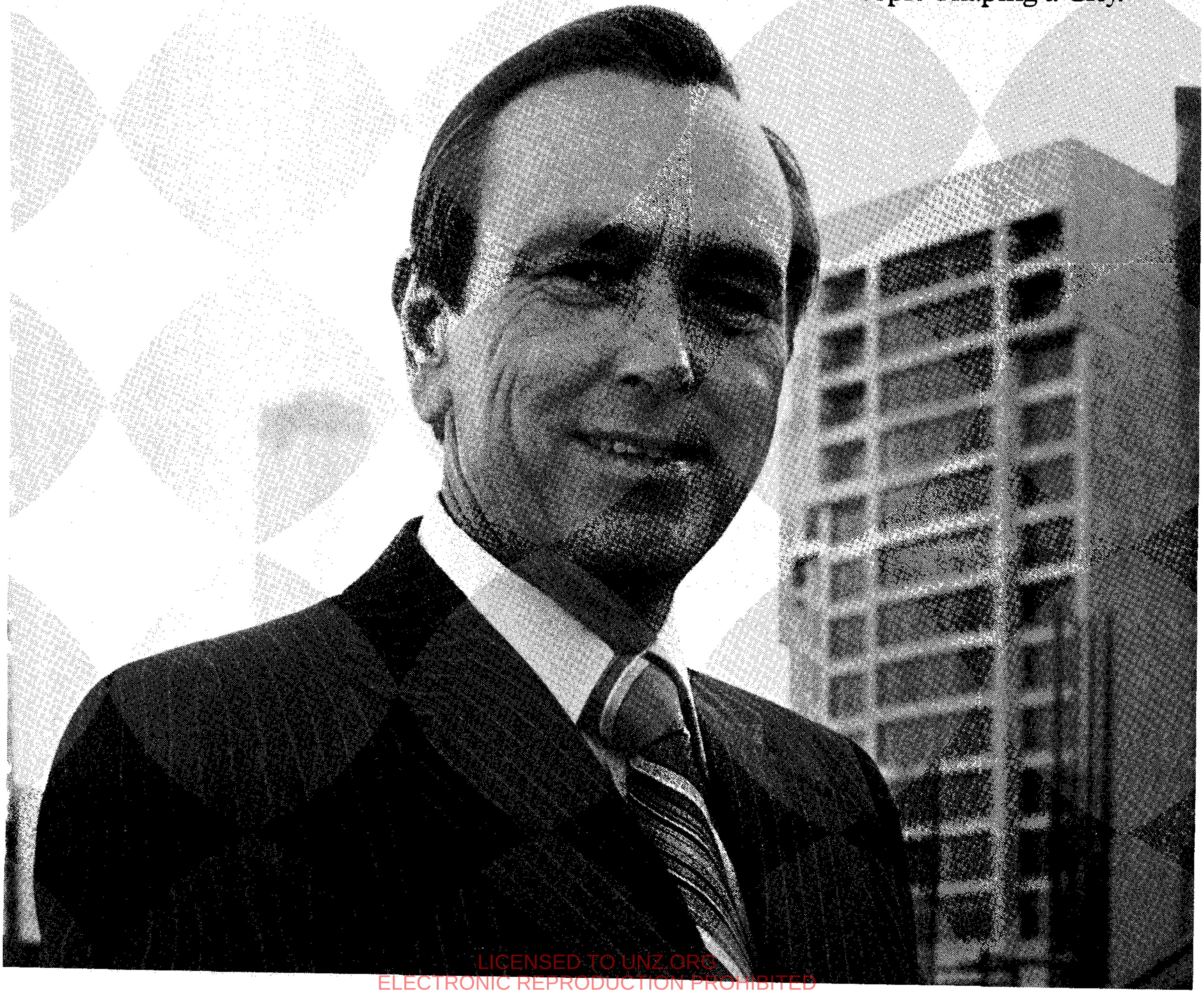

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parts of the body), "naughty bits," got bleeped. Worst of all, from the Pythons' point of view, was the loss of continuity. The Python shows, for all their rampaging absurdity, are carefully constructed. A non sequitur needs something to not follow from. One of the Pythons, after seeing the tape, typed a memo in which he said that time after time it was made to appear as if they "had written and performed a short, pointless, and not particularly funny sketch." The memo concluded, "We cannot state too strongly that this show is *not* Monty Python. Monty Python is the shows that we made and edited. We want to do everything we can to stop them putting out another show like this."

The second "Wide World of Entertainment" show was scheduled for December 26th. When ABC, understandably, declined to cancel the program, the Pythons decided to make a federal case out of it. They filed a lawsuit asking for a million dollars in damages for copyright infringement and unfair competition against their own uncut work, and a permanent injunction against ABC. And they applied to the federal District Court for a temporary injunction barring the December 26th broadcast, which by then was only eleven days away.

THE case of Monty Python v. American Broadcasting Companies, Inc., was, for several reasons, a diverting one. Besides the novelty of television performers suing to block themselves from being shown on nationwide television, there was the inescapably satisfying sight of high officials of a huge corporation being dragged to the bar of justice by a pack of clowns. While the hearing—which went on from morning till night on Friday, December 19th, in the United States Courthouse in Foley Square, in New York—was conducted in an atmosphere of dignity, it had its singular moments. The judge, Morris E. Lasker, remarked at one point, "I am not sitting here just because I am amused, although I *am* amused." Halfway through the hearing, everyone—the Judge, lawyers, witnesses, spectators—piled into the jury box to watch TV. Everyone seemed to enjoy the show, which consisted of the uncut version of one of the episodes used for the upcoming ABC special, subpoenaed by Python from Time-Life, and the censored version, subpoenaed from ABC. The theme of the episode was trivializing war. (A grim-faced BBC news reader interrupts a sketch with a bulletin: "The Second World War has taken a sentimental turn. This morning, at dawn, German troops on the Western front began spooning. The British looked deep into their eyes, and now the Germans are reported to have gone all coy.") The episode turned out to be an apt one. During a court-martial sequence, in which a private accused of taking a German pillbox with feather pillows is relentlessly badgered by a judge asking mindless questions, Judge Lasker turned to his law clerk with a delighted grin on his face. During a skit in which television executives, one of whom is being fed intravenously, agree that the public are idiots (to prove it, they go to the window and watch members of the public walking into walls, falling into ditches, etc.), Shanks, the ABC vice-president, permitted himself a chuckle or two. The court reporter, who had never seen a Python show before, laughed harder than anyone else. Python itself was present in the persons of two members, Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam, who lounged throughout the screening at the railing in front of the jury box, pointing out to the Judge particularly choice bits that had been omitted from the ABC version. And during the more formal part of the hearing, the dialogue occasionally took a Pythonesque turn, as in this colloquy involving Robert Osterberg, the Pythons' chief counsel, Judge Lasker, and Shanks, who was on the stand:

Mr. Osterberg: If you were to supply your affiliates with a program that was six minutes short, it would have involved a penal payment?

The Witness: It would to the supplier, yes.

Mr. Osterberg: How much would that be?

The Witness: An apportionment of sixty-six into whatever the licensing fee was.

Mr. Osterberg: When you say sixty-six—

The Witness: Into sixty-five thousand. You deliver five minutes short, you lose—

The Court: Five hundred ninety, for example?

The Witness: Right.

The Court: Times sixty-five thousand?

The Witness: If sixty-five is for ninety, Your Honor, then whatever sixty minutes would be.

The Court: It would be that much less?

The Witness: Yes.

Mr. Osterberg: I don't think we follow each other.

The Witness: I did not follow myself.

The Pythons were in a huff over the artistic integrity of their work as broad-

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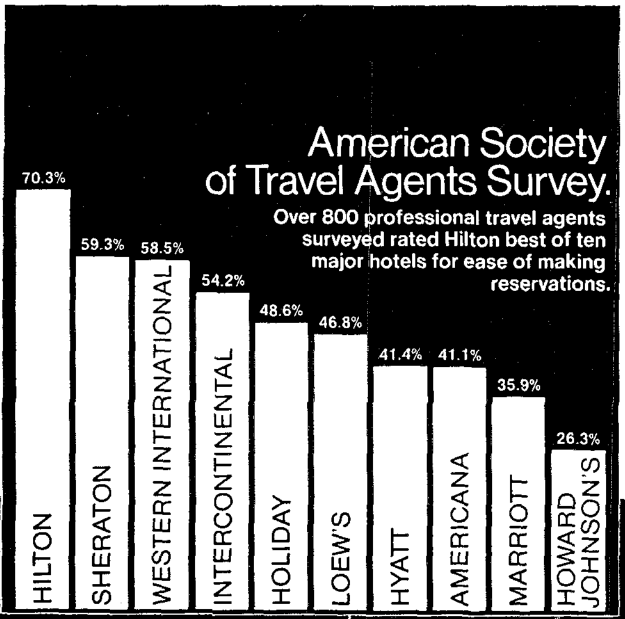

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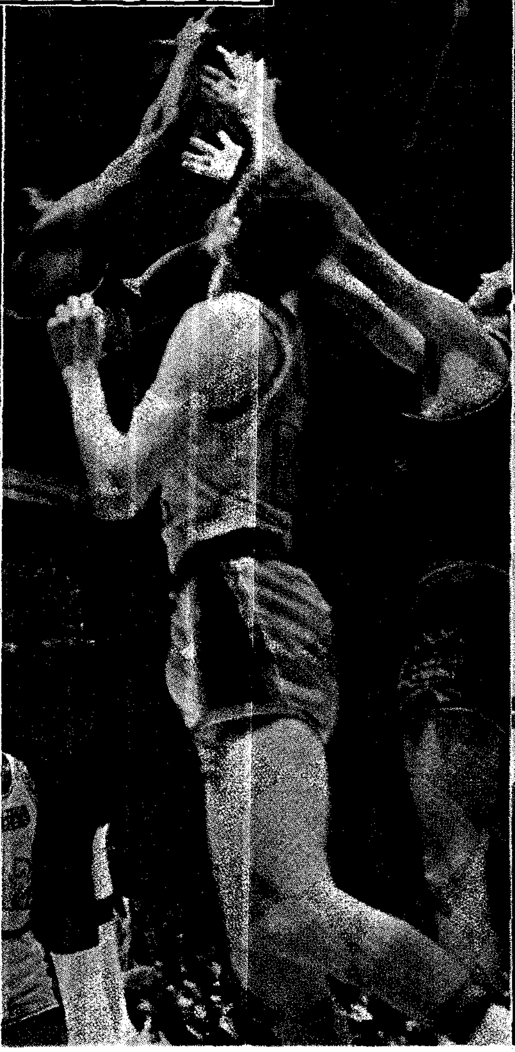

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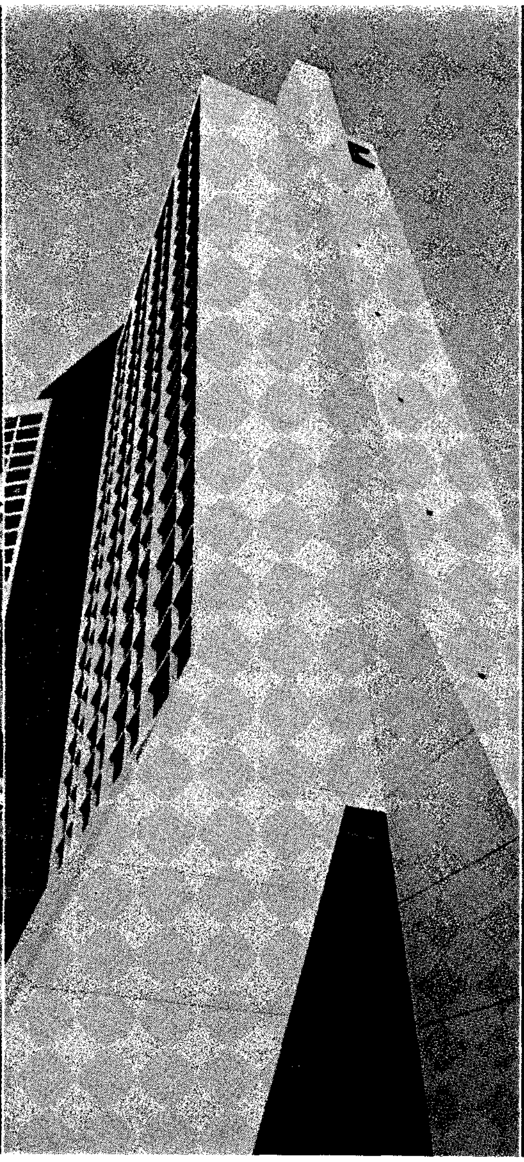

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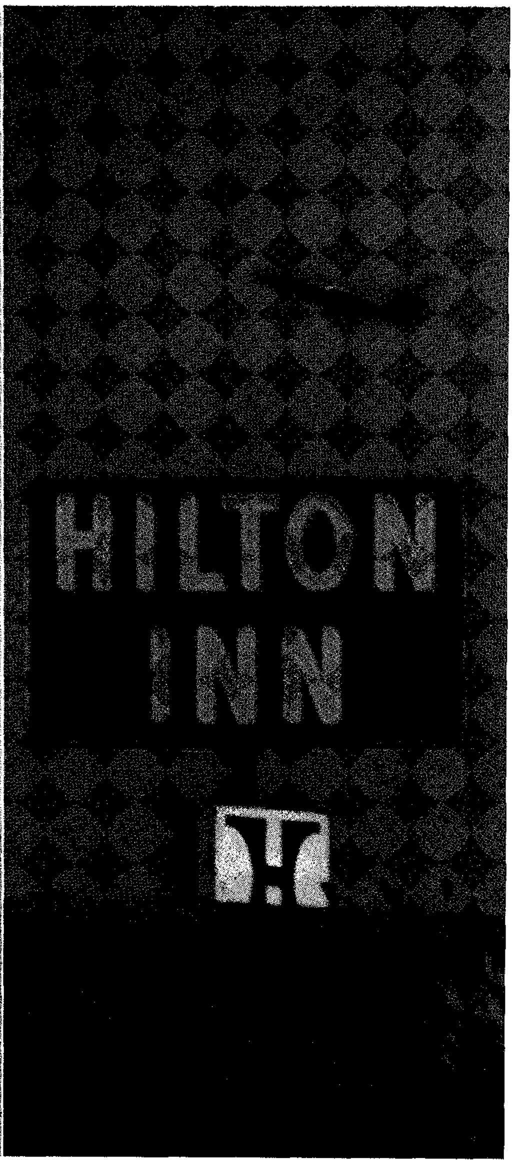

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cast by commercial television, and that was faintly absurd to begin with. Commercial television is not an artistic endeavor, or even primarily an entertainment medium, but an industry that sells its products (the attention of audiences of varying sizes and demographies) to its customers (corporations with advertising budgets). The latter are motivated, in turn, by a primitive desire to sell *their* products (headache pills, Cordobas, floor wax, etc.) to these same hapless audiences. "Art" creeps into this equation mostly as a form of institutional prestige, like the Dubuffet sculpture in front of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Paradoxically, the networks' fear of their audiences is as exaggerated as their contempt for them is limitless, because the real objects of that fear (and, if the truth be told, that contempt, too) are the advertisers, who want only to do business in a predictable atmosphere unmuddied by bohemian irrelevances.

The Pythons could be forgiven for temporarily overlooking these realities. The BBC is, if not an artistic endeavor, at least a self-consciously cultural institution, financed by the license fees of its viewers and insulated by law from gross inducements to mediocrity. The American public-broadcast system—the other television enterprise of which the Pythons had direct experience—is similarly high-minded, though its self-confidence is compromised by corporate and foundation grantsmanship and an ambiguous relationship with the federal government. (When the Pythons toured public-TV stations in America last summer to help with on-the-air fund raising, however, they were deeply impressed by the intensity of these stations' relations with their viewers.) The amateur tradition of Oxford and Cambridge, where five of the six Pythons—Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Palin—were educated, also plays a part in rendering them insensible to the usual temptations to sell out. They do not see themselves as committed to careers in television; indeed, Chapman is a doctor and Cleese is a lawyer. ABC had dangled the golden possibility of prime time in front of them, had even told them (to their horror) that there might be a Saturday-morning cartoon show based on them if all went well; but the Pythons could afford both psychologically and financially to turn up their noses at such blandishments.

The lawsuit had the virtues of pointing up the immense psychic gap between those two pillars of bourgeois civilization, the artist and the corporation, and of illuminating some of the assumptions that continually push commercial television toward blandness. These factors were all the more noticeable because there were no overt villains. Everyone involved had, according to his lights, behaved honorably. Each direct and indirect participant had a piece of paper he could point to in triumph as fully vindicating his point of view. The Pythons had their writers' contracts with the BBC, which say that changes in a script are to be made before it goes into production, and then only after a process of consultation with the writer which allows him, if things get really nasty, to be represented in negotiations by the Writers' Guild of Great Britain. The BBC could point to a clause in the same contract giving it the right of licensing overseas broadcasts, and to the fact that the BBC apparently holds copyright to the tapes, as distinct from the scripts. Time-Life's agreement with the BBC allows programs to be changed for "commercials, applicable censorship or governmental (such as the Federal Communications Commission) rules and regulations, and National Association of Broadcasters and time segment requirements." The last link in this paper chain, ABC's contract with Time-Life, says not only that the programs are "to be edited to ABC's Wide World of Entertainment format" but also, and pointedly, that the programs will be "edited and otherwise made to fully conform to the policies of ABC's Department of Broadcast Standards and Practices."

In other words, by the time the Python shows had made their way to their final destination on "Wide World of Entertainment," the original safeguards against tampering had turned into something like a charter for censorship by ABC. The changes at each stage were of no great moment, but together they added up to a reversal. The heaviest slippage, apparently, occurred at the point of transfer between the BBC and Time-Life. David Webster, a large, florid man, who is the BBC's director of United States operations, and who had learned of the lawsuit by reading a story about it in *Variety* half an hour before his subpoena arrived, testified at the hearing. It was clear that his sympathies lay with ABC. As far as he was concerned, he said, the BBC (and, by extension, ABC) had the right to run the Python shows backward if they wanted to.

Of course, it was moral, not legal,

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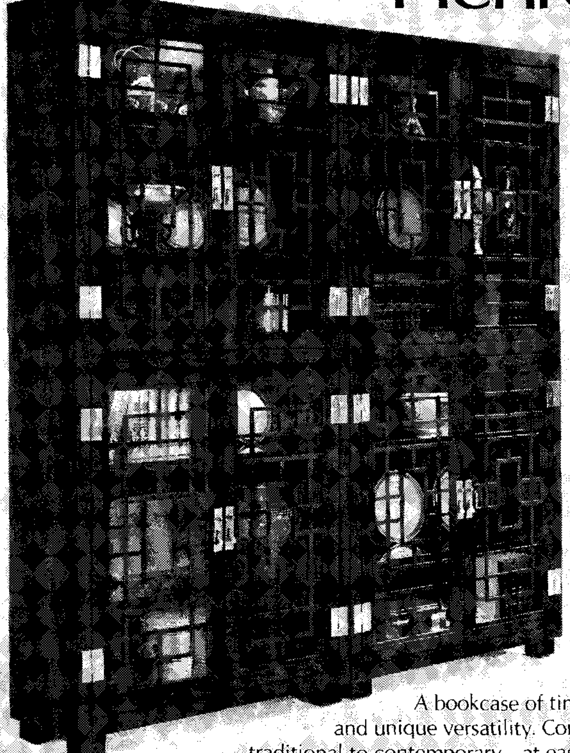

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indignation that brought out the Pythons' latent litigiousness, but the others involved felt themselves on firm moral ground, too. The BBC—one remnant of the British Empire that has shown real staying power—was just trying to bring British excellence to the commercial wasteland and make a few dollars in the bargain. If the price was acceptance of "applicable censorship . . . regulations"—well, foreigners are unaccountable, especially Yanks and Frenchmen. Time-Life—which regards itself, not without reason, as an innovative force in broadcasting, a buccaneer among the drygoods merchants of television—was helping Python to break out of the public-TV ghetto. ABC was giving the Pythons their broadest exposure in this country to date; and, in its way, the network was striving for quality. It's true that the shows were a bargain for ABC—sixty-five thousand dollars for two showings of each of the two Python specials, as against an average cost of eighty thousand dollars for a typical "Wide World of Entertainment" program. But it's equally true that Shanks' genuine admiration for the Pythons' work played a part in his decision to buy the programs for his network, and that even in truncated form those programs were far more daring and sophisticated than whatever would have been put on to replace them. There was "good faith" aplenty; and yet here they were, in court. The disagreement that brought them to court was not personal, nor was it the result of malevolence or perfidy. It was the result of everyone's behaving in utterly characteristic ways—and for ABC, that meant turning the Standards and Practices Department loose on the Python shows.

AT the hearing, the main witness for Python was Terry Gilliam, the transplanted Minnesotan who creates the animated sequences on "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Gilliam appears on the TV shows only rarely, but his square-featured face may be familiar from "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," in which he played the keeper of the bridge over the Gorge of Eternal Peril, who, before letting Sir Lancelot pass, asks him "these questions three": "What is your name?" "What is your quest?" "What is your favorite color?") Gilliam's main concern was that the Pythons' hard-earned reputation for integrity had been damaged by the first ABC special and would be damaged further by the second. "One of the important things to me about what has happened with Monty Python in the States is that there are a lot of people who have come to believe in Python as a form of honesty, as opposed to what is normally presented on television," he said, his American accent tempered by English rhythms of speech. "Here is a show that is outspoken, says what it wants to say, does extraordinary things, takes all sorts of chances, is not out to sell corn plaster, or anything. It is out to entertain, surprise, enlighten even, the people that are viewing it." He was afraid, he said, that people would conclude that "Monty Python has finally accepted the standards of commercial television, as opposed to our own standards." The important thing was "an element of integrity in what we have done, good, bad, or indifferent—that's been the fun of it, really." Later, after everyone had watched the two versions of the trivializing-war show, Gilliam talked intensely about another kind of integrity: not the moral boldness of the Pythons' work but its artistic indivisibility. "In that particular show, I think, we saw that things were very intricately interwoven. Things kept referring back to themselves, people went back on television whom we had seen earlier. At one point, we saw the ladies watching themselves on television watching a television set showing the beginning of the film. It wasn't necessarily the funniest part of the show, but I certainly think it was a necessary part. We spent a lot of time, a lot of effort, including that and making the show that shape. Before, I think, we were talking mainly about comedy things where we suffered, but I think the form was destroyed. Our shows tend to be very strong on form. We think of each one as a show, try to interrelate all these things; so the form is as important to the name of Monty Python as the laughs." Then he drew an analogy with Manet's painting "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." If one pays attention only to the nude, as ABC had done by, as it were, removing her, "then you get cheap laughs or cheap sensations out of it," he said. "You have lost the whole concept of the painting, which is the conjunction between the two things, the nude and the very bourgeois picnic setting. It is a thing like what happened with our

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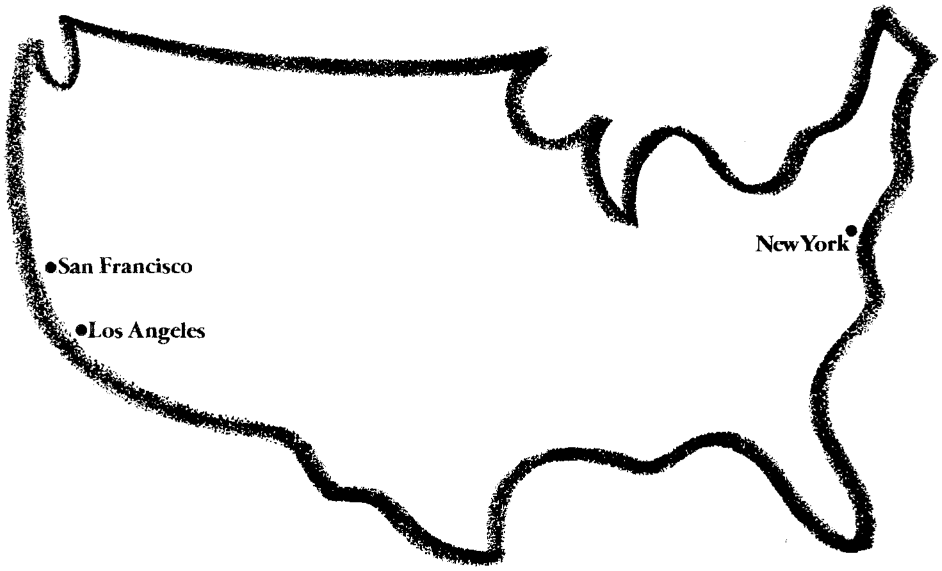
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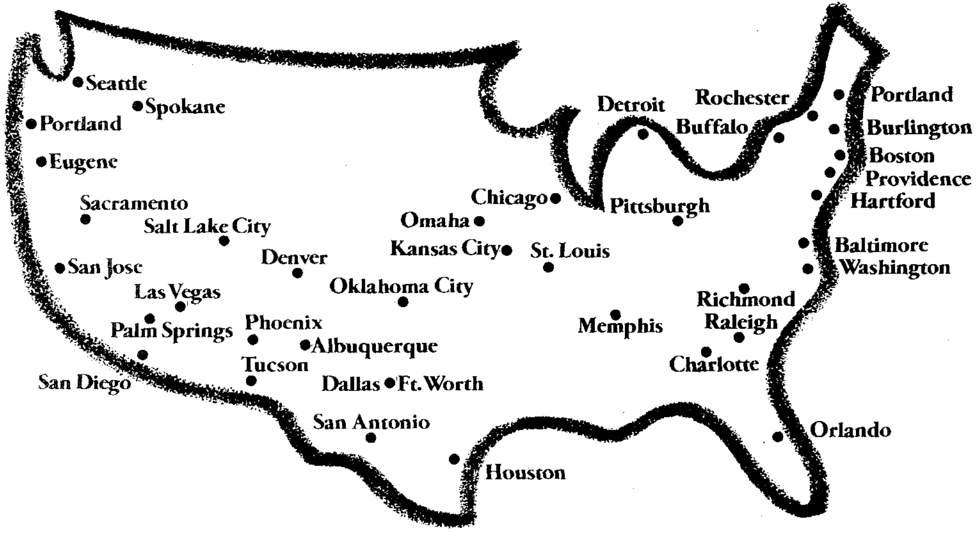
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show. We have been presented with a show with blackout sketches. Funny, they are, some of them, but it isn't what we made."

The Manet nude in Gilliam's analogy made her appearance in court in the form of Plaintiff's Exhibit No. 10. This was a list of cuts prepared by the network's Standards and Practices office, and by itself it justified the trouble the Pythons had gone to in mounting a lawsuit. It was a revealing primer of what is unacceptable, even late at night, in ABC's third of network television. And, thanks to the nature of the material it dealt with, it was as wonderfully surreal in its juxtaposition of the insane and the resolutely proper as one of Gilliam's animations—it was a true work of found Python art.

A quick glance through the list suggests that many things were eliminated simply because they were funny, but on closer inspection the list—which, as ABC prepared it, was in chronological order—breaks down into five categories of abomination: sexual allusiveness, general verbal misbehavior, fantasies of violence, offensiveness to particular groups, and scatology. Sex was the commonest offender, beginning with the first item on the list:

> Audio commentary over lead-in scenes removed to delete such phrases as "The story of one man's love for another in drag" and "the secret love for bisexuals."

When Michael Palin was on the witness stand, he pointed to this as an instance of ABC's coarsening of what was actually in the program. Palin, boyish and dapper, has played hundreds of parts on the television show; in the "Holy Grail" movie he played, among other roles, Sir Galahad, the Lord of Swamp Castle, and the leader of The Knights Who Say "Ni." Palin noted that the words in the script were not "the secret love for bisexuals" but "the secret love of Algy the bisexual navigator," and his point was borne out later, when the tape was shown. There was more:

> Sequence of Hamlet in psychiatrist's office. Two cuts, one of approximately 2:52 and another of :03, to delete all graphic references to lovemaking, such as "she's all ready for it," "great big tits," "Got her legs up on the mantelpiece," "You've got your tongue down her throat," "You've got her sweater up."
>
> From sequence of TV talk show featuring three Queen Victorias, four scenes of :15 length eliminated to delete reference to "girl on the couch, legs on the mantelpiece"—also continuity cut.
>
> Cartoon sequence of boy flying bal-

loon: shot of naked woman eliminated, plus exploding woman.

Closing sequence of multiple Queen Victorias and Hamlet leading into end credits eliminated both because of redundancy and homosexual references.

These deletions, all of which were from the second of the three original Python shows that made up the ABC special, cut the heart out of a running joke. A final cut of this nature, in which, as in the others, the appeal to prurient interests was hard to fathom:

> In scene between waiter and patron in ant restaurant :06 eliminated and close cut of Michael Ellis saying: "That's a stroke of luck, Marcus" transposed to facilitate deletion of ant waiter touching ant patron's buttocks as part of ant language.

General verbal misbehavior was mostly pretty tame:

> In scene in war office regarding trivializing of war starting at approximately 4:40, 6 seconds removed in four separate cuts to remove expressions "Good Lord," "Good God," "Oh, My God," and "Bastards."
>
> Scene of upper class family in drawing room discussing "tinny" words. :03 deleted from beginning of sequence to remove two "damns" from "Croquet hoops look damn pretty" and "Croquet hoops look frightfully damn pretty."
>
> Animated sequence of grumpy man trying to sleep. 9 seconds deleted to remove lines "God!" and two "hells" from "What in hell's going on."
>
> In ant-buying sequence :02 deleted to eliminate word "bitch" from "King George bitch."

The most heinous talk-crime was committed in the sequence in which the upper-class family discussed "tinny" (as opposed to "woody") words:

> In same sequence 1:06 removed starting with "Intercourse," "Later, dear," to delete section devoted to words with sexual references including "pert thighs," "erogenous zone" (repeated three times), "tit, tit, tit, tinny." Accompanying video of father being aroused by these words and mother dousing him with bucket of cold water also eliminated in this cut.

Hells, damns, and good Lords have, of course, been acceptable fare on television for some time, so it's unclear why ABC bothered to take them out. "Bitch" and "bastard" are generally considered stronger, perhaps because they are terms of abuse rather than of emphasis. Had they been all that was cut, it's doubtful whether Python would have complained. The richest irony was that the "tinny words" sequence—eviscerated presumably to get rid of the forbidden word "tit"—satirized precisely the notion that words torn from their context can arouse. (Also,

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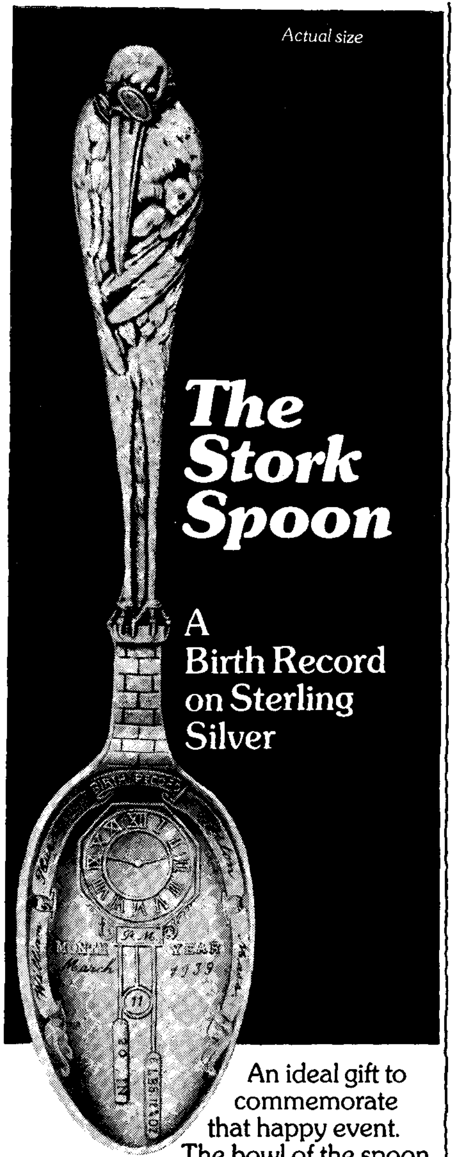

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as Palin testified, the cut left the father character inexplicably soaked at the end of the edited sketch.)

As for the fantasies of violence—

> Final skit in [the Python show about trivializing war] of two women watching TV. Several cuts totaling :53 deleted to eliminate repeated scenes of woman remotely controlling TV through man dressed in Indian garb. Through increasingly violent electric shocks the man is forced to change channels.
>
> In sequence of headless fighter one cut of :45 to eliminate closeup of sewn-on head and second head being brought in in a bag; part of this delete made to accommodate visual continuity.
>
> 2:01 cut to eliminate fight between hospital patients and attendants in hospital.
>
> Michael Ellis seen outside department store. Twenty-five seconds eliminated to delete woman kneeing doorman in groin.

—they were notably free of the kind of realistic, lethal violence that is ubiquitous on the police dramas to which ABC, like the other networks, devotes so much of its schedule.

ABC's fear of giving offense to particular groups resulted in these two cuts:

> Final 1:38 of skit of television programmers, beginning with entrance of man in wheelchair with sword in head, deleted to eliminate offensive references to handicapped individuals. Also deleted was replay of television program showing members of military court with backsides to camera.
>
> In first scene between Michael Ellis and his mother :14 cut to eliminate reference to tiger: "He used to go through four Jehovah's Witnesses a day."

And the network's squeamishness in matters scatological undid these sequences:

> In kitchen where Michael leaves to return ant to department store :02 removed to delete mother's line "His droppings are enormous" in reference to polar bear invading neighbor's garden.
>
> In sequence of poetry reading and entrance of Queen Victoria, there are three separate cuts amounting to :22. The first is to eliminate "I ask you not to soil the carpet" and the insertion of intercut of one of the characters in the scene saying "Shelley," also included to facilitate this deletion. The second cut eliminates the sentence "I did ask you about the carpet" for continuity purposes.

The third and final cut in the poetry-reading sequence eliminated a sentence in which Queen Victoria uses the German word "*Scheisshaus*." Such was the Pythons' closest approach to that far country of profanity which, however thoroughly the movies have colonized it, is still a terrifying wilderness to the flat-earth explorers of commercial network television.

All in all, there were more than forty cuts, ranging in length from two seconds to four minutes and sixteen seconds. Bob Shanks—a lanky, toothy, modishly dressed man, worldly almost to a Mephistophelian degree—argued that the tone and values of the material were undamaged by the cuts. "Finally, my feeling is that the program is not distorted, and, if one had not seen the original, one would not miss the items that are gone," he said. "Also, I think it would be clear in viewing the shows we edited that it can offend, that it can surprise, it can amuse, it is irreverent—and I believe all of that is intact in the program."

Judge Lasker looked skeptical, and a few moments later the two of them engaged in this exchange:

> THE COURT: I can't quite agree with you, Mr. Shanks, that you can judge by yourselves if you don't see both versions. I don't think there is anything you can do about it.
>
> MR. SHANKS: Not according to Maxwell Perkins. I am sure he and Thomas Wolfe had similar disagreements.
>
> THE COURT: I am not even talking about that. I am talking about whether you can really judge whether or not the edited version is the same as the other without seeing the other.
>
> MR. SHANKS: No.
>
> THE COURT: It is a philosophic discussion which won't help us get it settled.
>
> MR. SHANKS: But one could make a decision as to whether it is entertaining.
>
> THE COURT: I think it is very entertaining, but I really don't think that's the end of the question I am asked.

ABC's lawyer, Clarence Fried, of the Wall Street firm of Hawkins, Delafield & Wood, consistently maintained that Monty Python had no standing to sue, because it had ceded all rights to the BBC, but Lasker was unimpressed by this line of argument. He was even less impressed by the closest thing to a dramatic surprise that the hearing produced: a sudden accusation by Fried, late in the afternoon, that the Pythons were "guilty of coming into court with unclean hands." Fried—a natty turnip of a man whose comically serious face was punctuated by a pair of pince-nez—fairly shook with indignation as he told the Judge, "I will have testimony, if Your Honor wants it, that the attorney representing this group said, 'We are going to sue ABC and we are going—' "

"Of course I want it, Mr. Fried," Lasker interrupted. "Something like that would be astonishing and vital."

" '—and we are going to have this case in all the papers, we are going to take ads in *Variety*,' " Fried continued. "I didn't understand the importance of that statement until I saw the article in *Variety* that they are opening in three weeks in City Center." Fried's contention that the lawsuit was a publicity stunt for a stage show quickly went by the board, though, when Osterberg pointed out that the projected Monty Python engagement at City Center was scheduled for April (it was to be *for* three weeks, not *in* three weeks), and that the publicity the Pythons were admittedly seeking was aimed at making known their position in the dispute with ABC. No more was heard about "unclean hands."

Lasker listened more sympathetically when ABC outlined what, in terms of "the equities," as lawyers say, was the heart of its case: that while the Pythons would be damaged only in what Fried called "their own imagined way" if the program went ahead as planned, ABC would suffer tangible harm if the injunction was granted. It would cost ABC money—nearly half a million dollars by ABC's reckoning; about a hundred and fifty thousand by the Judge's—to pull the Python special off the air and put something else on in its place. Also, millions upon millions of *TV Guides* listing the show were already in the supermarkets. Taking the show off at this late date, ABC argued, would make the network look inept, humiliate it in public, and irritate its affiliates beyond measure.

Gilliam had argued that if the program was broadcast then the Pythons would lose money. But his contention—that in terms of what he uneasily called "crass financial matters" Python would suffer because the ABC special would be so bad it would discourage people from buying Python record albums and going to Python movies, "which, in fact, is where we make our money"—was unconvincing. It flew in the face of the conventional wisdom that there is no such thing as bad publicity, and it ignored the fact that if even a tiny proportion of the previously unexposed audience of the ABC special went out and bought records or movie tickets, the net result would be *more* money in the Pythons' pockets, not less. Yet the Pythons really had no choice but to make this argument. The legal system simply lacks the conceptual tools to take account of odd folk who consider that they are being damaged by something that is making them richer.

AT the outset, the Pythons had taken it for granted that their chances of winning the case were slim. They

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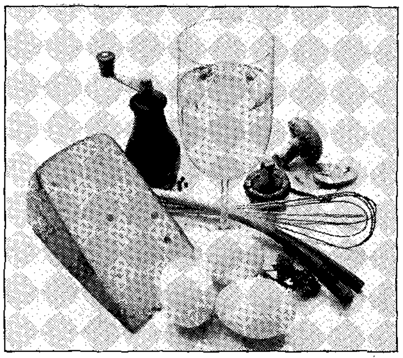

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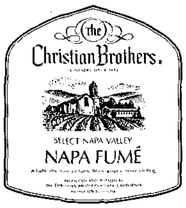

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had wanted to reassure their fans that they hadn't sold out, and merely filing the suit, whatever the legal result, had as good as accomplished that aim. As the day in court wore on, however, the Pythons and their lawyer had begun to discern a glimmer of hope. Judge Lasker had conducted the hearing evenhandedly, but his comments and procedural rulings from the bench had suggested a certain sympathy with the plaintiffs. He had let it drop that he had seen a half-dozen Python shows on Channel 13, that he had seen the "Holy Grail" movie—in short, that he was something of a Monty Python fan. He had made no attempt to conceal his mirth when the tapes were shown in court. He enjoyed no great reputation as an automatic sympathizer with the underdog, but his record proved he was not afraid to inconvenience the powerful—he had been in the news not long before for ordering improvements in conditions for prisoners which led to the closing of the Tombs. Yet ABC had convincingly shown that it had meant no harm, and ABC had a lot to lose. So when Judge Lasker retired to his chambers to sketch out his decision, he left behind him an atmosphere of suspense.

The court reconvened some thirty minutes later, and Judge Lasker remarked wryly, "I have not had the benefit of talking to all my scriptwriters, or having this material edited one way or another." He need not have apologized. His decision, with its alternating good news and bad news for everyone in the room, was equal to the theatricality of the occasion.

"I find that both of the parties here, as I said at the outset of the hearing this morning, have proceeded in good faith," Judge Lasker began. The Pythons, he went on, "sincerely hold the view that they are entitled to have their work shown as they created it," while ABC, in cutting the shows, manifestly believed "that it had the right to make those changes and that it was serving the interests of the public as well as of its own company in doing so." He observed parenthetically that procedures probably ought to be tightened to avoid similar misunderstandings in the future, and he continued, "The law favors the proposition that a plaintiff has the right under ordinary circumstances to protection of the artistic integrity of his creation. In this case I find that the plaintiffs have established an impairment of the integrity of their work. Though the revised version, which I have no doubt was edited by those concerned with care and a desire

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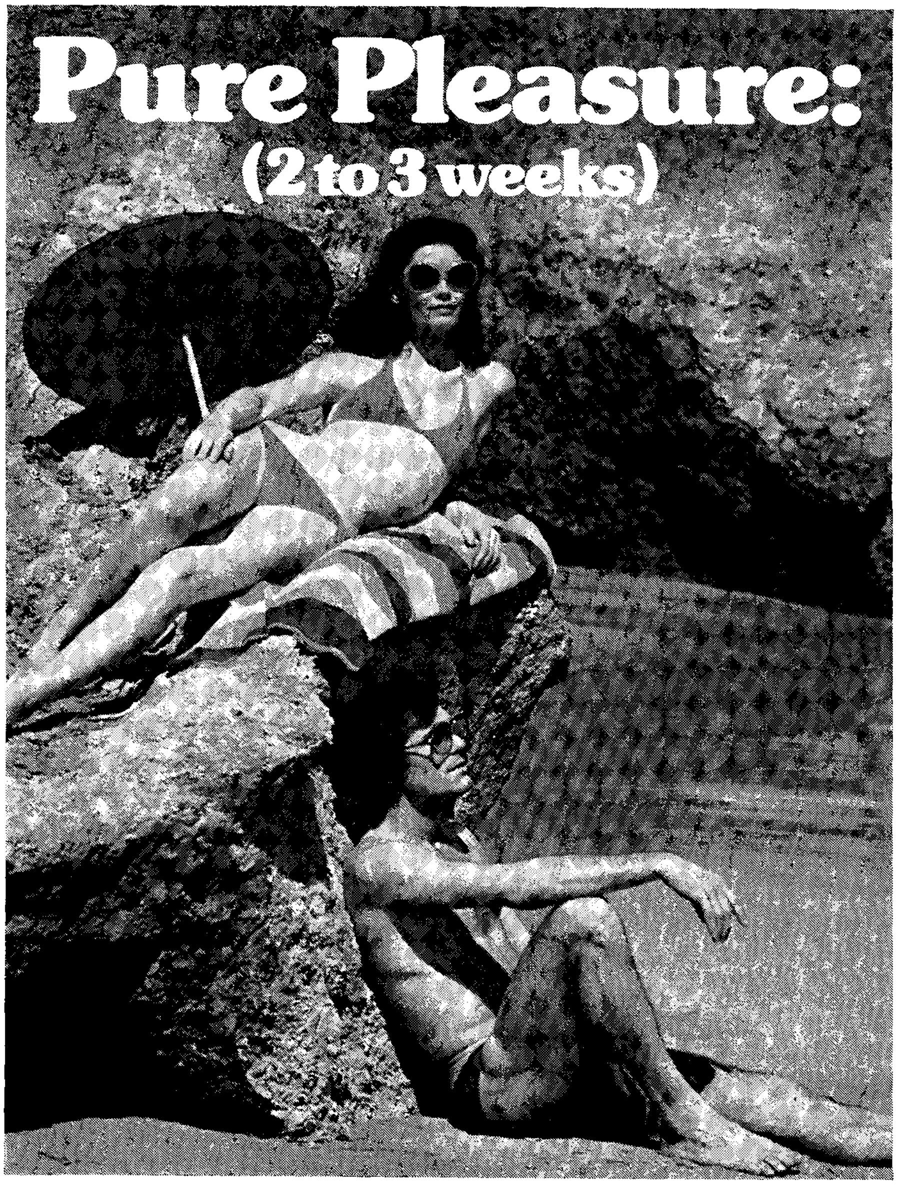
to preserve the original quality of the work, does breathe the originality and fantasy and comedy of the uncut version, it nevertheless has caused the film or program, in my view, to lose its iconoclastic verve. If, to use the analogy used by one of the plaintiffs in his testimony, the nude remains a character in 'Déjeuner sur l'Herbe,' she is very much in the background. That the reasons for the changes which were made were made in good faith and for what may be considered sound professional requirements does not minimize the loss in aesthetic or philosophic punch. Furthermore, the cut is a heavy cut. It is a cut of twenty-two minutes out of ninety minutes, which comes near the border at which one might say that the cuts, if not fatal, certainly made it very difficult for the patient to live in good health. Finally, the damage that has been caused to the plaintiffs is irreparable by its nature."

Hope was stealing across the faces of the Pythons. Lasker gave them the bad news all at once, like a bucket of cold water in a vaudeville turn: "Nevertheless, there are important reasons why I will decline to grant the injunction as requested." It was not clear, he said, "who owns the copyright on the program we are talking about as distinct from the script." It was not clear whether the BBC and Time-Life should have been parties to the lawsuit. But one thing was clear: "ABC will suffer significant financial loss if it is enjoined, though conceivably it might recover its monetary damages, if they occur, from Time-Life or the BBC, or both. ABC, however, has demonstrated that it will also suffer some irreparable damage if it is enjoined, including damage to its relations with affiliates, an implication of sloppiness of management—which I do not believe would be justified under the circumstances—and, finally, being put in an unfavorable light with the public and the government." Lastly, he said, there was "a somewhat disturbing casualness" in the apparent tardiness of the Pythons' discovery that they had been wronged. "Under the circumstances," Lasker said, "the motion for a preliminary injunction for the relief requested, namely, to stop the show, is denied."

That seemed to be that, but Lasker was not through. "However," he said, "I am willing to consider—although I do not know precisely how to phrase it—a motion for more limited relief. I have in mind the possibility, if the plaintiffs would like to make such a motion, for some kind of statement to be



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made on the show with regard to the content of the show: a disavowal by the plaintiffs, or some explanation of the process that has occurred here, if the plaintiffs feel that that would be the next best thing or better than nothing with regard to their professional standing and their concerns growing out of the revision of the program. Of course, such an application would have to be made quickly. I would give it the most serious consideration, and I am telling ABC right now that I would, and I would be likely to grant such relief, as long as it was sensibly phrased and did not, of course, consume too much of the time of the program—and I don't see why it would."

This unexpected, Solomonic twist left the courtroom momentarily stunned. "My silence is not to be taken as any agreement or otherwise," Clarence Fried managed to say. "I just don't know what the position of ABC would be. I would have to consult with them." When Shanks was asked what he thought of the decision, he said, with a smile that was only half ironic, "Justice has been served." As for the Pythons, they began, after a few minutes, to imagine that they had won something like a victory. They stayed behind in the courtroom with their lawyer to work on the text of their proposed disavowal, which would have to be submitted after the weekend. Judge Lasker, still wearing his robes of office, came into the room, shook Gilliam and Palin by the hand, and told them shyly that he was one of their greatest admirers. Gilliam, who was returning to London that night with Palin, remarked to a friend wonderingly that one of the ABC people had asked him if he would mind making the disavowal funny.

On Monday, Judge Lasker ordered ABC not to proceed with the broadcast unless it included the following announcement, which had been written by the Pythons and toned down by the Judge: "The members of Monty Python wish to disassociate themselves from this program, which is a compilation of their shows edited by ABC without their approval." The announcement was to be shown on screen for twenty seconds, and read aloud, at the beginning of the program, and it was to be repeated in full during the first commercial break.

By this time, ABC had had a chance to decide what it thought of such monkeyshines: it thought very little of them. As soon as Lasker issued his order, ABC's lawyers went upstairs to the Court of Appeals and filed a motion for a "stay pending appeal," the effect of which would be to queer the order. Three Circuit judges—Paul R. Hays, William H. Timbers, and Murray I. Gurfein—would rule on the motion the next day, and Fried and his associates used the time to draw up a number of papers in support of their position. They repeated the arguments they had used against the temporary injunction, and declared that ABC would cancel the broadcast rather than carry "a disclaimer which is so distasteful and which creates such a dangerous precedent that it is worse than the granting of the injunction without conditions." They then made two startling claims. The first was that carrying the disclaimer would violate ABC's First Amendment right to freedom of speech and expression—an ingenious thought but one that seemed Pythonesque at best and Orwellian at worst. The second claim, expressed in unusually passionate language, was this: "To accept the conditions imposed by the Court would only invite actions for injunctive relief by every writer, artist, cameraman, director, performer, musician, lighting engineer, set and dress designer, editor and sound-effects man and many others who contribute to making a motion picture or television program on the claim that his component part in the composite undertaking was not according to his liking or artistic sense." What this remarkable outburst seemed to reveal was a great network's naked fear of the people who create programs for it—people who, however hypnotized by money they may or may not eventually become, are always motivated in the first instance in their choice of profession by an aesthetic impulse. But ABC's vision of itself as a kind of corporate St. Sebastian martyred in a hail of legal arrows was probably, from its standpoint, if not from that of the viewing public, too pessimistic. The Bosch-like horde of minions falling over each other to plunge ABC into an inferno of court-induced chaos would almost certainly never have materialized, however salutary an effect such a development might have had on the quality of the network's programming. Most people who choose to work in television, particularly in commercial television, are prepared to accommodate themselves to the prevailing realities. The Pythons had the psychic and financial resources—and the safe shelter back home at the BBC—to enter the lists against Goliath. Few others do.

The next day's business was quickly

done. The three Circuit judges listened for a half hour or so to the arguments of each side. They heard no witnesses and viewed no tapes, for the motion they were being asked to rule upon was merely procedural—in theory, if not in effect. They retired, returned, and delivered their decision. In one sentence, ABC's motion was granted.

When "Wide World of Entertainment" came on the air at 11:30 P.M. three days later, an attentive viewer might have noticed a single clue that something unusual had been going on. For three seconds at the beginning of the broadcast, the following legend appeared in small capital letters at the bottom of the screen: "EDITED FOR TELEVISION BY ABC." Though the warning "EDITED FOR TELEVISION" is often flashed at the beginning of broadcasts of movies that have been cut for reasons of time or timidity, the precise wording of the Python notice was something unprecedented. What made it doubly odd was that the shows constituting the special had, of course, been "edited for television" long before ABC ever got hold of them, by the Pythons themselves. "RE-EDITED FOR ABC TELEVISION BY ABC" would have been less concise and more embarrassing, but also more exact. At Monday's short hearing, ABC had told Judge Lasker that it had independently decided to include some such statement, "in the spirit of compromise." A second motive for ABC's generosity, perhaps a more important one, may become apparent if the Pythons press their lawsuit further, as it now seems certain they will. The implied disclaimer that ABC did broadcast will allow the network to argue that it voluntarily acted to avert whatever damage the broadcast might have done to Monty Python's reputation for integrity. In any event, the provisional outcome—the addition of the five letters "BY ABC" to the familiar "EDITED FOR TELEVISION"—was an uncannily accurate measurement of the relative power of Monty Python and the American Broadcasting Company. The Pythons lost the skirmish, but they had succeeded in pressing the tiniest of joy buzzers into ABC's unsuspecting hand.

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

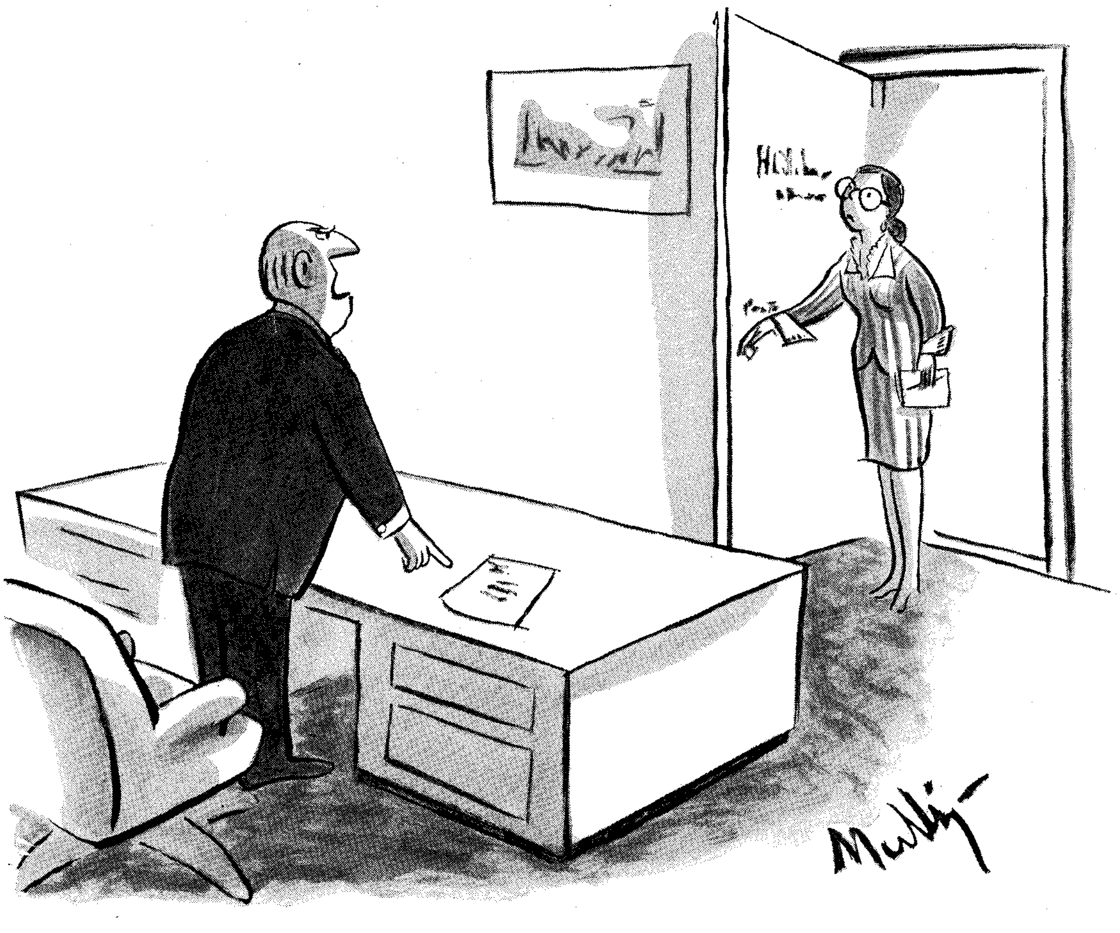
Retorts to "The Birth of a Nation"

BLACK American films have often been insults, pieces of burnt-cork condescension, stale jokes played on ground-down people. They have also served as cheap babysitters, models of glamour and bravery, and sermons on the theme of the all-American tenet of wishing to be middle-class. The common notion of the black American film—as it was until lately, before "Claudine" and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song"—has compounded Stepin Fetchit, Mammy, jazz, God, a villain who comes to a bad end, women intended to do laundering, and drink intended to bring forgetfulness. A pretty heroine was seen as a scrubber or as yet another cripple to be left behind on the frantic crawl up the scale, not as a worshipped flower-faced Gish girl wrapped in tissue paper like an orchid; and liquor was an anodyne to be swigged alone, not Moet & Chandon to be shared with friends. Life held very little courtliness, very few friends.

INDEPENDENT black cinema, which struggled to be different, was born of the shift West to Hollywood after the First World War. Black independent filmmaking, in reality often dependent on white backers, seized on the emptied studios in New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Kansas City to make films for the ten million-odd audience of blacks unspoken to. More directly, independent black movies made the necessary riposte to the great but bigoted "The Birth of a Nation," with its D. W. Griffith vision of slaves run amok, the flickering masterpiece against which the six-year-old N.A.A.C.P. wanted a court injunction. In 1918, three years after the Griffith film was released, the Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation released "The Birth of a Race" as its own counterblast, starting with money that was raised by the black middle class to refute Griffith. The capital was ultimately white, and the film dire for lack of money, confidence, and experience. Battle spectacles are juxtaposed with cut-rate footage, and the social lesson taught is the craven one that was to become familiar: fit in with the existing, white-regulated order.

In the boom years of the twenties, the flailing imitations of Hollywood multiplied. They were about the hope of moving up which has made so much of modern life a matter of elbowing away the neighbors and banging doors into followers' faces. In Hollywood-infected black films, the nub of things was to push your drunken father under the carpet and to leave Mom to scrape her knuckles on a washboard—or, more recently, to fob her off with a washing machine that she sits in front of to watch pajama legs go round and round as if she were a cat mistaking the machine for a television set. Even the independent twenties films are about passing for white; about leaving girlfriends behind in the struggle; about aspiring to be a doctor or a lawyer or a landowner, or anything but one of the Hollywood black stereotypes of the rolling-eyed buffoon, the uncontrollable villain, the faithful servant. The limits of possibility are a low ceiling in a cell too small to stand up in. People crawl on all fours, as if they were in a Beckett play: and don't most of us, black and white, though it is taking us a long time to hear the others who are gasping for air? Move first one leg, now one arm, now the other leg, now the other arm. On the knees, can't get up; a wounded bull in the ring.

BEFORE the Second World War, there were about seven hundred ghetto movie houses. They were nearly all owned by whites. There is something unspeakably sad about the wood-shaving films that were being sold in them as food for ten million people. It is not only that the blacks who made the films were barred from knowing anything about film technique and distribution, and were dependent on tenth-rate white personnel who took no trouble except to make a fast buck, and were forced to haul prints around in the backs of old cars to be shown in churches or schools or revival-meeting halls. It is also that the rules of social strata were usually held to be binding and immutable, and that ignominy at the hands of other breeds led to the dealing out of disrepute to your own. The black women in the films have to be bashed about to get them to show proper respect: "To make a woman love you, knock her down," says an advertisement for Oscar Micheaux's "The Brute" (1920). So much for as-



"Miss Pringle! What is this piece of paper doing on my desk?"

piration. In the Colored Players Film Corporation of Philadelphia's "The Scar of Shame" (1928), which has been showing at the Whitney Museum as half of a two-part program about early black independent filmmaking, a pretty mulatto girl gets married to a dandy who fancies himself as coming from an unreachably higher class and refuses to take her home to meet his family. "Caste is one of the things that Mother is very determined about," says the hero, so driving his wife back into the dog days, to live now with a raffish racketeer. When the husband finds her with the racketeer, the two men fire at each other, and she is accidentally shot in the neck. She recovers, and starts to work in a speakeasy as an entertainer, wearing a pathetic tulle bow tied at the side of her neck, like a kewpie doll. "Caste is one of the things that Mother is very determined about": yes, indeed. Today, one is struck by the gallantry, anguish, and startling merriment that underlie the making of these films. The hopes held out were little to live on. Fatalism reigned. Birth decided everything. The heroine Louise's "scar of shame" (which "marred her beauty," says a subtitle) was the inevitable product of a broken home, according to the film's deep-breathing introductory titles. In the black films made until very recently—even in the independent ones—white mores held sway but God decided that everything was against their realization. The aspirations were white but blackness was a fact that made them stillborn. The most you can hope for, these black pictures say to us, is to emulate white table manners, white aesthetic standards, even white accents; though every now and again, even in films made long ago, black idioms break through. There is a subtitle in the silent, improvised "The Scar of Shame" about ways not to have "miss-meal cramps." It is the phrase of a tenth of the nation with much more than a tenth of the national troubles and much more than a tenth of the national inventiveness. There is scathing additional cruelty in the fact that the talkies, which did so much to inhibit black independent moviemaking, were first made famous by Al Jolson, a white man in blackface.

IT is a sad fact of history that the Negroes themselves agreed on a visual code of villainy: the wicked in Negro films were the most black, the good were the most nearly white. Mulattoes could "pass." All the same, determinism ruled them. They couldn't go any higher than they were born. Which

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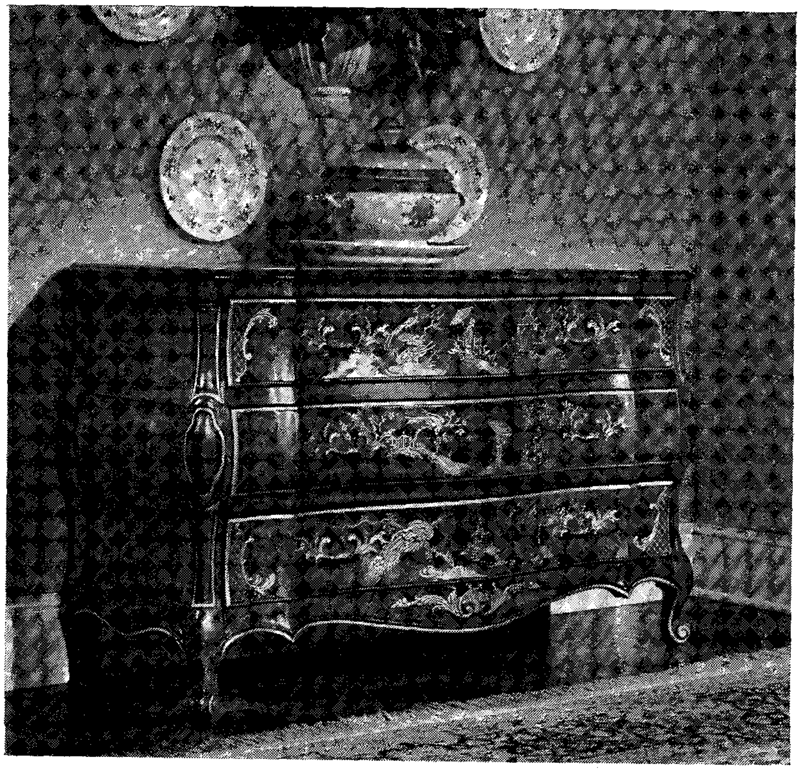

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reflected—still reflects—an appalling truth. Warner's "Hollywood Hotel" (1937) breaks ground by showing a jazz group that mixes whites and blacks; but in the South the sequences with the black Lionel Hampton on xylophone were cut. It was all right to be a black popular musician, but only if you were performing with blacks. Other professions were more difficult. The great Lena Horne recalls that she sorely wanted to be an actress in her youth but that she opted to sing; she had a better chance that way.

IN "Broken Strings" (1940), an affecting social melodrama being shown at the Whitney—written and starred in by Clarence Muse, directed by Bernard Ray—we see the violinist hero suffering suddenly from a left hand that is neurologically crippled. He has to have an expensive operation. His young violinist son earns hospital money by playing swing. But the father threatens him with a beating for his love. The father, black, has white musical ambitions: he is a classical violinist, and swing is for colored people. Conventions cruelly sedate the rebelliousness that could have been expressed then in the movies. A white film man is quoted by contemporary records as having said, "We're crazy about our colored associates. We find them willing, eager, accomplished, and always gay. There's never a dull moment when a Negro film is in production." This about people who in a film (Micheaux's "The Exile," of 1931) or in life itself could be doomed by having a sixteenth of a sixteenth Negro blood in the veins. This when films showed the deserving weak triumphing over the unjust strong but when deserving picture-making itself was limited to making ten-thousand-dollar movies to be shown in segregated and wretched cinemas that had in no way triumphed.

THE triumph is in things like the life history of, say, Oscar Micheaux, by all accounts a born storyteller and a cheerful con man who exercised his boon gifts from the bottom of a very cheerless ditch. He was his own copywriter and salesman. He would even somehow float stocks to get films finished, and persisted in refusing to show his movies in churches, perhaps because of the history of his knavish father-in-law, a minister. Micheaux started adult life as a Pullman porter. From 1919 to 1948, he wrote and distributed over twenty features. He seems to have been not only some sort of visionary but a director breath-

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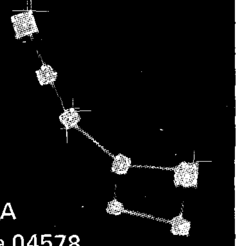

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takingly tough on his actors, who worshipped him. Evelyn Preer, a star of his, recalls that for one scene he got her to walk through a pond that was supposed to be only up to her waist; but the water, she reports with some awe, was over her head, and she nearly drowned. One of the pictures Micheaux made with her was "Within Our Gates" (1920), which he boldly advertised as a preachment against race prejudice "full of details that will make you grit your teeth in silent indignation!" In 1928, he went bankrupt, but he bounced back. We can learn more about him from a forthcoming book by Pearl Bowser, of the Chamba Educational Film Services, who was called in by the Whitney Museum to put together the current program. In the meantime, his approach to his life still comes to us as a clear voice through air chattering with accents less blithe.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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On page 4, paragraph 4, add the following new subparagraph:

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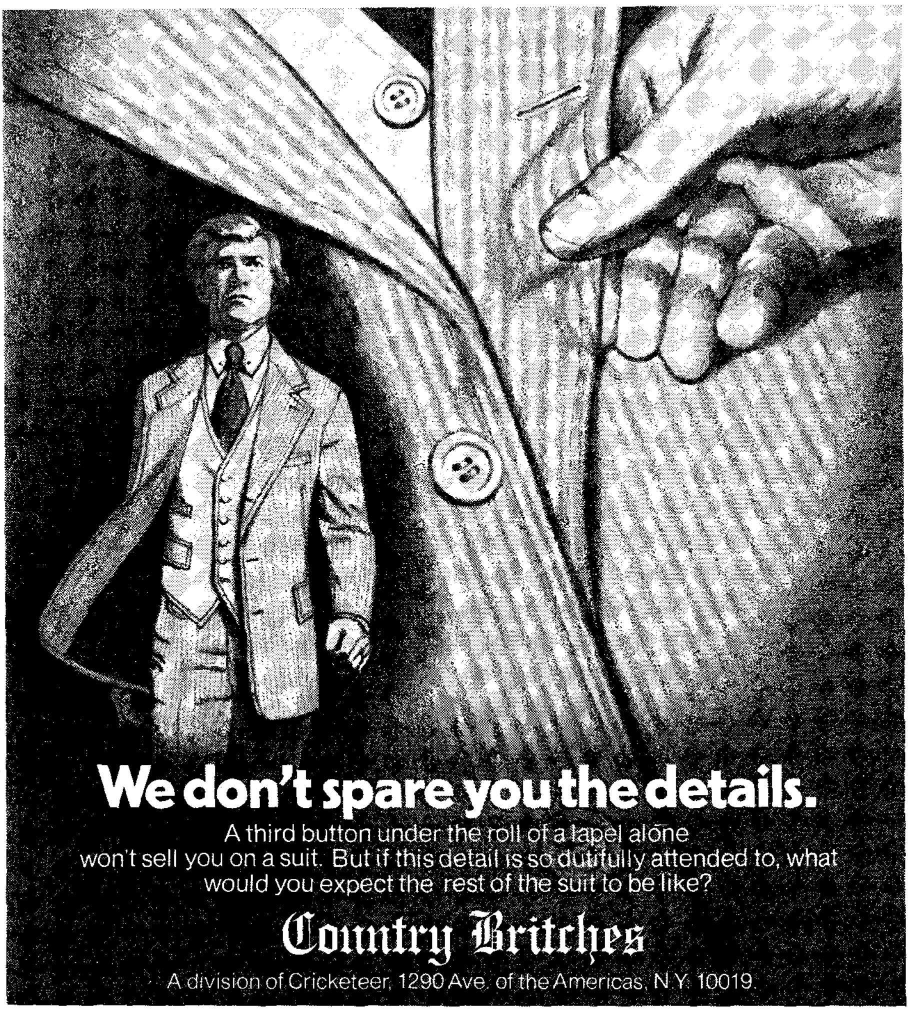
—*Emily Post's column in the Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.*

Next question.



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DANCING

And Round About We Go

THE Dance Umbrella seasons at the Roundabout Stage One are the best reminder we've had recently of what a lot of bad and mediocre choreography is being turned out by the very people with whom the future of American dance is supposed to rest. The last time a number of these little dance companies were drawn together under one roof was in 1972, when the City Center sponsored an American Dance Marathon at the ANTA Theatre. Because dance leaves no trace of itself behind, people's memories have, apparently, to be recharged periodically, and there are always new audiences with no memory at all of what the last such event was like. The Roundabout Stage One, formerly the R.K.O. movie house in Chelsea, is a better space for small companies than the ANTA, having a broad, deep stage, fine sightlines, and a seating capacity modest enough to insure a sellout at nearly every performance. But at Dance Umbrella and at Dance Marathon there was the same clubby atmosphere: the audience seemed to be composed of other dancers, students, and believers. You go to these affairs not to enjoy dance but to study your own relation to it. It's like an audition in reverse. At Dance Umbrella, I had the impression that the overwhelmingly young audience was looking the companies over before deciding which one to try out for.

Naturally, there are some rewards. The Dance Marathon produced Twyla Tharp's "The Raggedy Dances," and Dance Umbrella brought Merce Cunningham partway uptown for a week. But of the other attractions I saw at the Roundabout—the companies of Viola Farber and Cliff Keuter last fall, and those of Jennifer Muller, Kathryn Posin, and Dan Wagoner this spring—I retain a bright-edged memory only of some things by Kathryn Posin and her group. Posin is a hard-hitting, flashy choreographer. Two years ago, when I last saw her work, she was sprawling amateurishly—not in her phrasing, which was exceptionally tight, but in her sense of the line a whole piece should take. Now she seems to have found a consistent impacted energy and the beginnings of a company style. Posin is refreshingly terse (a piece ends almost before you want it to), and she risks the unfashionable. Her opening number was a shimmery group-motion study in green and blue called "Waves." Solidly made, perfectly serious, it may have been the piece in which the new consistency was first achieved. "Light Years," a première, was more like the het-up Posin I remembered, but with none of the indecision. Set to a jazz-rock score, it starts with a boy working an invisible pinball machine, but then it goes on to reflect an inner-city glare and squalor through entirely abstract dancing. There are no clichés, sociological or theatrical.

Viola Farber's company is built along the lines of old-fashioned "lady star" companies. It has two or more dancers of every physical type—two tall horse-faced boys, two short feisty ones, three small brunette girls—but only one Viola. Farber, formerly a Cunningham dancer, is one of the finest soloists of her generation, and despite their Noah's Ark symmetry her dancers are clean executants, engaging and forceful. But their individual qualities are blanketed by what they're given to do. The biggest losses are Farber herself and her partner, the excellent Jeff Slayton. Farber composing for herself becomes rambling, inchoate. In a solo for Slayton, "House Guest," she succeeds in summarizing his assets but not in making them expressive. Her ensemble choreography, though not as violent as it used to be, is vague, choppy, confused. It's obvious that Farber is aiming for the beautiful discontinuities of Cunningham. But, like Nancy Meehan, a disciple of Erick Hawkins, she reduces juxtaposition to stalemate; it's the master misconceived. Farber's dances aren't about discontinuity, they're about disintegration.

Farber's is the familiar case of the extraordinary dancer who simply has no head for choreography. But among younger choreographers she is atypical. Dan Wagoner, Cliff Keuter, and Jennifer Muller were not good dancers to begin with. Dan Wagoner's difficulties start with his physical limitations. He has an immobile thick torso, a heaviness in plié and relevé which leaves

"Forget it. I don't respond to beeps!"

him no means of occupying space except by running or skittering through it. But he's a furry, crinkly-eyed Teddy bear, and he has built a style on presence alone. Although his choreography suggests that he, too, is a mini-Cunningham (a bit better organized than Farber), its outstanding characteristic is audience manipulation. Because he's so butch and huggable, he can get the audience involved in the dilemmas of composition—in the "What'll we do next?" suspense of it all. But though Wagoner is manipulative, his work leaves a cleaner taste in the mouth than the dim, saccharine romanticism of Cliff Keuter or the Dada hooliganism of Jennifer Muller. Wagoner seems to yearn after the missing frontier in American art. When you're a fourth-generation choreographer (Wagoner danced with Cunningham and Paul Taylor, who danced with Graham, who danced with St. Denis), there aren't many claims left to stake out. In a couple of his dances, Wagoner wears fringed buckskins, but I seem to see him in Sunday denims—a suburban tinkerer fumbling with spare parts. Nothing fits together; nothing can be made to fit. Wagoner takes the audience into his confidence, so that we don't question his lack of coördination. One of his most jumbled-together pieces is called "Changing Your Mind." A new piece, "A Dance for Grace and Elwood" (you remember Grace and Elwood), evokes a rusty nineteenth-century American atmosphere, and that seems to be enough. The dances are a mockery of serious intentions, but then Wagoner knows—and we know—how futile seriousness is.

What is remarkable about these younger choreographers is precisely their tacit acknowledgment—through coyness, obstreperousness, or insularity—of how devitalized and directionless their kind of dancing has become. And yet there they are, season after season, bringing on premières. Many of these premières are supported by funds from the New York State Council on the Arts or the National Endowment for the Arts, and there are those who argue that it would be healthier for dance as an art if such aid were discontinued. A Draconic solution. Better a "benign neglect" in which the government is benign and the dance public is neglectful, just as it is now. There's no point in bludgeoning the second-raters, because they don't stick up far enough. They play to a minority; their budgets are as small as their audiences, and they're immune from the most common form of corruption. No cho-

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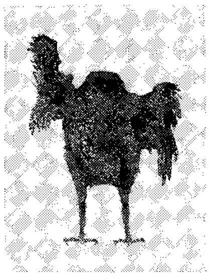

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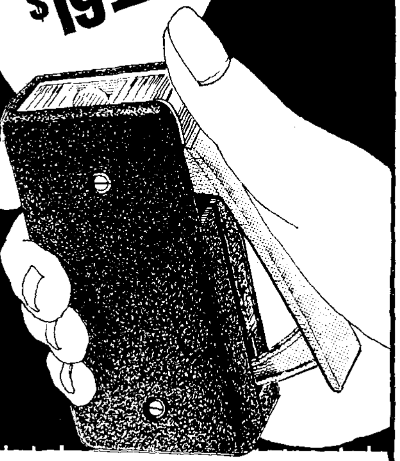

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reographer who tries to develop a repertory and maintain a company of his own can be doing it for the money. But the counter-proposition—that he's doing it for art—isn't necessarily true. Non-artists may suffer as deeply as artists from a sense of compulsion and self-election, and they are sometimes more persistent in pushing themselves ahead and capturing attention. The great argument against arts subsidies used to be that they would only float the unworthy, because real artists never sank. But there is no direct correlation between worthiness and unsinkability; if there were, only those who were truly deserving would have survived to be caught up and carried to safety by the initial wave of government grants, residencies, and tours—which occurred not so very long ago. That did not happen, because the capacity to make sacrifices, to survive despite baleful economic conditions, was not then and never can be a test of merit. And the point about government arts subsidy is that there can be no test of merit—not in a democracy. We have only to look at the Soviet Union to see what happens when merit tests are applied; there the system that began by supporting the best ended by claiming that the best were those who were supported. So there is no choice for government subsidy but to be indiscriminate. Talent cannot be judged by government agencies; only productivity can be judged. And the artist's compulsion to produce new work, to fill out new application forms is the same as the non-artist's. Compulsion—it's the great equalizer.

IT would be a bleak twilight indeed that did not have one deadpan comedian. I enjoy Senta Driver's concerts (the last was held a few weeks ago at the American Theatre Laboratory) because she seems, in a grim sort of way, to relish the directionless state of her art. Senta Driver is plumpish, sly, unsmiling. She barely has a company—one smaller girl, one taller—which she calls Harry, and why the hell not, and she barely makes dances; the three of them run about in rings or roll on the floor. Occasionally, Harry produces a straight, necessarily minimal piece of choreography, but its heart (or mine, anyway) is really in its inscrutable satires, such as "Kschessinska Variations," a seated toe dance, or "Memorandum," in which all Driver does is stalk in a circle, calling out the names of legendary dancers, from Taglioni onward, in impeccable accents. I was sorry not to see again, on this program, "The Star Game," which

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turns the frailest of dance routines into a sporting event, complete with excitable commentary ("Well, look at that! I've never known Bachmann to establish that diagonal this early in the dance"). Driver manages to cast suspicion on the very act of dancing. The weight of the past, the pressure of competition, the certainty that one is no genius—in view of all that, she seems to be asking, how can an intelligent person like me *move*? Her work, if one can call it that, is trifling in the extreme, but she doesn't beg excuses for it. (And her programs carry no government-support credits.) A touch of Harry is a touch of wit in a leaden scene. —ARLENE CROCE

◆

CRAYOLA BEAR

Aron sits in the room,
brought to Ward B
for fainting, rubbing now
his lame legs in oil,
eucalyptus in the oil
coming on in brightness
like the light of his eyes.

A nurse takes the dark
throat of Aron's wrist
in her hands, counting
his pulse in the dark,
and the little figure
in the dial of her watch shines.

At last
Aron goes to the window
and watches his palms.
Now the little face
in the wrist may come out
to look, from the rubbed
warm prayer of the palm,
from the tiny pulse
in the wrist, little face
he has seen in the dark,

Crayola Bear taking
from the cup of his palm
the milk shiny like a watch—
rubbed into the wrist
leaf of olive, palm, eucalyptus—
milk of the eyes
and single lights
of the dark.

Teen-agers in the ward hallway
lie on the carpet
or pass the door of Aron's room
to see him stooped over
like a shoemaker over his shoes,
his lame legs rubbed in oil
of eucalyptus in the dark.
And Aron shines his eyes back
at them, single lights
for them only,
and always by the darkened lamp.
—STEPHEN JAMISON

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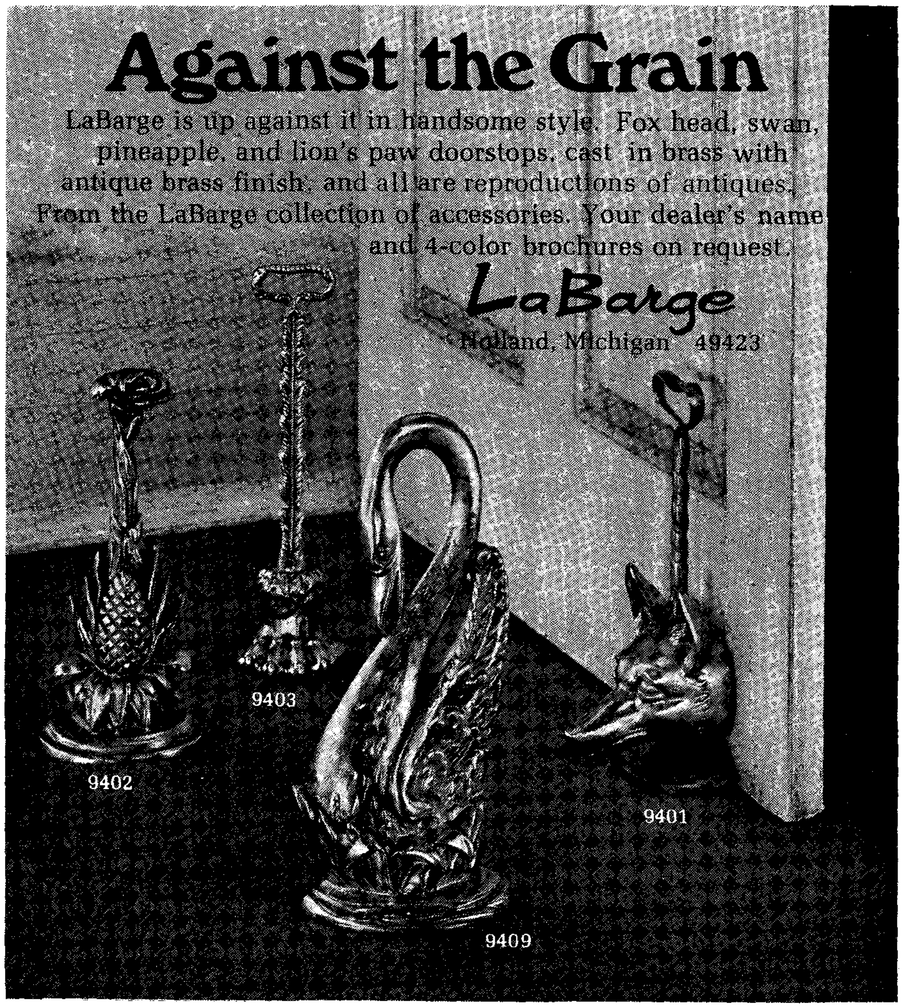

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music to Attending Ears

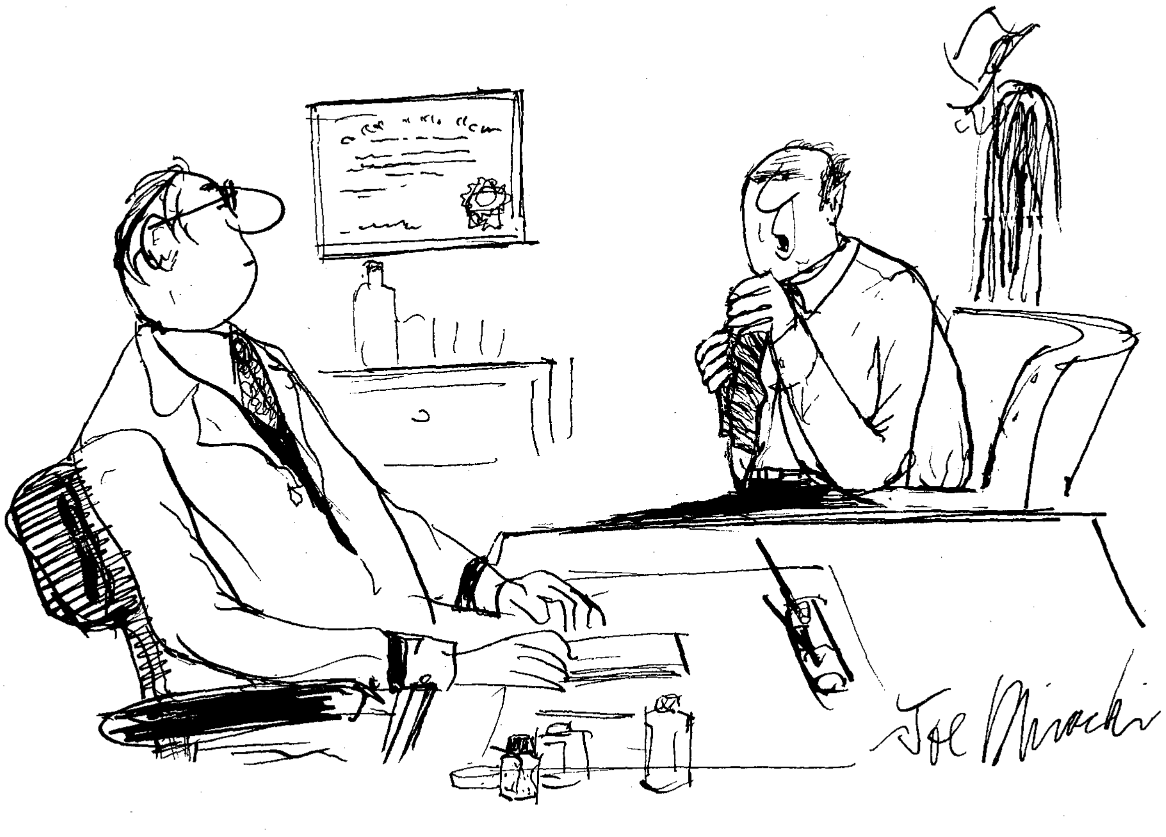
THE Celebration of Contemporary Music held this month at the Juilliard School—seven concerts in the course of eight days—was one of the best festivals of modern music I have ever encountered. By "best" I mean most enjoyable, engaging, rewarding, and important for a healthy musical life. True, no new major masterpiece was unveiled; in fact, there were no first performances, though there were some American or New York premières. No particular school or movement was especially favored. There was one piece from the thirties (Roy Harris's Symphony, of 1933, which might as well now be called his First Symphony, since its successors are numbered from two to fourteen) and two from the forties (Carl Ruggles' "Organum" and Wallingford Riegger's "Music for Brass Choir," both first performed in 1949); for the rest, it was a "celebration" of various musical achievements during the last twenty-odd years. Varèse, whose "Nocturnal" as completed by Chou Wen-chung had its New York première, and Shostakovich, whose Fifteenth String Quartet was given its first professional performance in this country, were the giants from the recent past. Elliott Carter (Third String Quartet and Double Concerto) and Roger Sessions (Third Symphony) were the biggest names among the living. Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Ives, and Copland, having been amply celebrated in recent seasons, were omitted; and the artistic directors of the festival, Peter Mennin and Pierre Boulez, had decided that their own compositions would not be represented.

The New York Philharmonic, the Juilliard School, and the Fromm Music Foundation joined in the venture. The Philharmonic, conducted by Boulez and in one piece by James Levine, gave three concerts—two at full orchestral strength, one in chamber formation. The Juilliard String Quartet, the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra, conducted by Walter Hendl, the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Sixten Ehrling, and the Juilliard Ensemble, conducted by Richard Dufallo, gave one each. All were held in the Juilliard Theatre, which, for everything except late-Romantic music on a very expansive scale, is just about New York's best concert hall. As an opera house it may lack resonance, but when the pit floor is brought up to stage level and the stage is cased in its acoustic shell, when the proscenium opening disappears and it all becomes one room, the sound is bright, warm, open, and immediate. The most delicate tap, tinkle, or whisper can be heard, yet full orchestral climaxes are accommodated without causing pain. (The acoustics were strained to their limits by thirty brass players in the fortissimo climaxes of the Riegger.) Moreover, it is architecturally a pleasing place to be in, not plain or dull. To the Philharmonic and Juilliard Quartet concerts, admission was five dollars. Everything else was free—and "everything else" was more than just the concerts given by the Juilliard student players. Morning and afternoon, rehearsals were open to the public. In Paul Hall, the Juilliard School's recital room (it seats two hundred and seventy-eight), there were afternoon "seminars"—lectures and discussions—on the music to be performed, on musical uses to which computers can be put, and on contemporary musical notation; and on the concertless day there was a "round table" event at which seven of the composers (seated in a row) talked about "Composers in the Twentieth Century." The sharing of work among the four orchestras meant that none were overtaxed; performance levels were kept high.

The last work heard at the Celebration was Carter's Double Concerto. In a program note on the piece, the composer cites as a "literary analog" the close of "The Dunciad," celebrating the Triumph of Dulness:

> Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
> And all its varying rain-bows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops and in a flash expires. . . .
> Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
> Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!

Insofar as Carter applies Pope's lines to the close of his own brilliantly animated composition, he commits self-calumny. (But perhaps he intended a wry, oblique comment on the fact that the concerto had its first performance between the



"Well, which is it this time? Something I have to live with or something I have to live without?"

papers of a learned international congress.) For many an earlier festival of modern music "The Dunciad" might provide apt texts. The line "See Mystery to Mathematics fly!" could have been printed as an epigraph to programs in the days when total serialization was the mode. Those ordeals devised for critics, in the second book of the poem, to see whether they can listen to the works performed without falling asleep have on occasion been revived during the Warsaw, Palermo, and Royan festivals and at the annual gatherings of the International Society for Contemporary Music—with results similar to those in Pope. But Great Dulness was successfully denied admittance to the New York Celebration. Some of her minions slipped in, it is true, wearing pleasant or ingenious masks to gain initial acceptance. Not every one of the works performed was gripping from beginning to end. But most of them were.

About three-quarters of the music played was written by Americans and one-quarter by Europeans. In an essay for the program book, Mr. Boulez reflected that "solidarity within ethnic groups" had been a phenomenon "strictly the result of local, very temporary necessities;" in another essay, Paul Fromm noted that American music has outgrown any need to be consciously and identifiably American, and that whereas in 1876 a Centennial March was commissioned for the occasion from Wagner, "by now, the flow of musical influence between the United States and Europe has become a two-way street; at times it even seems that more lanes lead away from this country than toward it." An English critic, Bayan Northcott, presented a transatlantic view of American music, and an American critic, Michael Steinberg, a transatlantic view of European music. Among the twenty-three American composers named in Mr. Northcott's essay, ten were played at the festival (Varèse, Cage, Sessions, Carter, Stefan Wolpe, William Schuman, Gunther Schuller, Milton Babbitt, George Crumb, Charles Wuorinen); those he mentioned who were not played include Samuel Barber and Virgil Thomson, Morton Feldman, Arthur Berger, Lejaren Hiller, Steve Reich, Andrew Imbrie, Donald Martino, William Bolcom, Henry Brant, and David Del Tredici. (Composers like Reich, Hiller, and Philip Glass possibly reach a wider, more "central" public in London than they do in New York.) Mr. Steinberg's essay mentioned all the Europeans played

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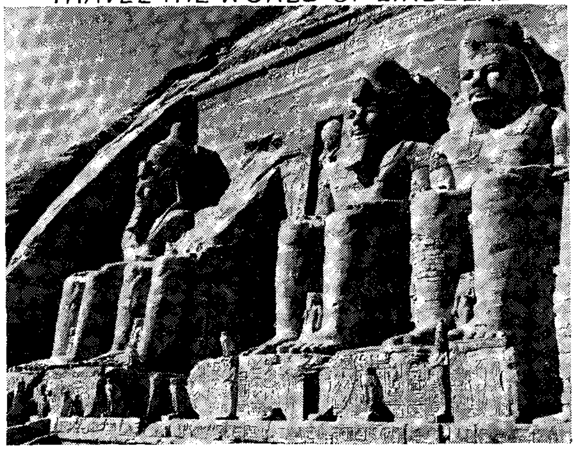

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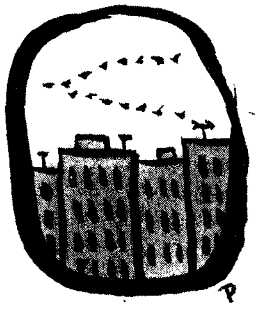
except Yannis Xenakis and Aribert Reimann.

FROM a festival that was by intention a non-doctrinaire general retrospective it is hard to pick any specific "themes" for comment; but at least three of the works played—one by an English, one by an American, and one by a German composer—had travelled Mr. Fromm's two-way street, having been commissioned for performance by a celebrated American soloist with a European ensemble. Peter Maxwell Davies' "Stone Litany: Runes from a House of the Dead" was written for Jan DeGaetani and the Scottish National Orchestra and first heard in Glasgow, at Musica Nova 1973. (Musica Nova, sponsored by the Scottish Orchestra and the University of Glasgow, is another kind of modern-music festival—a week of open rehearsals, lectures, and discussions focussed on the single concert of new music that forms its climax. In 1973, the other composers were György Ligeti, Luciano Berio, and Martin Dalby.) "Stone Litany" is a highly organized, picturesque, and very beautiful composition. Its landscape is the prehistoric monuments on Mainland, the largest of the Orkney Islands, where Davies lives, and specifically the great barrow Maeshowe. Vikings broke into the barrow and, probably in the twelfth century, incised graffiti on its stones—phrases like "Lif the Earl's cook carved these runes," "Great treasure is hidden in the northwest," and (aptly and amusingly, the composer, known as Max, uses it to sign off his piece) "Max the Mighty carved these runes." In his setting of these runic inscriptions, our new Max the Mighty says he has "taken liberties . . . assuming that as the texts are in an extinct language (Orkney Norn, a dialect of Old Norse) they will not be readily understood anyway." It seems a fair assumption. The score (published by Boosey & Hawkes at forty-five dollars, which is surely a high price even for a most elegant specimen of musical calligraphy) reveals the precise craftsmanship of the piece. From his early (1957) "St. Michael" Sonata, for seventeen winds (to be given its New York première at a Juilliard School concert this week), Davies has been writing vanguard music—in veins exuberant, irreverent, angry, reflective, poetic—firmly based on such strong things as cantus firmus, canons, and isorhythms, and in recent works he has added to his expressive armory a very delicate control of harmony and a flair for decoration that enhances and does not obscure structure. The ear delights in the sounds of "Stone Litany," in the "atmospheric" effects suggesting sigh of wind, play of light, surface movement over grand, ancient stillness. The instrumentation is magical. Davies is not afraid to use that childhood toy the flexatone—a tongue of resonant metal struck by wooden bobbles—or, through the closing pages, wineglasses tuned to E-flat and C, stroked with a damp finger into soft-shining sound. The voice enters as the most colorful and sensitive of all instruments, uttering first the letters of the runic alphabet, then (as in Harrison Birtwistle's "Nenia," another piece that Miss DeGaetani does to perfection) singing a duet with itself—one line apparently continuous against the quick flourishes of another. The final inscription is set to a long, seamless melody that starts on the F below the treble staff, climbs to the A above it, and closes on the low F again. By the Philharmonic, under Boulez, and Miss DeGaetani the work was exquisitely performed.

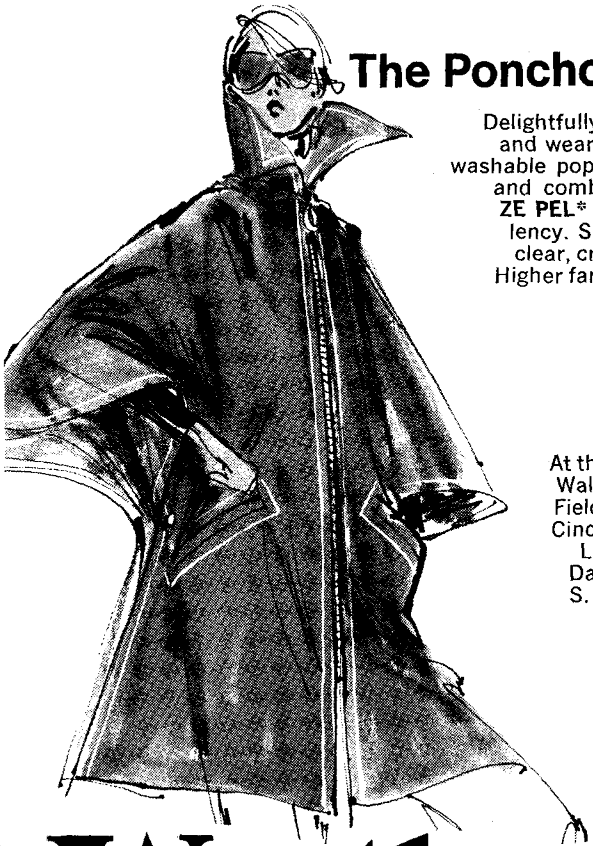


The American transatlantic piece was Earle Brown's "Centering," for solo violin and ten instruments, commissioned by the London Sinfonietta and first performed by Paul Zukofsky and the Sinfonietta in 1973. It, too, makes delicate, beautiful sounds. The title "refers to the molding of clay on a potter's wheel and to all of the life-things that would be a metaphor of." The form is defined, but how exactly some of its sections are to be filled is left to the violinist and the conductor. In a central cadenza, for example, the composer writes out the soloist's line, indicating its general rhythmic shapes but not the precise timing; the other instruments are allotted various kinds of musical material, from which the conductor selects, cuing in his choices at appropriate moments to accompany the cadenza. Mr. Zukofsky was once more the eloquent soloist, and Boulez was the conductor. The Philharmonic playing was fine-grained; everyone played as if inspired by his responsibilities. The final staff of "Centering" has the indication "Bruno's line;" Bruno Maderna, who for a while had an important part in American musical life, is commemorated. His own "Quadrivium" was played, and also Luciano Berio's "Calmo," dedicated to his memory.

The German piece, Reimann's "Inane," was commissioned for Joan Carroll and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, who gave the first performance, with Lukas Foss as conductor, in Berlin in 1969. The title must presumably be understood in the sense of "empty." It is a long, long monologue, the words by Manuel Thomas, for a woman who wakes from a dream of her baby crying to the realization that the baby was torn from her body before it was born. Remorse, regret for the lost child, and bitter reproach of the father who insisted on the abortion recur in a free rondo form. The instruments provide a kind of "backing" to her agitated declamation. Miss Carroll, a dramatic performer, probably made something of the piece; at the Juilliard, Nadine Herman was a dutiful rather than a moving soloist. "Inane" marked an Expressionist turning point in Reimann's progress from his earlier, somewhat schematic, but pleasing pieces to the freer, wider manner of his opera "Melusine."

THE oldest living composer represented was Roger Sessions, born in 1896. His Third Symphony, of 1957, with its scherzo-fantasy on "Yankee Doodle," Harris's First Symphony, and William Schuman's Seventh Symphony, of 1960, made a general point that could perhaps be made in any country but at festivals of contemporary music seldom is: that while symphony orchestras survive there are likely to be composers who still turn gladly to the traditional four-movement symphonic form and write symphonies worth hearing. At one of the seminars, Boulez remarked that "without new materials we cannot have any new thoughts," and by "materials" he apparently meant the sonic materials of which music is built. Using only traditional materials—the three works were written for the Boston Symphony—Harris, Sessions, and Schuman all seemed to me to have created freshly; and their clear, orderly discourses were good to follow.

The youngest composer represented was Peter Lieberson, born in 1946. His Cello Concerto received its third New York hearing. It was first done at a Group for Contemporary Music concert in 1974, and then, rather less well, at one of the Philharmonic's Prospective Encounters last year. At this third performance, I began to en-



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joy it, feeling at last that it had shape as well as lively, quicksilver ideas. One of the newest pieces performed was John Cage's "Score (40 drawings by Thoreau) and 23 Parts (for any instruments and/or voices): 'Twelve Haiku' followed by a Recording of the Dawn at Stony Point, New York, August 6, 1974," first played here by the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra during their visit in January. The piece consists of twelve sound flurries, each followed by a silence of equal length; after all that is done, players and audience spend an equivalent time listening in silence to the Stony Point recording (no dawn chorus sang—only one dull, repetitive bird). The piece did not fit well into what Boulez described, in his program essay, as "that benign mode of communication that is called the concert in the form in which we still have it, bequeathed to us at the end of the nineteenth century;" The Kitchen, on Broome Street, where Cage's "Score" had its first New York performance, is a more suitable ambience. Another piece using tape—not of plain nature sound, however, but carefully composed—was Babbitt's "Correspondences," in whose performance live string players and synthesized tape combine. (This was also a carry-over from an earlier Prospective Encounters program.) The mathematics of the composition are doubtless formidable; the result, like most of Babbitt's music, is elegant and engaging, both as sound and as structure.

I still have not mentioned all that was done, and should at least record that Jacob Druckman's "Lamia" (reviewed in these pages after its Philharmonic performance last October) was revived, and pleased; and that Charles Wuorinen's glittering "Arabia Felix" (first performed by the Composers Ensemble, conducted by Peter Lieberson, in 1974) can be counted a hit among the works of this prolific, hit-or-miss composer.

THE open rehearsals afforded the chance to hear pieces several times over. The audiences could share with the executants the experience of bringing a work to life, finding its shape and sense, and the shirtsleeved working sessions were quite as important as the concerts. The general program book and the daily program leaflets, edited by David Hamilton, were admirable, setting a standard to which other organizations must be held. All the necessary information—basic biography, details of instrumentation and of first

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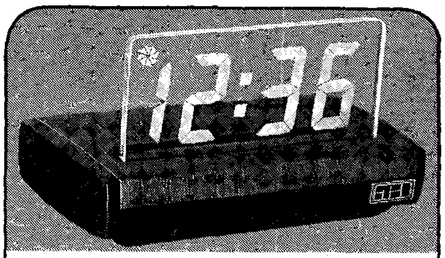

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performance, publisher, availability of scores and of recordings—was included, along with commentary helpful to the listener. Full texts and translations of any sung words were provided, and the house lights were left up, so that they could be read. The only failing: that curious common American practice of setting out movement headings on one page and the program note on quite another. In the lobby outside, there was a "publishers' table" where scores could at least be examined; next time they should also be on sale, and so should records. The concerts were not broadcast nationally, nor even within the city, as from a comparable European or Australian festival they would have been, increasing the audience of a thousand perhaps tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold. The Juilliard did not open its canteen as the traditional "festival club" where audience, composers, publishers, and performers gather to drink, eat, and talk before and after concerts. Those are also things for next time. That there will be a next time is implied by the legend on the programs: "Inaugural Festival." Perhaps already the other ensembles who could so profitably figure in future celebrations—Speculum Musicae, the Light Fantastic Players, the Composers Ensemble, the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, the American Brass Quintet, and all the rest—are clamoring to schedule some of their concerts within the framework. In a sense, New York provides a season-long, but scattered and spotty, celebration of contemporary music. The eight-day Juilliard-centered festival brought things into focus, brought people together, and drew full houses for some programs that, if they had been presented in isolation, might have been but thinly attended.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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Leo L. Sassani of Lower Paxton Twp., a systems analyst in the Corporate Systems Department of AMP, Inc., has been elected president of the Dauphin County Retired Children's Association.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

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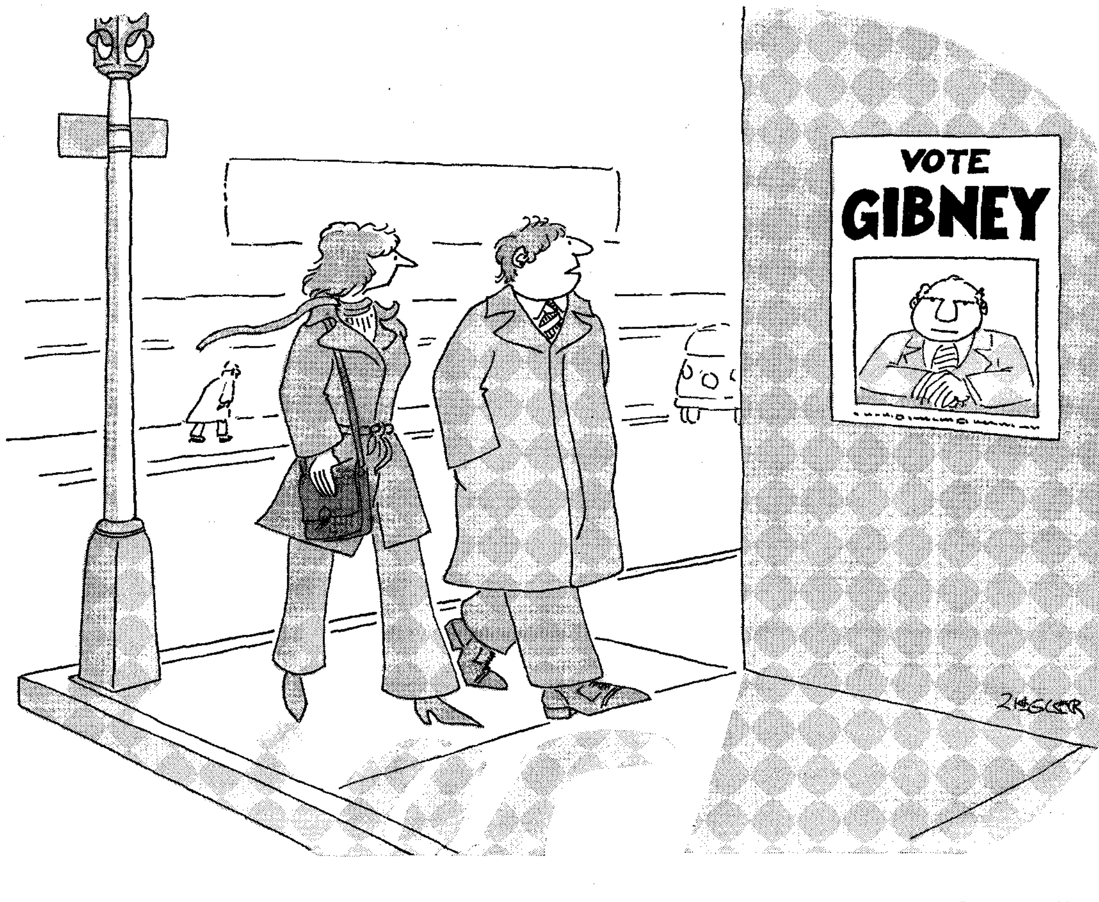
U.S. JOURNAL: ATLANTA

A TRAVELLING PERSON MAROONED ON A COCKTAIL ISLAND

THE Guest Service Directory in my room at the new Peachtree Plaza Hotel, in Atlanta, said "Welcome home!" but I suspect the management was merely being polite. I don't mean that I could not conceive of feeling at home in a hotel room. Like a lot of people who travel constantly on business, I spend so much time in hotels that I often feel like Eloise all grown up. When I can't seem to find the key to my own house, it sometimes occurs to me that I may have absentmindedly dropped it into a mailbox, postage presumably guaranteed by my wife and children. I only mean that the management of the Peachtree Plaza—Western International Hotels, widely considered the class of the industry—must know that if any new downtown hotel actually followed the old hotel maxim of providing a home away from home for the travelling man it would soon find itself with an occupancy rate resembling the lifetime batting average of a slightly nearsighted knuckleballer. A push-button telephone is not provided by a hotel to remind a travelling salesman of home but to give him a toy he couldn't have at home without paying a monthly surcharge. He may now have a large color-television set at home—years after even tacky motels began furnishing them as a matter of course—but in a hotel he can enjoy one without musing during commercials about how much the bill will be if the efforts of his children to make the referee's face come in green during hockey games eventually necessitate a service call. Modern hotels offer the latest American comforts without the agonies of ownership—a swimming pool for those who don't have one at home, a swimming pool without an eternally clogging drain for those who do. If the management of the Peachtree Plaza really wanted us Travelling People to feel at home, it would describe its lobby not as containing a half-acre lake but as being under two feet of water on a day when no plumber is answering his phone.

The design of hotel lobbies having diverged in the past several years further and further from any resemblance to home, an experienced Travelling Person would never betray astonishment at an invitation to have a drink—or to "enjoy a convivial cocktail," as a hotel brochure is more likely to put it—on a "cocktail island" that extends into the half-acre lake in the lobby. In a new hotel, we certainly don't expect to enjoy our convivial cocktail tucked away under the mezzanine in one of those old-fashioned hotel lounges that were kept so dark the only way to distinguish between the pretzel bowl and a half-filled ashtray was trial and error. We do our drinking right out in the lobby now, in full view of the bellhops. Lobbies being what they are these days, we consider it routine to be sipping a Martini next to a mountain stream or inside a small forest or just out of splashing range of a waterfall or overlooking an ice-skating rink. The pennies that already litter the bottom of the Peachtree Plaza's half-acre lake were, I assume, contributed by the locals rather than by my fellow Travelling People. We are free enough with our extremely small change, as any bellhop could testify, but we would never behave in a way that indicated we found drinking on a cocktail island in a half-acre lake anything special—at least, not on the road. At home, where we are the locals ourselves, I suspect that many of us who found ourselves perched in the middle of a half-acre lake in a hotel lobby would feel just a tiny bit like Kermit the Frog.

JOHN PORTMAN, the Atlanta architect and developer who built the Peachtree Plaza, more or less invented the concept of using boffo lobby design as entertainment. I suppose it could be argued that the lobbies designed in the early fifties by Morris Lapidus, who is to hotel architecture what Harold Robbins is to literature, provided a certain amount of entertainment in Miami Beach. But the Lapidus lobbies are a quick show: the guest takes a look, either marvels at the opulence or giggles at the grossness, and then hurries off so he can get to the pool before all the best chaise longues are taken. Nobody had a drink in a new Lapidus lobby; practically nobody ever sat in one. They were just there on display. The lobbies built or inspired by Portman, as part of commercial hotels



"I understand that the innuendos circulating about him are rumored to be true."

rather than resort hotels, are certainly meant as display—Portman's critics would say he is "Lapidus without the *tchotchkes*"—but they are also meant to serve the same function for all of us bored and lonely Travelling People that is served by pay-TV movies in the guest rooms or saunas in the bathrooms or cocktail lounges spinning around on top of the roof. They help kill the evening. "Be sure to get around the hotel for some indoor sightseeing," said the Guest Service Directory that welcomed me home to the Peachtree Plaza. "Relax by the ½-acre lake in the lobby. See the 100-foot-wide waterfall in our Terrace Room Restaurant. Ride the glass-enclosed elevators up to the Sun Dial."

As a Travelling Person, I was slightly distressed to learn that the managers of the Peachtree Plaza believe that all it takes to keep us entertained is a ride up and down in an elevator, and I'm even more distressed to have to admit that they're right. We like a little movement. The hotel that made Portman and boffo lobbies famous—the Hyatt Regency Atlanta, which has a twenty-two-floor atrium lobby that transforms all of its hallways into balconies—was an instant success partly because so many people wanted to be able to drink in a place where they could watch folks ride up and down in glass elevators and so many other people wanted to ride up and down in glass elevators in a place where they could watch folks drink in the lobby below. When the Hyatt Regency was completed, in 1967, Atlanta already had a reputation as a healthy place for the lodging industry. There is a theory in the industry that the best hotel towns are distribution centers rather than manufacturing centers—places like Atlanta or Denver rather than Pittsburgh or Cleveland—partly because the guest is more likely to be a customer who has to be entertained rather than a salesman who may spend the night stewing in his hotel room after the purchasing agent turns down his dinner invitation in order to play in the regular weekly bridge foursome or attend his son's high-school basketball game. According to the theory, distribution centers develop restaurants and attractions for entertaining, which leads businessmen to bring their wives along and spend an extra night instead of rushing through their business in a day, which makes the hotel business even better. By the middle sixties, though, the lodging business in even good hotel towns had moved toward the interstates; the Hyatt Regency was built in the first wave of hotel construction in downtown Atlanta in

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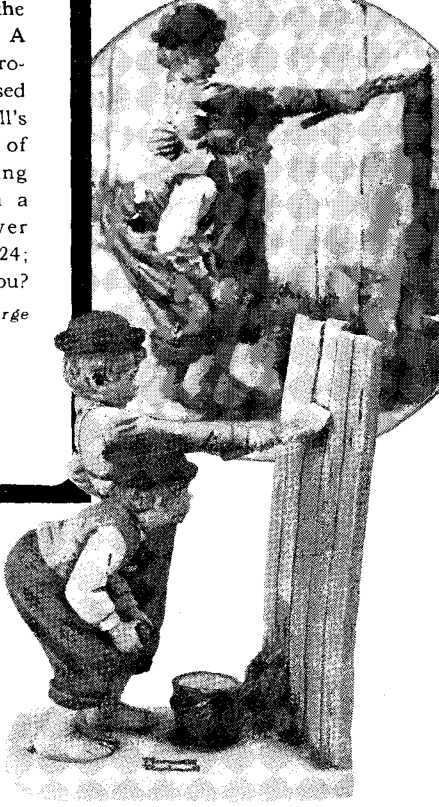

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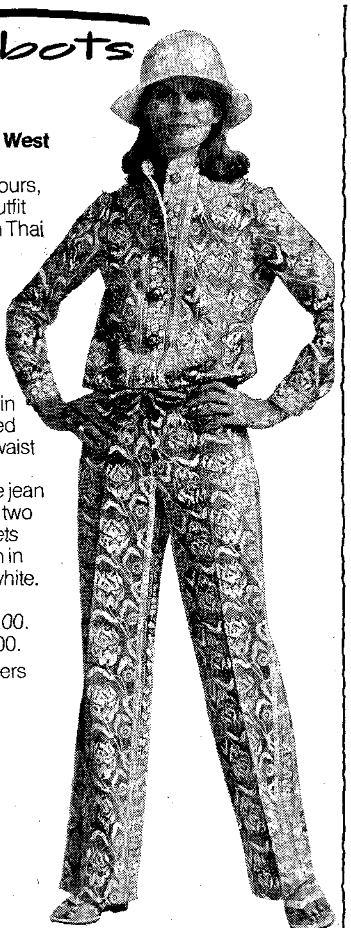

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forty years. It soon became the symbol of Atlanta—certified as a civic symbol comparable to the Empire State Building or the Golden Gate Bridge by having three or four different citizens leap from one of its high balconies down into the lobby where Travelling People were having drinks while watching folks go up and down in glass elevators.

The Peachtree Plaza—the tallest building in the Southeast and the tallest hotel in the world—may become the new symbol of Atlanta, but it is only one of four flashy new hotels completed almost simultaneously in or near downtown. We Travelling People can now choose the Fairmont or the Omni according to the angle from which we prefer to watch ice-skating over a drink; we can choose the Regency or the new Hilton according to the angle from which we prefer to flick peanuts off balconies onto our colleagues drinking in the lobby. All of the new hotels are designed to provide "indoor sightseeing" that goes beyond lobbies to include attached exhibition halls or shopping areas—apparently on the theory that one way to lure a convention to the downtown of a large American city is to assure the conventioneers that they will never have to go out into it. The new Omni Hotel is part of a collection of connected buildings which includes the new Atlanta sports arena (also called the Omni) and will soon include the Georgia World Congress Center, which is always mentioned when visitors to Atlanta bring up the possibility that the city may now have quite a few more hotel rooms than even an entertainment-prone distribution center can use. (The Georgia World Congress Center—a facility that would have been called a convention center in the days when omnis were municipal auditoriums—is scheduled to open next fall with a gathering of thirty thousand people having to do with the bobbin industry. It is said in Atlanta that if the bobbin industry can turn out thirty thousand people for a meeting, the possibilities for a World Congress Center must be almost limitless.) In American cities these days, there is such a strong trend to create some sort of flashy and secure environment with a huge roof on top of it that I sometimes think years from now a traveller approaching a city like Atlanta for the first time from the air will get the impression he has happened upon a tent city built by giants on an abandoned battlefield.

WHEN cities like Atlanta began to build hotels like the Hyatt Regency right downtown again, some of the

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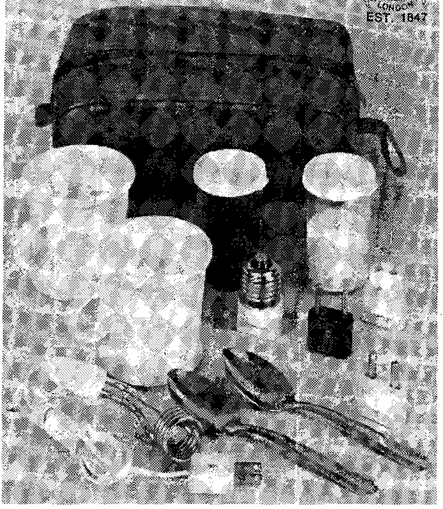

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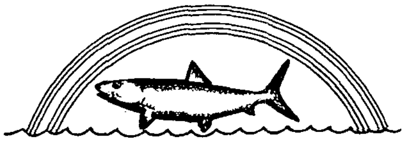

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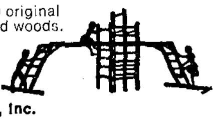

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smaller towns were only a few years past celebrating the opening of their first modern motel-with-swimming-pool—a civic occasion comparable to a nineteenth-century Western town's having been reached by the railroad. In those first years of the lodging revolution begun by Holiday Inn, I occasionally met someone who sympathized with us Travelling People for having to spend so much time in motels that seemed so sterile and lacking in character. I don't think the sympathizers could have spent many nights on the sagging beds next to the hissing pipes of the old commercial-traveller hotels the new motels replaced. I always found those piles about as quaint as a regional auditor, and the sterility most of them lacked was the sort that normally interests the Department of Public Health. In those days, I was always delighted to find that the town I was to visit had horrified its historical society by tearing down the very hotel Grover Cleveland had once eaten lunch in—replacing it with a plastic and cinder-block motel that could be used by a passing intellectual as an example of American cookie-cutter mass production and could be used by a passing Travelling Person to get a decent night's sleep and an operating shower. We weary Philistines were eventually disillusioned, of course, when the new motels became just as worn and tacky in five years as the old commercial hotels had become in half a century—carpets just as cigarette-scarred and faucets just as leaky, but without the minor compensation of an open coffee shop or a bellhop to tell us where we could get an out-of-town paper or a superior bowl of chili. The modern gadgets remain, of course. We Travelling People now often find ourselves in motels that have ersatz saunas installed in bathrooms otherwise notable for peeling paint or have coin machines that enable us, for twenty-five cents, to cause vibrations in a bed too lumpy to sleep in even when it's standing still—chocolate chips in a very stale cookie. The flashy new downtown hotel-and-entertainment fortresses exist only in the larger cities, and, in our darker moments, we Travelling People acknowledge that they exist mainly to entertain conventioneers, not us. We, after all, still have to go outside.

A couple of years ago, one of the trade magazines of the hotel industry published a letter by a travelling salesman named R. R. Miller, of Burlingame, California, who, after explaining that he had been waiting for ten years to run across a forum appropriate

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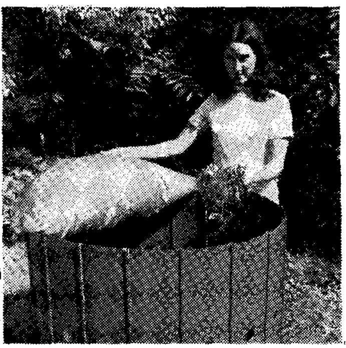

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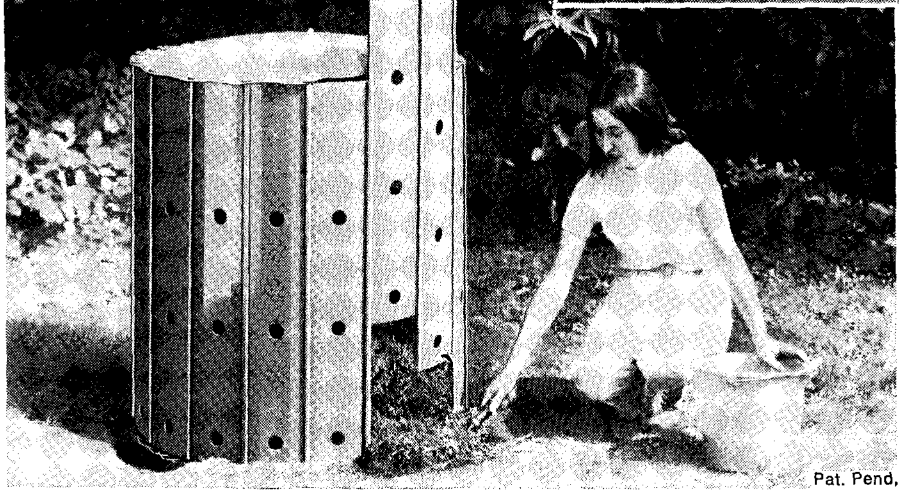

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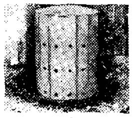

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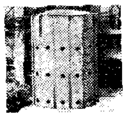

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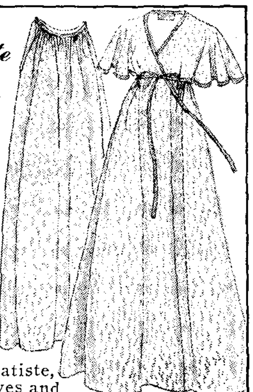

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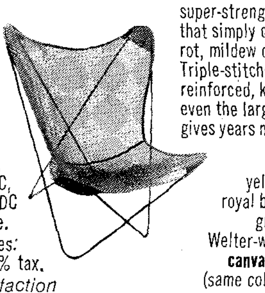

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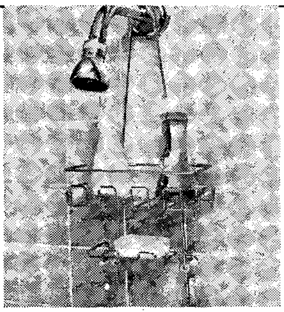

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for listing what he truly hated about American hotels and motels, began his list with the single-knob shower regulator. I know how Miller feels. I believe that even a graduate engineer who tried to use a single-knob shower regulator without either scalding himself or dousing himself with a sheet of ice water would eventually conclude that if hot and cold water were meant to be regulated by the same knob they would have been made the same temperature. I suspect that what truly irked my colleague Miller about the single-knob regulator, though, is that it's one of those vestigial gadgets from the modernization wave, a gadget that now serves to remind us that the shower it regulates is falling on a chipped and stained bathtub. I feel the same way about hookless hangers—the sort that cannot be stolen because the hook remains encircling the closet bar while the rest of the hanger is attached to it by a nodule so small that the attaching is beyond the manual dexterity of any Travelling Person who does not happen to be a travelling surgeon or a travelling watch repairman. It has always been my secret hope that some inventive and larcenous Travelling Person has actually found a use for hookless hangers and is systematically stealing them from every hotel in the country. For a Travelling Person, of course, the hookless hanger is a reminder not only of silly gadgetry but of mistrust—a reminder that even as the hotelkeeper welcomes us home he is contemplating how much of his furniture we are likely to cart off with us to our next home. I seem to be seeing more and more indications of mistrust in hotel and motel rooms these days—signs that tell me not to worry about leaving anything behind in the room because "WE HAVE YOUR LICENSE PLATE NUMBER," notices requesting that I let the desk know if I happen to want to move the television, since it is wired to a special alarm system. On my more optimistic days, I think that hotel operators, convinced that we are bent on relieving them of something, will put the hooks back on hangers just to give us something cheap to steal.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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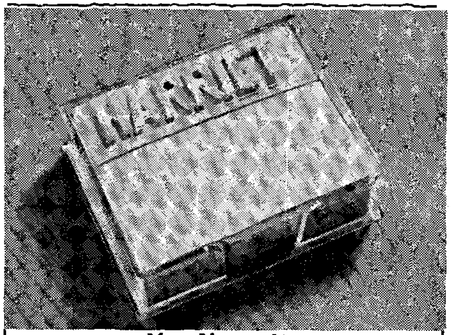

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Forbes Grows Bolder

CHEERFULLY shrugging off Friday's one-day strike by maintenance workers, a crowd of more than 34,000 saw a spectacular bit of racing at Aqueduct last Saturday. Bold Forbes, last year's five-star hero in Puerto Rico, put it on in the Bay Shore Stakes, a seven-furlong gallop for Triple Crown hopefuls. Eight ran, and after Notably Different stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅕, Bold Forbes went to the half mile in the dizzying time of 0:44. Then, as he turned into the stretch, Cordero tapped him a couple of times with his whip to see what he'd do. The effect was electric. He opened up a lead of eight or ten lengths, passed the six-furlong mark in 1:08⅕, and reached the winning post in 1:20⅘, nearly eight lengths ahead of Eustace. (The track record, set by Dr. Fager, is 1:20⅕.) Full Out was third, and Lord Henribee, the favorite, fourth. Laz Barrera, who trains Bold Forbes, said before the race, "If he runs good on this track, he's going to the Derby." So we have one definite starter.

Two nights before the Bay Shore, a hundred and eighty-seven members of the International Union of Operating Engineers—the key men who keep things going at the track—walked out, their contract having expired weeks before. Friday's card was cancelled, and Aqueduct's three thousand or so pari-mutuel clerks, guards, gatemen, and other employees had a day off while the New York Racing Association, the union, and the mediators went into a bargaining session that lasted till evening. The terms of the new contract, which was accepted, were not announced, but the workers seemed pleased.

DOWN at Pimlico, about the same time Bold Forbes was running, Zen—the much talked-about unbeaten colt Frank Whiteley is pointing for the classics—was impressively winning the Hirsch Jacobs Stakes, at six furlongs, by a couple of lengths from Cojak, who was voted Maryland's best two-year-old of 1975. Fellow Heir was third. Zen, by the way, had been eligible to run in the Bay Shore. If he had run, would you have bet on him or on Bold Forbes? You'll probably face that choice in the Wood Memorial at the Big A on April 17th.

THE $100,000 Louisiana Derby was run in New Orleans last weekend. The Greentree Stable's Johnny Appleseed won it by a neck from Glassy Dip, with Gay Jitterbug third. And Dan Lasater's Royal Glint stopped off at Hot Springs on his way East and sailed by Marauding and Heaven Forbid to take Oaklawn's $50,000 Razorback Handicap. It pays to travel.

IT'S a good bet that Shoemaker and his friends—particularly Harry Silbert, who got him his first mounts and has been his agent ever since—are still quietly celebrating his seven-thousandth victory, which he brought off at Santa Anita recently. It was his 29,205th mount in nearly twenty-seven years of riding—a remarkable feat of ability and persistence. In 1942, Shoemaker's family moved from Fabens, Texas, on the Rio Grande, to California. When he was fourteen, he got an after-school job at a ranch, mucking out stalls and "walking hots," as the chore of cooling out horses who have just worked or raced is called. Later, he became an exercise boy and then a jockey, and at that he clicked. He has been especially good at conserving his mount till the last couple of furlongs and then making his run. In 1949, his first full year as a jockey, he rode two hundred and nineteen winners; his best year was 1953, with four hundred and eighty-five. Shoemaker has also had his share of mishaps, the worst of which occurred in 1968, when a horse he was riding on a muddy track at Santa Anita fell, injuring him so badly that it was thought he'd never ride again. He was back in the saddle the next season, only to have a filly tip over on him in the paddock at Hollywood Park. He was out for nearly six months but still finished the year with ninety-seven winners. Since then, he hasn't been accepting as many mounts as he used to. Last year, he didn't do badly: two hundred and fifteen firsts and total winnings of $3,514,213, of which he received ten per cent. About retiring he says, "Perhaps in a year or two." After all, he's forty-four. Eventually, Shoemaker's record will be topped, but I don't think we've yet seen the rider who can do it.

—AUDAX MINOR

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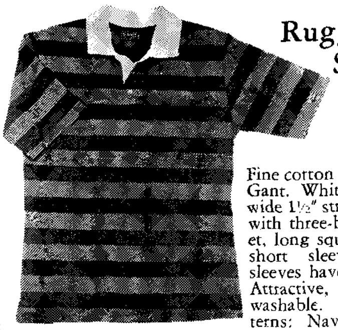

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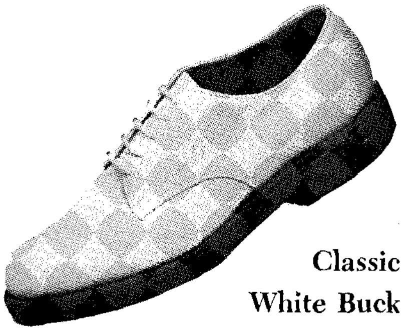

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BOOKS

Family Ways

OUT of her fascination with families—with brotherly men and auntly women, with weak sisters and mama's boys, with stay-at-homes and runaways—Anne Tyler has fashioned, in "Searching for Caleb" (Knopf), a lovely novel, funny and lyric and true-seeming, exquisite in its details and ambitious in its design. She here construes the family as a vessel of Time. The Pecks, who live (as her families tend to) in Baltimore, are known for longevity. Great-Grandma Laura, the second wife of the clan's founder, Justin Montague Peck, lived to be ninety-seven, and at the age of ninety-three Daniel Peck, Justin's first son, is lively enough to be riding trains and buses in search of his half brother Caleb, who disappeared from Baltimore in 1912. It is 1973, and Daniel is living with two of his grandchildren, Justine and Duncan, who, though first cousins, have married. The minister who officiated at the wedding remembers "the bride's and groom's joint family" occupying the front pews: "There was something dreamlike in the fact that almost everyone in the front section had the same fair, rather expressionless face—over and over again, exactly the same face, distinguished only a little by age or sex." The intensely blue Peck eyes—"those clear, level eyes that tended to squint a little as if dazzled by their own blueness"—run through the layers of this saga like a trickle of icy-pure spring water; the motif is distilled in the marriage of Justine and Duncan, "their blue eyes opening simultaneously to stare at each other across the pillow." In Miss Tyler's vision, heredity looms as a kind of destiny, and with the force of a miracle people persist in being themselves:

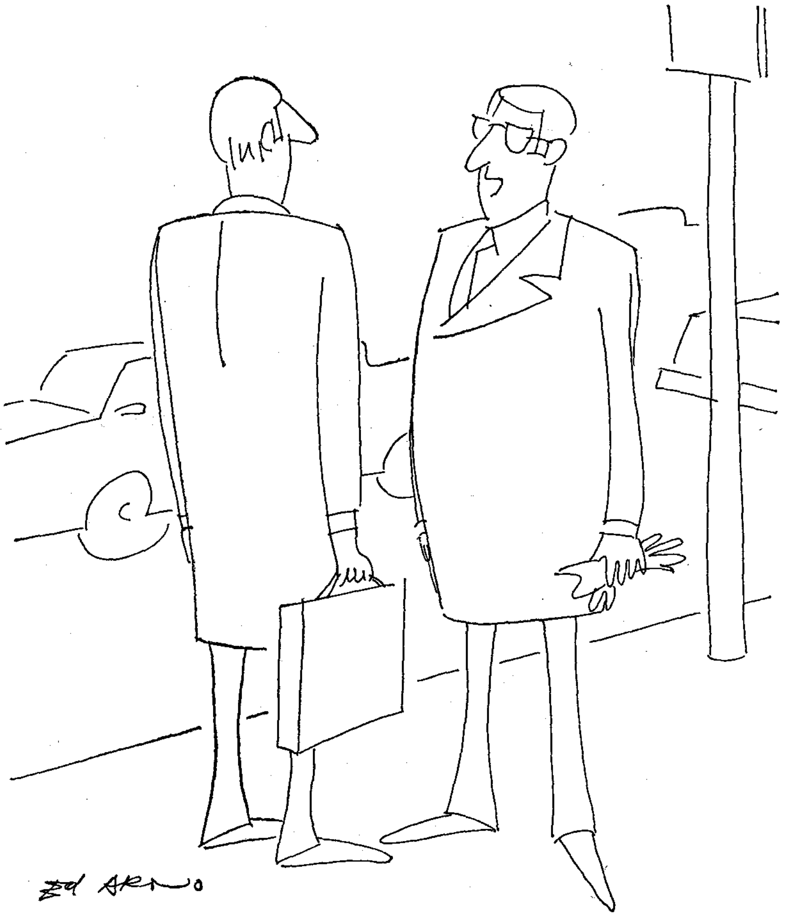
> But Duncan, who had changed her whole life and taken all her past away from her, slept on as cool as ever, and on the crown of his head was the same little sprig of a cowlick he had had when he was four.

The family's conservatism and longevity defy time while embodying it; a nonagenarian father sits next to his elderly son on a couch, and "they might have been brothers. . . . In the end, the quarter-century that divided their generations amounted to nothing and was swept away. . . . Everything was leveled, there were no extremes of joy or sorrow any more but only habit, routine, ancient family names and rites and customs, slow careful old people moving cautiously around furniture that had sat in the same positions for fifty years."

Yet not all the Pecks hold fast to the household established by the first Justin in northern Baltimore after the Great Fire of 1904. Caleb, his second son, whose "tilted brown eyes must have snuck in from the Baum side of the family," literally gives his father apoplexy with his love of music—the old man's left side is paralyzed by the young man's defiance, and his mother tells Caleb, in one of this book's many astounding sentences, "You have killed your half of your father." Caleb repentantly works for a decade in the family shipping business, then vanishes, leaving the fortune and the dynasty to his brother Daniel. There are other runaways. Daniel's wife, Margaret Rose, bears him six children, one a year, and in the seventh year leaves him and flees to her parents in Washington. The six children do what is expected of them, as the family business becomes law instead of trade, but of *their* children (and there are oddly few) Duncan, the oldest's son, runs away at the age of eighteen, and a little later Justine, the youngest's daughter, defies her parents and marries him, joining him in a life of job-to-job vagabondage in the small towns of Maryland and Virginia. Their daughter, Meg, defies them in turn and also marries to escape. And even old Daniel, the patriarch of Peckishness, allows himself in retirement to drift away in search of Caleb, and takes up residence with the shabby, fortune-telling, forty-year-old Justine, the one member of the family willing to spend time "chasing rainbows on the Greyhound bus line."

"Searching for Caleb" is, among other things, a detective novel, with an ominous detective, Eli Everjohn (he looks like Abraham Lincoln, "even to the narrow border of beard along his jawline"), and an ingenious unravelling; readers should be permitted unhampered enjoyment of the plot's well-spaced turns. Suffice it to say that, with the quest for Caleb as her searchlight, Miss Tyler warmly illumines the American past in its domestic aspect. Old Justin's turn-of-the-century illness evokes this:

> Therefore he undertook his own cure. He had all the panes in his windows replaced with amethyst glass, which was believed to promote healing. He drank his water from a quassia cup and ordered Laura to send away for various nostrums advertised in the newspaper—celery tonic, pectoral syrup, a revitalizing electric battery worn on a chain



"You know what I like about you, Al? Your attaché case."

around the neck. His only meat was squirrel, easiest on the digestive tract.

Miss Tyler, who was twenty-three when her first novel was published and is now only in her mid-thirties, seems omniscient about the details of old Baltimore. When Laura finally dies, Daniel reflects that she was the one person who with him could remember "the rough warm Belgian blocks that used to pave the streets downtown." We are told that the 1908 Ford had "a left-hand steering wheel and splashless flower vases," and that in the nineteen-hundreds women wore Pompeiian Bloom rouge, and little Caleb leaned out a window to hear an Irish tenor sing "Just a Lock of Hair for Mother." Such tender erudition never feels forced. Contemplation of the vanished induces in Miss Tyler a totally non-academic ecstasy:

> Whenever you heard distant music somewhere in the town, maybe so faint you thought you imagined it, so thin you blamed the whistling of the streetcar wires, then you could track the sound down and find Caleb straddling his little velocipede, speechless with joy, his appleseed eyes dancing.

The whistling of the streetcar wires is another motif that recurs, and the search for Caleb feels to become a search for the lyrical, mystical, irrational underside of American practicality. Duncan spouts facts but he rarely applies them, and Justine is, quite prosaically, a fortune-teller. Her fortune-telling, along with Caleb's invisible presence, keeps this scrupulously exact novel of furniture and manners spooky and suspenseful. The career of fortune-telling—the methods and habitats of its practitioners—occasions another fine display of curious information, and of Miss Tyler's subtle psychologizing. Madame Olita, offspring of a gypsy and a high-school civics teacher, instructs Justine:

> "You must think of these cards as tags. . . . Tags with strings attached, like those surprise boxes at parties. The strings lead into your mind. These cards will pull out what you already know, but have failed to admit or recognize."

So, too, Miss Tyler's details pull from our minds recognition of our lives. These Pecks, polite and snide and tame and maddening and resonant, are *our* aunts and uncles; Justine and Duncan's honeymoon, when they are "isolated, motionless, barely breathing, cut loose from everyone else," is everybody's escape from a suffocating plurality of kin into a primitive twoness; the America they truck their fraying marriage through is our land, ob-

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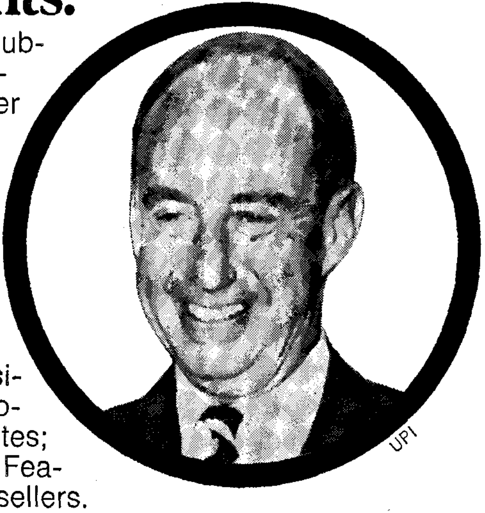

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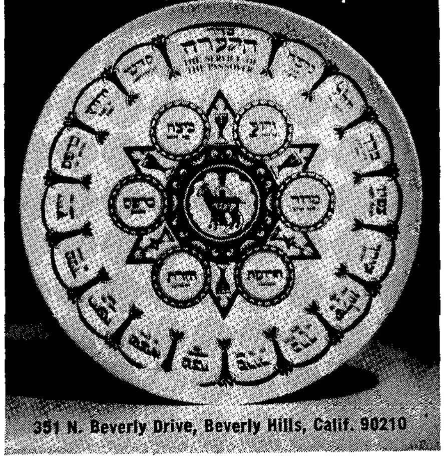

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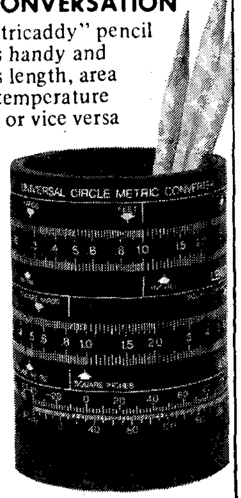

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served with a tolerance and precision unexcelled among contemporary writers. Paragraph after paragraph, details kindle together, making heat and light. For, along with the power to see and guess and know, Anne Tyler has the rarer gift of coherence—of tipping observations in a direction, and of keeping track of what she has set down. Reading letters from Baltimore as a newlywed, Justine notes that "each envelope let out a little gust of Ivory soap, the smell of home." A generation later, when her daughter Meg—who in rebellion against her mother's rebellion has become a super-Peck, prim and conventional—leaves home, Justine in the girl's abandoned room takes "a deep breath of Meg's clean smell: Ivory soap and fresh-ironed fabric." Dozens of such strands of continuity glint amid the cross-woven threads of this rich novel of nostalgia and divination, genes and keepsakes, recurrences and reunions.

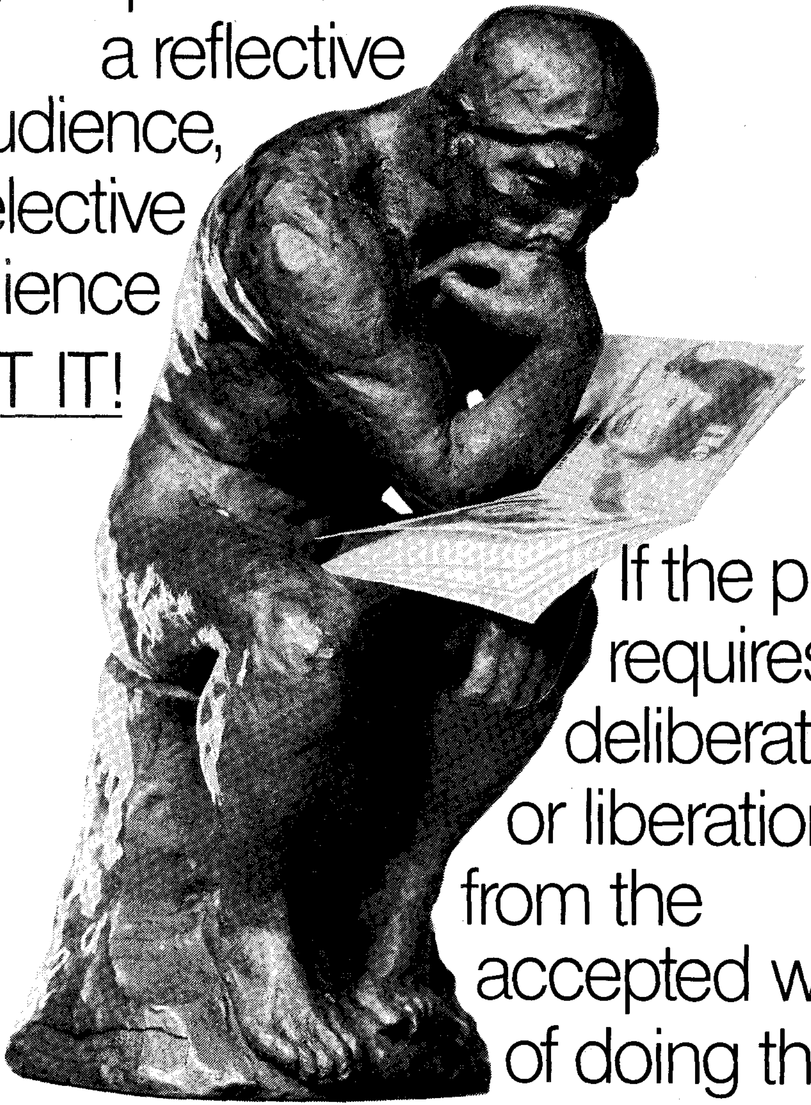
Miss Tyler does not always avoid the pawky. Her ease of invention sometimes leads her to overdo. The secret of Caleb's departure, she would have us believe, was harbored for sixty years by a family servant whom no one ever thought to ask and who therefore, with the heroic stubbornness of a Faulkner character, declined to tell. Such moonbeams of Southern Gothic, without a sustained sense of regional delirium, shine a bit stagily. Miss Tyler's mind is sharp and up-to-date. In a note following the text, her biography sounds cosmopolitan (born in Minneapolis, married to an Iranian psychiatrist, herself once a graduate student of Russian), but she says she "considers herself a Southerner;" and she does apparently accept the belief, extinct save in the South, that families are absolutely, intrinsically interesting. Are they? Her Pecks contain not only their milieu's history but every emotion from a mother's need "to be the feeder" to an old man's perception that "once you're alive, there's no way out but dying." Does Miss Tyler share Daniel Peck's preference when he says, "I would prefer to find that heaven was a small town with a bandstand in the park and a great many trees, and I would know everybody in it and none of them would ever die or move away or age or alter"? No other kind of goodness is suggested in this book, except Justine's hopeful forward motion. Miss Tyler gives us a border South blurring into the Middle Atlantic sprawl, a modern South busy commercializing its own legends, a New South where the traditional slave-boy iron hitching post has had its face (but not its hands) painted white and where faith healers live in hideously slick décors of sculptured carpets and glass knickknacks. The America she sees is today's, but, like the artist-hero of her previous novel, "Celestial Navigation," she seems to see much of it through windows. There is an elusive sense of removal, an uncontaminated, clinical benevolence not present in the comparable talent of, say, the young Eudora Welty, whose provincial characters were captured with a certain malicious pounce. Powerhouse and Old Mr. Marblehall and the narrator of "Why I Live at the P.O." have an outrageous oddity they would disown if they could decipher the fiction. Whereas we can picture Anne Tyler's characters reading her novels comfortably, like Aunt Lucy in "her wing chair in which she could sit encircled, almost, with the wings working like a mule's blinders. . . . The upholstery was embroidered in satin-stitch, which she loved to stroke absently as she read." Sit up, Aunt Lucy. This writer is not merely good, she is *wickedly* good.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KINFLICKS, by Lisa Alther (Knopf). An ambitious, funny, lucid, and unfailingly honest first novel about a young Tennessee woman's coming of age in the nineteen-sixties. While a number of excellent writers have covered various parts of the turf covered here—small-town rites of passage, sixties politics, communes, the effect of the Vietnam war on those who grew up during it, and the extraordinary difficulty the past two generations have had in understanding each other—no other writer has yet synthesized this material as well as Miss Alther has. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that her cynical, clear-eyed, well-heeled, disaster-prone heroine, Ginny Babcock, can easily take her place alongside Holden Caulfield as a symbol of everything that is right and wrong about a generation. Appropriately, a great deal of the book is about sex, and Ginny's sexual adventures and misadventures—with a local hood in her parents' bomb shelter, with a young woman in a brilliantly described feminist commune in Vermont, with her nice but dull husband (a true if constantly disappointed believer in sex manuals), and with a young Army deserter



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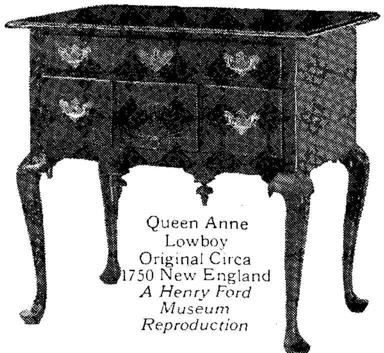

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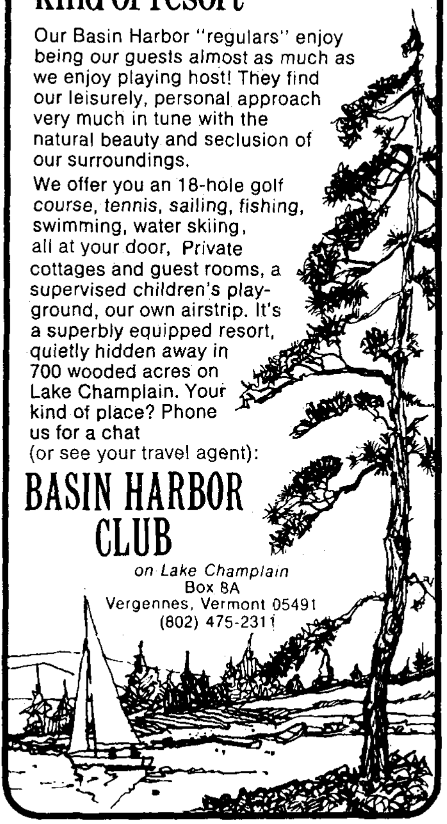
interested only in "ritual coition"—are possibly among the funniest ever recorded. The book begins with Ginny up in the air literally, on her way home from Vermont to visit her ailing mother, and ends with her up in the air figuratively, a short time after her mother's death. In between, we see her trying desperately to strike roots and find growing space in a number of places (the book skips deftly back and forth in time), but for various reasons all of them prove uncongenial. In its scope and depth, Miss Alther's writing most resembles Doris Lessing's (her publishers must have thought so, too, since a kind word from Miss Lessing appears on the back flap), except that her touch is a lot lighter than Miss Lessing's. And though there are some marshy areas (usually in the form of endless recitations of biological and chemical processes, which add little to the narrative) in this very long (503 pages) book, most readers will find themselves dawdling as the end draws near, trying to prolong the pleasure.

GENERAL

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND HER WORLD, by John Lehmann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A picture book with text—a form that seems to require the writer (though it is hard to see why) to do no more than hit the high spots of a life important enough to have been already considered elsewhere in full detail. Dora Carrington commits suicide, and in the next sentence the Woolfs show a sympathetic interest in the work of the new poets—no time for the terrible grief that preceded that shotgun blast or the horror of her prolonged dying. In discussing Mrs. Woolf's novels, Mr. Lehmann serenely labors the obvious. He is also guilty of the unnecessary identifications and explanations that make nearly all books about the Bloomsbury Group so maddening to read. In among the overfamiliar and sometimes pointless illustrations (Aphra Behn, Congreve, Jane Austen, Hazlitt, George Eliot, Emily Brontë, the Venetian ambassador's bedroom at Knole, etc.), there are photographs of genuine interest: Mrs. Woolf as a young woman, wearing a puff-sleeved silk dress that had belonged to her mother. Holding a bird for her little niece (who has the family beauty) to look at. With Quentin Bell—a huge, camera-conscious schoolboy taller by several inches



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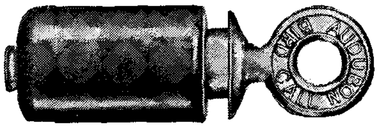

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than she is. Adrian Stephen and his wife at the time of their marriage, so completely themselves that one wants to protect them from the click of the shutter. The lighthouse at St. Ives. The interior of the garden room at Monk's House, showing the caned chair and the gateleg table at which, presumably, large portions of "Jacob's Room," "Mrs. Dalloway," "To the Lighthouse," "The Waves," and "Between the Acts" were written. A fair number of the reproductions of drawings and paintings are interesting, too, including a beautiful drawing of Lady Ottoline Morrell by Henry Lamb; the head, in profile, of E. M. Forster by Carrington; a charcoal sketch in extremely fine line of G. E. Moore by Percy Horton; a pastel by Lytton Strachey's brother-in-law, Simon Bussy, of Strachey working, in which for once he looks like a human being instead of an elongated Raggedy Andy; and a variety of sketches and paintings by Vanessa Bell, among them a portrait of Saxon Sydney-Turner at the pianola. For all these items the confirmed collector of Bloomsburyana can only be grateful.

Oscar Wilde: A Biography, by H. Montgomery Hyde (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An exceptional—and for the present, certainly, definitive—biography. The author has been a Wildean ever since his own college days, when chance (or administration) allotted him Wilde's former rooms at Oxford's Magdalen. Also, Mr. Hyde, a lawyer and a former M.P., has been allowed to study the Home Office documents relating to Wilde's prison years after his conviction for "acts of gross indecency." The effect of his book is to suggest that Wilde was a perpetual adolescent who wanted to be at once a very naughty and a very nice boy; a poseur with deep streaks of sincerity that even his closest friends could not always recognize; a gifted student, critic, and writer who seems to have known how to arrive in the world, yet remained curiously unworldly—not only imprudent but naïve about the limits of what he, or anyone else, could get away with. Mr. Hyde does not dilute or conceal unpleasant data, and even in this freer—or more outspoken—age, Wilde's passion for male prostitutes may be unappealing, yet the man's sufferings evoke pity as his fall evokes awe.

The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty, by Peter Collier and

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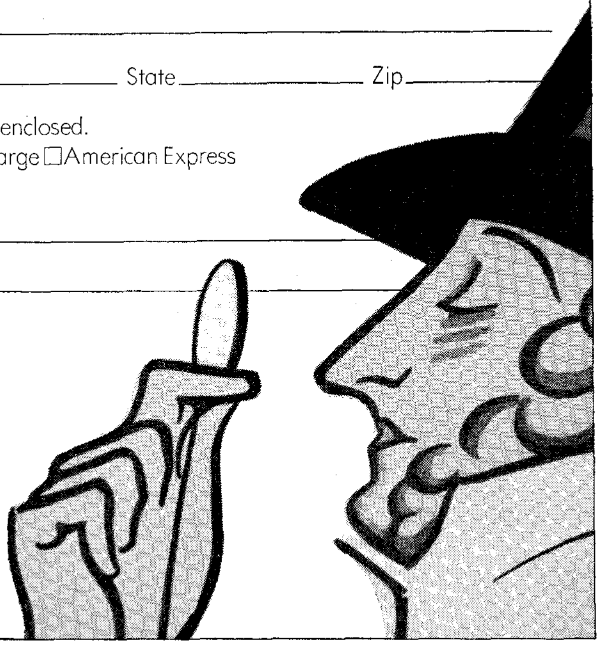

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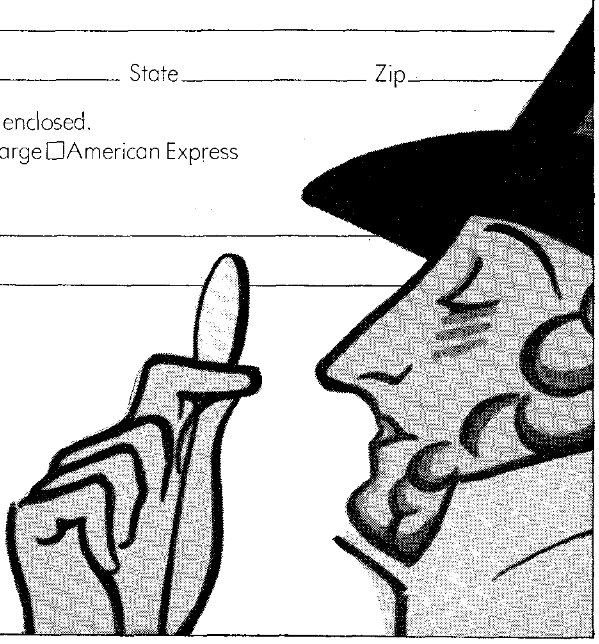

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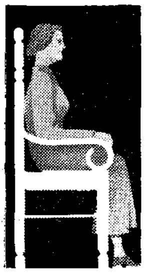

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David Horowitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). As most readers know, the first John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) amassed a huge fortune. He did so by the exercise of what he considered virtues—for example, a Christian willingness to share his success by buying out his business competitors. He also destroyed competitors who would not sell. Rockefeller had several daughters but only one son, and it is from the son that the "dynasty" of the title descends, for, as the authors explain, the Rockefeller family tends to dower and dismiss its girls while expecting its boys (John D., Jr., had five) to carry on family businesses and benefactions. In the belief that many Americans would like to know all about a family so rich, so famous, and so powerful, Collier and Horowitz decided to tell everything they could find out. Alas! What they found is that the Rockefellers have cultivated a self-conscious, anxious blandness—our current Vice-President is considered garish by family standards. The Rockefellers' cautious, middle-class stodginess is pitiable—one feels they cannot let themselves enjoy anything—and makes dull reading. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

NOTE: "Reeling," a collection of Pauline Kael's movie reviews for this magazine, along with one book review, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BRESSIO, by Richard Sapir (Random House). Al Bressio is the son of a once-respected hit man for the Mafia (long since violently deceased), and he himself is a formidable figure: "He looked as though he could throw a man through a wall, and want to." He is, however, on the side of the law (indeed, he has three law degrees), and is by profession a high-powered investigator for more or less sedate Manhattan law firms. Mr. Sapir involves him here in a convoluted pell-mell action that describes, in a litter of broken bones, "the nature of heroin, its incredible liquidity." Bressio is attractive, fully competent, and excellent company.

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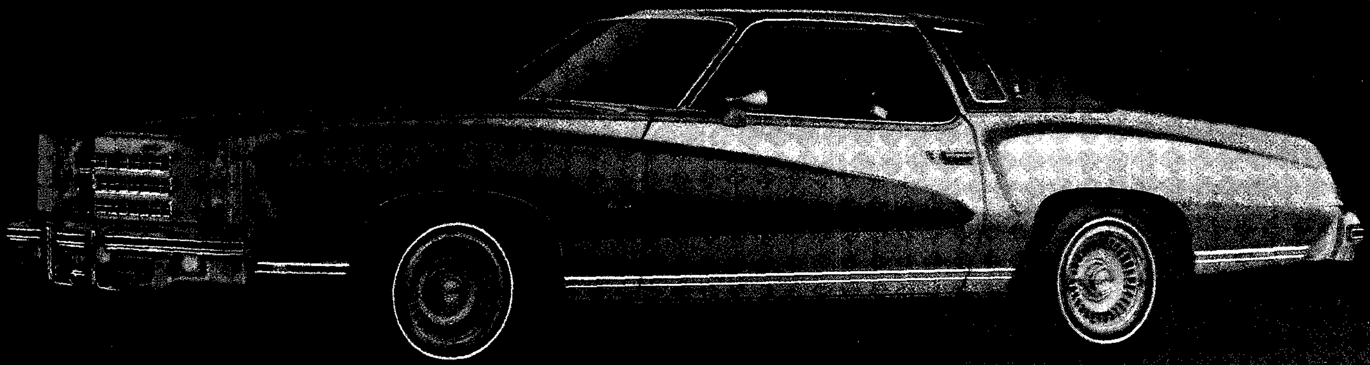

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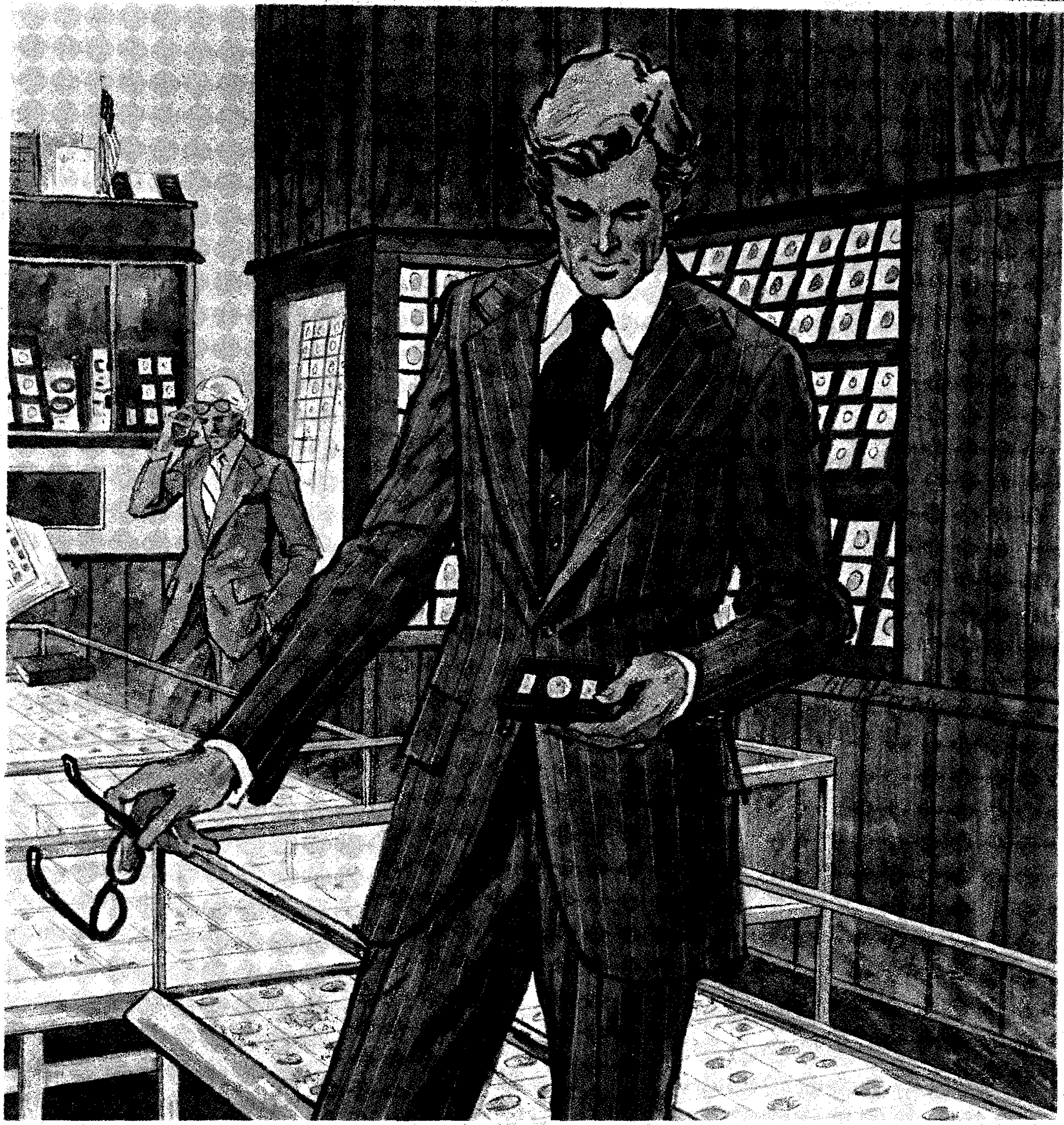

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